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The River

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

SOME men are troubled by the sea,
And some take the blue hills as a lover,
And some in a forest lie all day
Hearing the brown thrush over and over;
But the man I speak of loved a river.
Loved the shallows of it, rippling;
Loved its reaches, sunlight stippling;
And hour by hour would watch an eddy,
To see in the amber-tinted deep,
The water-rat and spring make ready,
And the yellow lilies turned from sleep.
I think where willow roots were drowned
He heard a music passing sound;
Something of wood-wind, clear and round,
That crept along the damp sweet ground;
But like all great and actual lovers,
He held his peace and seldom spoke,
Save when some loveliness too sharp,
Fell in his heart and, star-wise, broke.
I know, one summer night he said:
"While I'm alive I'll ask no favor;
I am responsible for ME . . . but when I'm dead;
Death is so different; who'll out-brave her?
I only ask that then," he said,
"Some part of me will be a river."
And once again: "A river holds
All of a soul a man could want;
His laughter in its weirs and runs,
His sorrow where the trees are gaunt:
And in the secret circling pool
His meditation, slow and cool."
Upon his russet lucid stream,
That wandered like a waking dream
Through meadows whose habiliment
Gave it green shadows where it went,
He built at length his little house:
A certain coppice took the breeze:
And there were elm and locust trees;
And flowers on an eastward lawn
That opened to the earliest dawn.

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. . . "And I am glad," he said, "for now
I can love God and milk a cow."
. . . There was an August night of thunder,
Heavy and soft and whispering footed,
And through the elm trees, out and under,
The bats their intricate weaving plotted:
The otter hunted on the bank;
The smell of weeds was lush and rank.
"I wonder," said my friend, and smoked,
"If heaven isn't compensation;
A sweeping up, and winnowing out,
And sure release, and isolation;
So that the greatest love we have
Is all that's left; and we are fire,
The very heart of fire, its breath,
Genii and ether, passion, death?
How can a man so much love, else;
And what becomes of all his loving?
The hunter for his high bright hills,
The farmer for his red rich ploughing,
The swimmer for the sea; a few
Who some rare love of women knew?
. . . To-morrow I'll be wed," he ended;
His pipe went out in hand extended.
"I do not know how I have wrung
From life a girl so gold and young;
So very young and gold she sways:
I must learn all her golden ways."
A musk-rat broke the sudden hush;
The river whimpered in the rush.
Youth is impatient and goes by;
Gold is not given man for long;
There is no lyric constancy,
Only the memory of a song;
My friend was left alone with his
—Memories untender and too curt—
I found him sitting on his lawn,
And the poor stricken face was hurt.
. . . Now I had never dragged a river,
Not till that day; nor ever after,
I hope, for there's the laughter
Of those who search; they dredge and spit,
And joke and smoke; and probe for IT.
And there 're the crowds that come and go;
And dogs that yawn—and yet you know
That all the while beneath the flood
The dead man dances in the mud.
Dances and sways and bobs and bows;
This flower of two dead lovers vows;
This whispering in the night turned flesh;
Into a heart that yearned afresh.
The water lilies sway and ride
Their slim green anchors to the tide;
The grave frog watches with round eye
The darting of the dragon-fly;
Above the iridescent ooze

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Stumbles a bee with pollened shoes.
. . . I do not know; I cannot tell;
Save that he loved the river well.
Perhaps now he has what he so wanted,
Rippling and sunlit; ousel haunted.

On the Track of an Unknown Sheep

BY JOHN B. BURNHAM
President, American Game Protective Association

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN the summer of 1921 Andy Taylor, of Shushanna, Alaska, and I together travelled twenty-one thousand miles to get one small mountain-sheep, thirty-one inches high by forty-two inches over all. We were fifty days on the sea, fifty days on land travelling, or unprofitably occupied, and fifty days on the hunting-grounds. Between us we wore out nine pairs of shoes, two sets of tempers, and two pairs of eyes, looking for sheep where they weren't. But we are satisfied because, with other material secured from the natives, we have settled the question of the kind of sheep there are in the Chukotsk Peninsula of northeastern Siberia, and bridged the longest gap in the range of sheep from western Asia to Mexico. We also had a mighty interesting time in the practically unknown hinterland that lies across Bering Strait from Alaska.

We had the usual troubles encountered when one gets off the beaten track. We brought five pack-horses twenty-three hundred miles from Seattle to Nome, only to be blocked in getting them the last two hundred and forty miles to Asia by the stupid stubbornness of the one man who could have taken them across. We left the horses in Nome and thereafter were dependent on boats and man-power for progress.

The U. S. Revenue Cutter *Bear* carried us to Emma Harbor, Siberia, named by the New Bedford whalers in the sixties, and not for Emma Goldman. The Bolshevist representative at the place refused permission to land, and ordered the *Bear* and ourselves to leave the country, with the result that the *Bear* stayed over the Fourth of July and fired a twenty-one-gun salute, gaily decorated from stem to stern with the flag of every known country except Russia. The Bolshevists had the nerve to send out and ask why their flag had not been included. They got an evasive answer, but naturally an American vessel would not have flown their red rag.

During the interval Taylor and I hunted the neighboring country without, however, finding any traces of sheep. I had chartered a schooner to take us from Emma Harbor farther along the coast, but the Bolshevists blocked us in getting the boat. It belonged to Billy Thompson, an Esthonian Russian, who gets his name and an unusual supply of fine qualities from a Scotch grandfather; but Billy also inherited Scotch caution, and he knew if he disobeyed the order his boat and trading-post would be confiscated.

Doctor Vassily, the local commissioner, was a Bolshevist by conviction and not amenable to the usual incentive. I tried it with distressing results. He would accept nothing short of written permission from Martens, the Soviet emissary, deported from New York the previous March. He particularly cherished against us the facts that my expedition had a scientific object and that we were Americans. He shouted his disapproval

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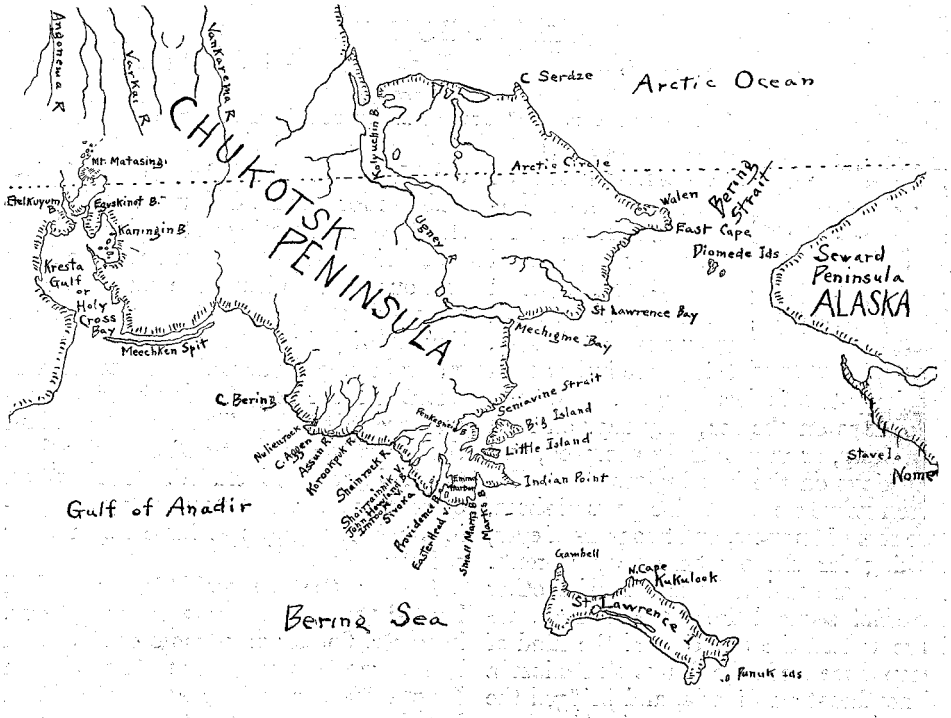
of things scientific and American. His face was convulsed and his eye had a maniacal gleam. It was a relief when Billy remarked, in his practical way, "The damn fool's crazy."

From Billy came the suggestion that the nachalnik at Whalen was of a different type. All Billy wanted was something official to save his face. The *Bear* who willingly carried us back to Siberia to continue our hunt where we had left off. If we had had our horses Vassily's veto would not have stopped us, but we had a ton of provisions and duffle which could not be moved without assistance, and Vassily prevented even the natives giving us help.

Taylor and I were embarked on a most



Map of the Chukotsk Peninsula, showing ground covered by the author.

had to proceed to Whalen to give assistance to Amundsen's polar ship, the *Maud*. It was arranged that men on the *Bear* would apply for a permit for me, which, if received, would be forwarded to Captain Thompson. This paper was secured and sent Thompson, and six weeks later the good ship *Trader* caught up with us near Cape Bering, and thereafter Taylor and I had a comparatively comfortable time. I could take no chances, however, of having the application turned down, so the *Bear* landed us at St. Lawrence Island, where I found an Esquimau owner of a small cat-boat, who knew nothing about Bolshevists, and interesting quest. Dr. E. W. Nelson, chief of the U. S. Biological Survey, who knows more about this part of Siberia than any other American scientist, had for the last twelve years been trying to interest an American sportsman to make the trip to secure specimens of the unknown sheep of the country. Biologists knew that mountain sheep existed in the Chukotsk Peninsula, but they did not know what the sheep were or how to classify them. No museum in the world had a specimen of this animal. The records of its occurrence were wofully meagre. Aside from the statements of traders who, in time past, had seen

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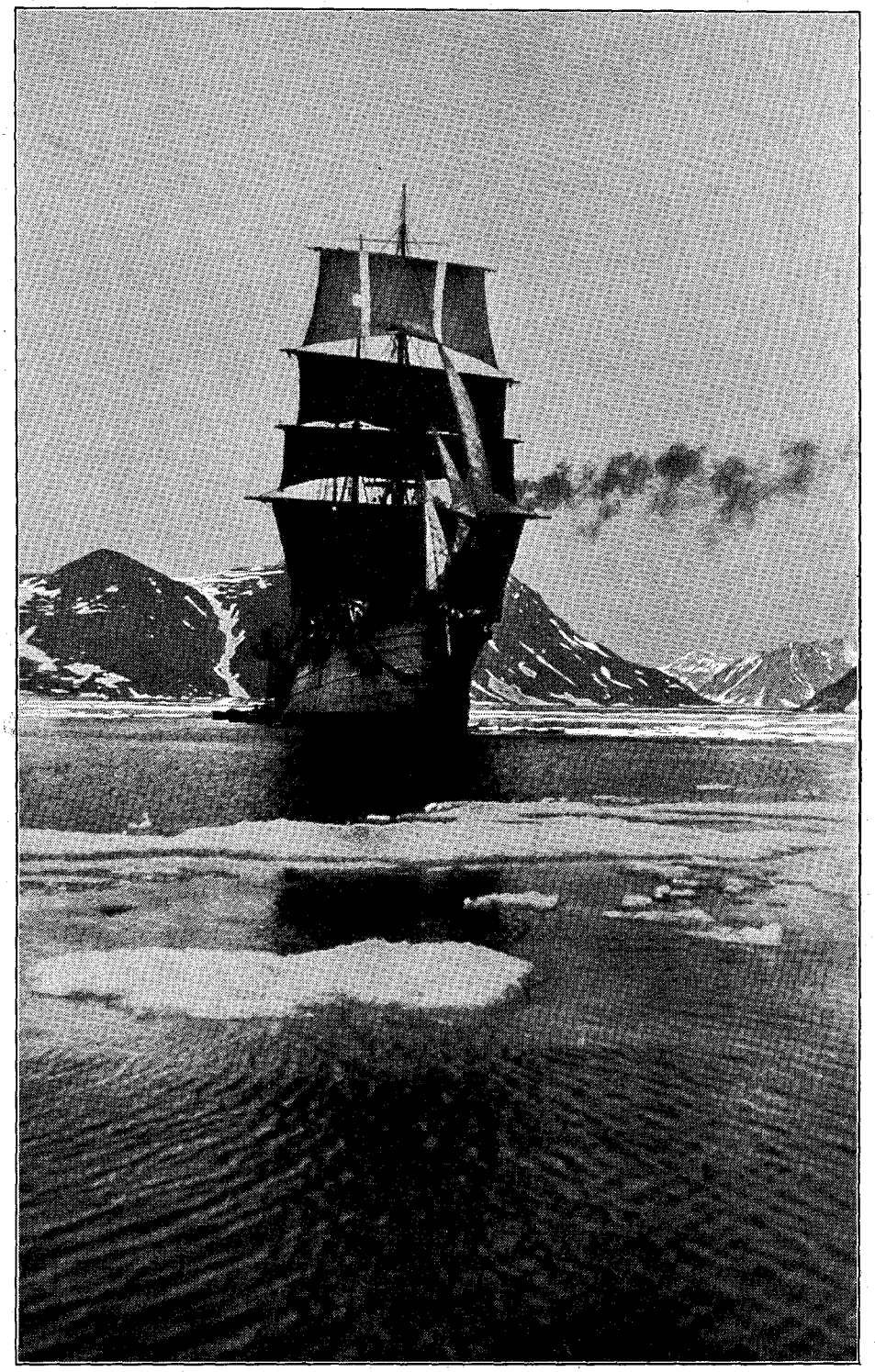

The U. S. Revenue Cutter *Bear*, Emma Harbor, July 2, 1921.

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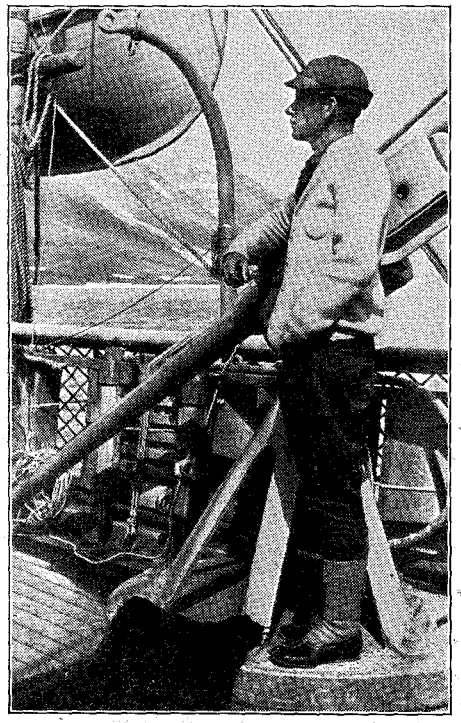

The author on the *Bear*, U. S. Revenue Cutter.

sheep-horns or spoons made from the horns, only four credible records existed, and there was no evidence to show that a live sheep had ever been seen by a white man.

In 1899, while with the Harriman Expedition at Emma Harbor, Doctor C. Hart Merriam and Doctor George Bird Grinnell saw the remains of a small ram which had been recently killed by natives. Late in June, 1913, Joseph Dixon of the University of California heard from natives of the south coast of the peninsula, at John Howland Bay, that they had, that day, seen a sheep on a mountain back of their village. In July of the same year a party of American big-game hunters—Scull, Elting, Collins, and Lovering—landed at Penkegnei Bay, on the east coast, and hunted a week without seeing either sheep or sheep sign. They did, however, find some natives who had in their possession parts of some recently killed mountain sheep, and Scull secured from them the horns of a small ram. Finally, in 1914, Captain Bob Bartlett, on his way from Wrangell Island to Emma Harbor, after the wreck of the *Karluk*, ate sheep meat procured by natives while travelling with dog-team on the ice of Seniavine Strait, no great distance from Penkegnei Bay. When the nachalnik at Whalen issued my license he gave permission "to kill as many birds as he wants." "He does not want birds," said my representative; "he is after mountain sheep." "I cannot give him permission for mountain sheep," translated the commissioner's secretary; "there are none in the Chukotsk." The nachalnik almost hit the bull's-eye, but fortunately for us there was one sheep he didn't know about.

My bargain with the Esquimau, Sippula, was to carry Taylor and myself and our supplies from St. Lawrence Island to John Howland Bay. He was to leave us there for two weeks while we packed back into the mountains and hunted, and then to come for us again with the *Wislow* and carry us forty or fifty miles farther west along the south side of the peninsula to a new base for another hunt. Though not mentioned by name, I thought I could

Captain "Bally" Thompson, owner of the schooner *Trader*, of Petropavloosk and of the trading-post at Emma Harbor, Siberia.

He has sailed the seven seas, visited all the continents and knows the chief ports of the world almost as well as he knows Emma Harbor. He was on Benedict's yacht when the latter was commodore of the New York Yacht Club and tells interesting anecdotes of Grover Cleveland.

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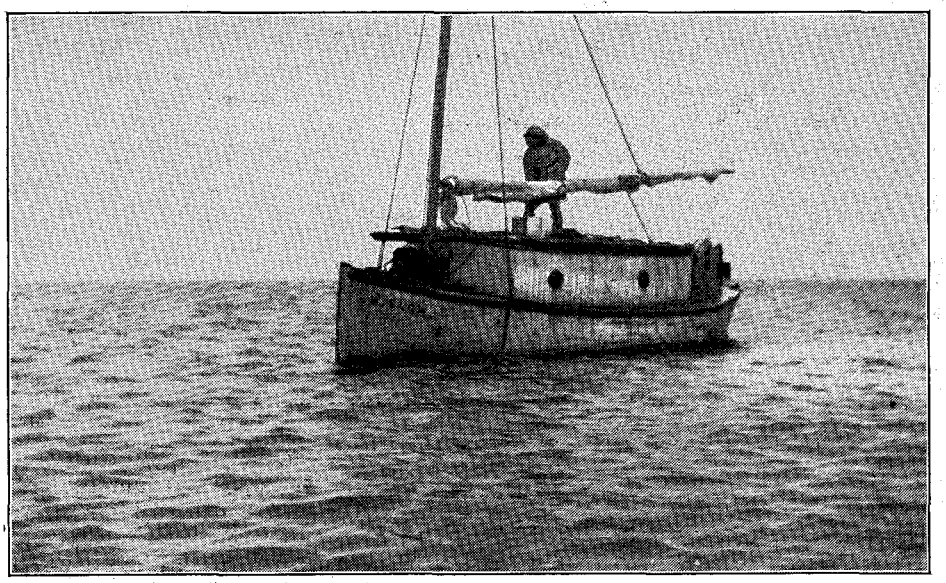
recognize one of the little dents on the chart as John Howland Bay, but the St. Lawrence Islanders could not confirm my guess. We raised the Siberian coast at midnight, and Taylor and I went below to sleep. The cabin port-holes were open, but the smell of seal-oil and Esquimaux, which is also seal-oil, was nauseating. I would have slept on top of the cabin except for the fact that there was nothing to which I could lash myself, and the boat was pitching too much to make the experiment a safe one otherwise.



The *Wislow*, the Esquimaux-owned catboat on which Captain Sippula carried us to Siberia.

At six in the morning Sippula waked me to find out where he was. Neither he nor any of his crew had sailed these waters and they knew nothing about the coast-line. I got my chart and copy of the "Asiatic Pilot," but the detail of the chart is untrustworthy to a degree, and the descriptions of the coast contour given in the book are worthless to the inshore navigator. A heavy fog blanketed the sea, and the *Wislow's* compass was affected by some local attraction which, at times, made it vary a whole quadrant from my pocket compass, held a few feet away. A storm was brewing. The wind came from the southwest, which made the coast a lee shore. Already the warning swell was getting heavy. Apparently Sippula had gotten lost crossing the five-mile-wide entrance to Providence Bay.

I set a course northwest, and for several hours we followed this without picking up the land. We had been out long enough to have reached our destination, and could not afford to overrun John Howland Bay, because it was essential that the *Wislow* land us and get back to shelter as soon as possible. The bay itself is an open roadstead, and affords no protection from the sea. A man familiar with this coast would have known that we were breasting a strong head current, which at this time of year always runs from the westward, but being ignorant we neglected this factor in our dead reckoning.

The sea and air were full of birds. Lesser auklets flapped along the water or buzzed by like flocks of bumble-bees. Thousands of murres scurried hither and thither in aimless flight. Red-beaked puffins labored by, seemingly breathless with anxiety. Cormorants, or "shags," stretched to black streaks, appeared and disappeared. Big white gulls lounged lazily on set pinions or rested on the sea. They alone seemed unconcerned at our presence.

It is dangerous to run in close in a fog

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Taylor, Allalowin, and Pngantoo packing across the glacier.

on account of the shoals and rock pinnacles that stand as outposts in the sea in front of most of the capes. We, however, had to raise the land, and, after trying north-northwest for a time, headed the boat straight north. All hands were now on deck peering in an effort to penetrate the gloom. It was Sippula who first saw the breakers looking like a long streak of snow. Then looming far overhead appeared the jagged front of a thousand-foot cliff.

The wheel was spun over and we steered west, but almost immediately rocks and breakers appeared dead ahead, and very close. Instantly we turned south, just escaping the danger. The eight-horse engine was limping on one lung, and threatening momentarily to expire. For a while it did not seem we would get away. It would have been all day with us if we had gone on the rocks, as the surf was too heavy for swimming, and the cliffs too steep to climb, and the water paralyzingly cold. Our seven-foot skin dingey was useless except in still water. We put out to sea and lost touch with the land. After a time we again headed northward, and again saw the white line and the cliffs. Many times the process was repeated before, instead of the cliffs, we made out dimly a line of sand-dunes, and, running the *Wislow* almost into the breakers, saw a dog on the beach.

The tension was broken. The Esquimaux all began talking, and there was confidence in their voices. Seeing the dog, they knew that human beings could not be far distant. Then through the mist appeared the round domes of twenty or more walrus-hide-covered huts, or mongteras, and yellow skin boats supported on posts six feet or so above the ground, and the dim figures of men. Sippula, with pride in his voice, said: "These are our people," referring to the relation of the St. Lawrence Islanders to the Siberian Esquimaux. They call themselves "Masinka," which may be freely translated "the chosen people." We had arrived at Imtook, a native village on a part of John Howland Bay.

Our start for the interior of the Chukotsk was made from Shairrainnik, four miles farther on. This is the farthest

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west Esquimaux village in Asia. Beyond the coast is inhabited by "fish Chukchis," as distinguished from the "deer Chukchis" of the interior, a Mongol tribe resembling, in some ways, our Apache Indians. We had two packers, Pngantoo and Allalowin. The first was a good man and not afraid to work, but Allalowin's only qualification was his flow of language. This might have been welcome to a lonely man, but Taylor and I soon learned to loath the voice even more than Allalowin himself. It took us all the forenoon the day we started to break him from the embraces of his three wives.

Taylor and I carried packs as well as the men. Our tent was a nine-by-nine miners' tent, of zephyr silk. One jointed pole is all that is required for its erection, which is an advantage in a treeless country. The packs also contained our sleeping-bags, extra socks, shoes, and underwear and provisions. The Esquimaux had some seal meat for their personal use. Our supplies were dessicated potatoes and onions, dried fruits, bacon, hardtack, and tea and coffee. We had also part of a case of eggs. The natives pack with a walrus-hide breast-strap, which is much better than shoulder-straps, as it does not have the same tendency to stop the circulation of the blood. I used a pack-rigging devised by Belmore Browne at the time of his Mount McKinley climb. It is by far the best packing device I have ever seen, for with it the weight is also carried from the breast-bone. We camped that night in a saddle in the mountains, eight miles in from the coast.

The greater part of the Chukotsk Peninsula is a jumble of low mountain ranges, nowhere exceeding an elevation of four thousand feet. The average width of the peninsula is one hundred and fifty miles, and its length about two hundred and fifty. The crest of the elevation is rarely more than thirty miles from the south coast, and the streams on this side are necessarily short, rapid, and unboatable. These streams all start in glaciers. The country is almost unbelievably sterile. One walks for hours at a time over granite or mica schist, or limestone mountains, without seeing a green plant; and birds and animals are similarly missing. And yet the country is quite

The Chukotsk Peninsula reindeer are very inferior in size to the fine animals of Alaska.

This is an average herd of about two hundred and fifty deer. From two to three men look after each herd, and as there is not much to do one of the men is hunting constantly. This is the reason that wild caribou have become extinct in the peninsula and mountain-sheep reduced to the extent that there will be none left within the next five years.

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thickly inhabited, and all the valleys ranged by the reindeer herds of the Chukchis.

For more than two months we hunted the silent hills. Half the time we walked on ice, both on account of the better travelling afforded, and also to save our footgear. Much of the rock is volcanic, and the sharp edges play hob with shoe leather. There is no firewood, and one has to cook with "moss," a creeping evergreen plant which burns with a delightful resinous odor. It will not burn, however, when wet, and in rainy weather we had to live chiefly on hardtack and raisins. And rainy weather was the rule rather than the exception. Rain, fog, sleet, and snow alternated with occasional periods of sunshine. How we loved the warmth and dryness and invigoration of the sun! If I lived in the Chukotsk I should certainly be a sun-worshipper.

Siberian firewood.

Cassiope Tetragona—Fuel moss. A creeping, flowering evergreen plant which burns when green with fragrant odor and a hot flame owing to its high content of oil. Below, Siberian reindeer moss, a lichen which does not compare in size with its Alaskan relative.

Next to the dampness of the country the wind was the worst feature. We were opposite the least-known part of the polar ocean. The perpetual ice of that sea was only two hundred miles away, while to the south lay an open course straight away to Australia and New Zealand. The zephyrs from the spice islands met cruel rebuff in the Arctic gales, and only a typhoon from the China Sea can break through. We had to weight our tent with a wall of rocks to keep it from being blown away.

One day while searching for a way back to camp in a fog I came unexpectedly on the fresh imprint of a sheep's foot in some green moss. Around the place were signs of recent feeding. In hidden nooks among the rocks were several beds where a sheep had lain, and at each of these places were noticeable amounts of shed hair. The sign was along the jagged rim of an old volcano crater. The lower levels were clear of fog. If I could have the good fortune to drive the sheep downhill the chances for a successful shot would be greatly improved. The wind was blowing in that direction, which was unfavorable, but it was my only chance. I started down, threading my way in and out among the turrets, and along the battlement of the ancient rock castle, and meanwhile trying to cover each possible line of retreat.

The end of the broken ridge was in sight when suddenly, from the cover of a side spur a hundred and fifty yards below to my left, an animal darted back toward the crater. It looked no bigger than a rabbit, and had no more substance than a swift-moving shadow, and when covered with the sights of the rifle seemed to fade and disappear in the mist. An experienced rifleman can call his shots, and in case of a miss tell just where the bullet went, but in this instance I could not. I fired three times, and the thing disappeared behind a flanking ridge. I knew it was a sheep, but whether ram, lamb, or ewe I could not tell. With the harsh roar of the rifle still in my ears, I felt like a boy who has spoken aloud in church during the benediction. I had been moving like one in a dream, spellbound by the pall of the fog. Then I awoke to disappointment and resolve, and I ran to head

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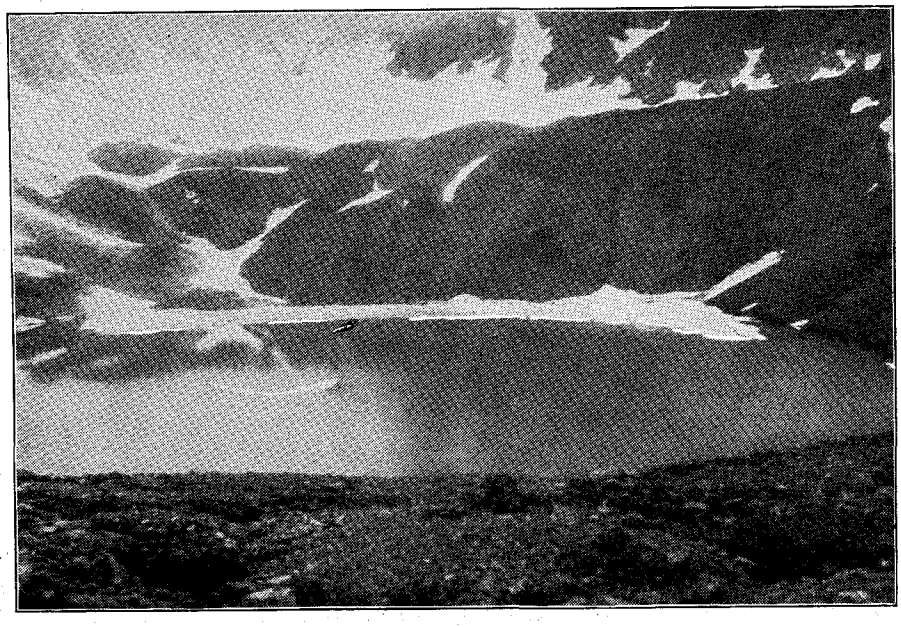
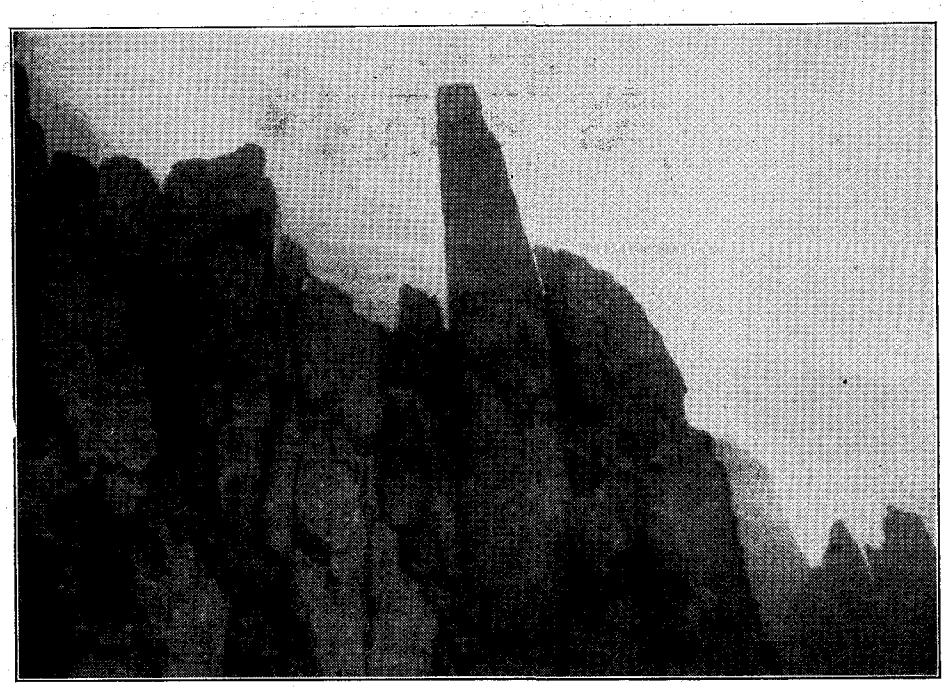


Crater country filled with a glacier and partly frozen lakes, where sheep are found.



Fog in region where sheep are found.
The rim of the crater in fog.

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the sheep at a gap in the pinnacles it must take to get out of the crater.

When the place was reached the ground showed the sheep had not yet passed. I waited a long while, but nothing happened. Gradually the fog rose until the whole of the inner part of the crater was visible. The bottom was filled with a glacier, and down to it in each depression in the rim ran ice-slides. Separating these slides were narrow ridges with teeth, like broken combs. The sheep was undoubtedly hidden somewhere among the teeth of one of these ridges and had, it seemed, no intention of leaving the crater at that time.

With my glasses I carefully examined the snow-mantle of the glacier, foot by foot, until satisfied the sheep had not crossed to the farther side. I then looked over each of the slides, but it was not until I had changed to several vantage-points that I saw the evidence which gives thrill to the hunter—a blood-trail crossing a narrow part of one of the snow-slides. Up to this time I was sure my shots had missed the sheep, and now I could hardly believe what I saw.

The track indicated the probable location of the animal, and I began climbing down. The descent was difficult, both on account of the ice-tongues which must be crossed, and also because of the necessity to avoid dislodging stones, the noise of which falling might alarm the sheep. Several times I got near the sheep only to find it had left its cunningly concealed bed for a new location. It was playing hide-and-seek among the rocks. After four hours of this work I had the animal, as I thought, cornered at the very end of one of the spurs. Then to my bitter disappointment, for the second time that day, glimpsing its leaping form as it rounded a great rock, I fired and missed at thirty yards. It was eleven o'clock at night. Tired and discouraged, I returned to camp, which I reached some time after midnight.

The next morning all four of us set out, filled with determination to get the sheep. It seemed likely that "peneak" was still in the crater basin. The upper rim of this basin was almost vertical, and so far as my observation went, there was only one possible place on the north side where

"The Unknown Sheep."
Pngantoo and Chukotsk mountain-sheep ewe.

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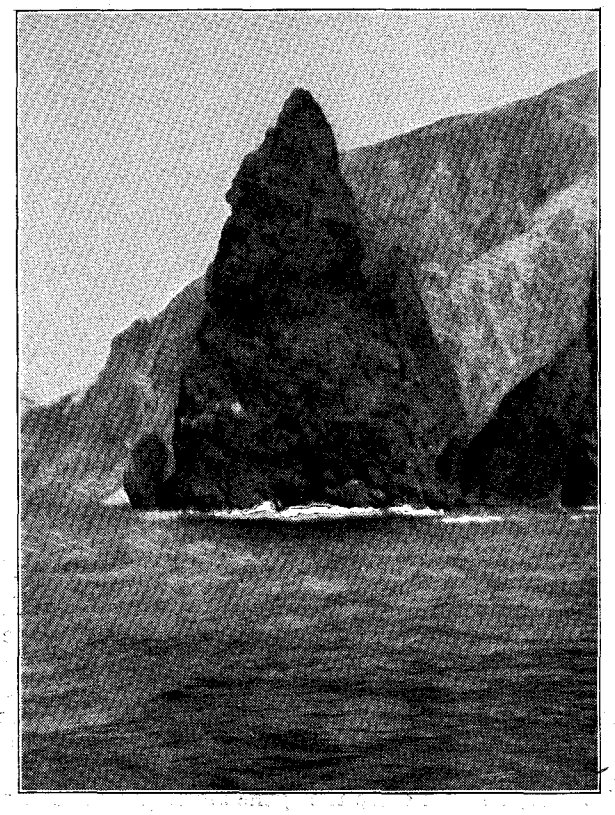
the animal could escape. This was what mountain climbers call a chimney, a steep, narrow passageway between rock walls. Unlike others opening to the rim, this chimney was nowhere blocked by vertical rock. All that was necessary to secure the sheep was for one of us to guard the exit while the others drove the animal to him. The plan was flawless except for the same cause which lost Napoleon the battle of Waterloo. The human element is the uncertain factor. The Esquimaux this time were responsible for the slip.

Taylor with Allalowin and Pngantoo conducted the drive, while I went above to intercept the sheep. The day was still, and before long I heard the voices of the men, cheerful but altogether too high-pitched. Nothing short of death could stop these men from talking. I swore, and increased my pace. Several times later the sound of their laughter and friendly arguments reached me. When, therefore, I got to the head of the chimney and found that the sheep had already passed, I was disappointed but not surprised. Andy told me they had found the bed where the sheep had lain for the night not far from the place where I had last shot at it.

We spent some time on the summit of the ridge slowly picking up the track. Then Taylor turned his glasses to a snow-bank half a mile to the east and found the trail. He had wonderful eyes in addition to his acquired and instinctive ability as a sheep-hunter. I could not see the track with glasses until nearly half the distance to the snow-bank had been covered. The sheep had crossed on the jump, and we concluded from the evidence in the snow that it had only suffered a leg wound. The track was lost on rock at the summit of the main ridge, and as the fog had again become very dense we gave up the hunt and returned to camp.



Tombstones for ships.

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Pngantoo packing the ewe to camp.

The next day the fog conditions were reversed. The low country was obscured, but the mountain-tops were open to the clear sky. Andy with Allalowin went to the place we had last seen the sheep-tracks, while Pngantoo and I climbed the mountain east of our camp with the intention of covering the likely places in between. We hoped, by thus hunting the range from opposite directions, one of the parties might drive the sheep to the others. There were innumerable hiding-places, however, in the miles of rough mountains that intervened, and much of this was covered with fog; so we were far from sanguine as we set out that morning.

Pngantoo packed his model '73 .44–40 Winchester at right angles across his back by the usual breast-thong. The gun was as rusty as if it had lain out of doors the almost half-century since this model was placed on the market, but it was still serviceable, and will no doubt later on be used by one of Pngantoo's sons for seal and walrus hunting. I picked the way, up rock-slides until the summit of the first mountain was reached, and then along the crest of the ridge. We made frequent detours on side spurs to examine basins, but this work was generally useless on account of our inability to see any distance. It was only on the highest elevations that we were above the fog.

After passing over three mountains we came to a small mesa-like place, and here we found the fresh tracks of a sheep but no blood. The chances all pointed to this being the wounded animal, but as it had gone almost immediately on a rock ridge we could not follow the trail. We made a careful search of all the neighboring country, but could find no further trace of the sheep. The fog made our clothing gray with beads of frost-like water, which, however, disappeared the moment we ascended to the sunlight. Pngantoo, separated from Allalowin, did not talk, and it was very quiet up there on the mountain-top. On days when the wind does not blow one hears no sound except the distant rush of falling water from the glaciers.

We could find no connecting ridge to the mountains farther north. Pngantoo should have known the country, but he could not help. He tried independently to find a route, but each time came back, smiling, but shaking his head. There

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were many steep ice-slides in the way which were dangerous to cross. After a while we sat down and waited for the fog to lift. Our own mountain was bathed in sunlight. As we watched, one after another the mountains pricked through the floor of the fog, looking like islands in a great gray sea, but those to the north were lower and still submerged. At length we made out dimly a rough ridge dropping into gloom to the east, which might eventually turn north and give us our connection, and we started along it. I was lost, and Pngantoo knew no more about it than did I. Instinct was at work, however—the thing that is called "hunch." I recollect an unconscious urge dissociated from reason to go eastward.

We followed the ridge a long way, over one rocky hump after another, through the fog, until its sides became very steep and the climbing difficult. Then a miracle occurred. Out of the rocks a few yards below my sheep materialized. It was as if it had been instantly created from the void. I fired and the sheep fell dead at our feet. Pngantoo sprinted by me and caught the animal by one horn as the body started sliding into the abyss below. He held on and called for help, and together we dragged the sheep up to a level spot. One front leg was broken by my shot of two days before. Later on, when the fog was still further dissipated, it became evident that we were nearly a mile from our proper course. Finding the sheep was simply a case of bull-headed luck. It had selected for its hiding-place a hollow where it was invisible except from overhead. One scanning the ridge with glasses in clear weather could not have seen it. If we had not been lost and susceptible to commonly ignored impressions, we would never have gotten the sheep.

The animal was a mature ewe, without

Kariñko and Uvuk, Chukchi packers from Nulieurock, with the loads they carried for us to the sheep mountains.

Chukchi and Esquimaux clothing is quite similar. In general the men wear two garments, fur-seal trousers with the hair out or deerskin trousers with the hair in and deerskin parkies with the hair in next their flesh. In wet weather they add a feather-weight rain parkie made by sewing together walrus intestines, or in the case of the Matasingi Chukchis of split deerskin oiled until it is translucent.

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lamb. Its estimated live weight was one hundred and ten pounds. It was very different in color from any sheep I had ever seen. Taylor said it looked like a caribou in the summer coat. Its back was a mouse color, but the tail, which was

Natives bringing in specimens.

very short, was black. It had just completed the process of shedding its winter coat. It also had a very remarkable horn flare. Instead of rounding backward with a moderate spread, the horns of these ewes (for the fact was later confirmed by a specimen acquired from a native) flare widely from the start at the skull. The length of the horns is ten and a half inches, but they spread seventeen and a half at the tip. They also have a peculiar offset near the ends.

Billy Thompson took us the last leg of our journey to the extreme inner end of the peninsula at the head of Holy Cross Bay, or Kresta Gulf, as the Russians call it. Here is a ragged sea of high mountains culminating in Matasingi, to which the "Asiatic Pilot" gives the height of 9,180 feet. These lofty mountains are separated from the ranges of the Chukotsk by a stretch of low country. Willows begin to appear, and farther west are spruce and birch forests.

In this western country on the Kolyma watershed, three or four hundred miles away, is a new moose, as yet unknown to science. It is the easternmost representative of its family in Asia, a lordly creature with broad-spreading antlers resembling its Alaskan cousin much more nearly than its Scandinavian congenitor. As I was given the quest for an unknown sheep, so, in turn, I pass along to another hunter this quest. The world is getting very small, and this is one of the few remaining opportunities for securing a new big-game animal.

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Sketches of Visiting Statesmen

BY WALTER TITTLE

PENCIL DRAWINGS FROM LIFE, MADE AT SPECIAL SITTINGS GIVEN THE ARTIST

AS I read from time to time of famous world figures, I find myself, in common with most people, I fancy, visualizing the ones that appeal most strongly to my imagination. As I gather my verbal or pictorial information from the printed page, I imagine my characters as living and moving about, occupied with the tasks with which the world associates them, or pursuing their favorite hobbies and forms of recreation. I am likely, even, to endow them with a quality of voice that seems to me best fitted to the dream-picture that I have constructed. To some I will give a nervous energy of action, to others a calmer force, and to still others a rigid, stately dignity that, in most instances, I have been relieved to find a misconception. Recently I had an exceptional opportunity to test the accuracy of some of my visualizations by coming face to face with a number of personages of whom I had long known, for the purpose of making portraits of them. Some of the original studies for these portraits are reproduced herewith.

I have read of Mr. Balfour since I was a child. To me he has been a great British institution rather than an individual, and enough of my childish awe was still with me, as late as the year 1917, that his arrival here at that time caused in me a feeling of wonder almost as great as if the Tower of London had been purchased and transported by the money-magic of some American millionaire for erection in Central Park. Of course, I was forced to smile at my own naïve mental attitude. Why shouldn't Mr. Balfour come to America? But second thought showed that to me he was one of my throng of dream-people, and that what subconsciously surprised me was that he was a real person, after all, and not a character from one of the novels of Dickens that I loved so to devour when my first consciousness of Mr. Balfour was formed.

Visual proof of this later and more reasonable conception came recently in Washington, when I saw a tall, slightly stooped, active gentleman enter an automobile in front of a public building. There, at last, was Mr. Balfour. In response to the applause of the assembled crowd he smiled brightly, nodded his head repeatedly, and waved his hand quickly in short arcs, as though he were endeavoring to entertain a very small child. The gesture was distinctly feminine, and probably was the result of his somewhat restricted position in the rear seat of a limousine. He seemed very friendly, and glad of the approval of the throng. His profile to me was rather a surprise, and not exactly what one would expect from the aspect of his full face.

I had another chance to study him, and to make a quick sketch, before our first actual sitting. My chair was the next but one to his on an occasion when he made an address. In gesture and voice and smile he gave a vivid impression of what he must have been like at twenty. I believe I have never seen a man to whom the graces of youth have clung so becomingly. His mannerisms of posture suggested the well-bred, rather charmingly awkward boy who has recently acquired a very considerable growth and hardly knows how to handle the new acquisition. As he rose, assisting himself by gripping the table at which we sat, his movements, I fancied, were quite the same as when he was called upon to recite his lessons at Eton nearly sixty years ago. His voice was exceedingly pleasant in quality, without the slightest trace of oratorical manner, and, again, the voice of a boy. The quick smile seemed to take

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fifty years from his age, which asserted itself more when his face was at rest.

Our first sitting occurred in his apartment. It was in the evening, after a hard day's work, and his face showed some fatigue. Our second sitting was in the middle of the afternoon, and he looked quite young and rested. I have never enjoyed anyone's conversation more than Mr. Balfour's. His choice of words and his pronunciation of them stamped him as the perfect purist. His grasp of all subjects seemed complete. His face was so alive, his manner so cordial, and he seemed so greatly interested in the subjects we discussed. He asked me who my recent sitters had been. I recited my list in the order in which I had done them, the first group being six Frenchmen. "Well, you sound very French, so far," he laughed. "Now I'll be British," I replied, enumerating eight of his countrymen. "Good! That more than balances the account." Our conversation then drifted to art in general, and his knowledge of it was quite broad. He talked of sports, people, even international politics, and was very enthusiastic about the achievements of the Conference. America had a strong appeal for him, and his stay was proving to be most enjoyable. He contrasted New York, London, and Paris. "London is to me the most interesting of places. It is unlike other European cities. It has a peculiar charm of antiquity and tradition. There are a number of cities on the Continent that resemble Paris, but London has an atmosphere that is quite its own. Personally, I have never cared much for Paris, though I recognize its definite appeal. The three cities are so utterly different, and each so wonderful in its own way! New York, with its great buildings, is, of course, the result of environment; lack of space has made it what it is. It appeals to me greatly, now and when I was here before. I am sure that it could become quite a passion with me."

We conversed during the entire time that our sittings required, and the rapidly changing expressions of his mobile face would have been a tax on the agility of any artist's hand. He raised his eyebrows a great deal, especially when he smiled. I have rarely seen a face capable of such variety of expression, and choice was difficult when one could see material for many sketches in the course of a few moments. A countenance so richly expressive is the logical result of a life as long and full as Mr. Balfour's has been.

From the pictures of Mr. Briand that I had seen in newspapers and magazines, as well as from printed accounts of him as a fighter in politics, I was expecting to meet a rather intolerant, firebrand type of man. I have no doubt that this impression was heightened by his hirsute adornments; the shaggy mane and long, generous mustache made me liken him to a type of faro-banker of the far West of Bret Harte's time. I was expecting a show of annoyance on his part at the idea of being portrayed, and was greatly pleased at his very great gentleness and willingness to help me in my work. He made it possible for me to do three studies of him, and on every occasion his cordial handclasp and his kindly expression of face kept me assured that in his mind the artist has an important niche in any civilization.

This attitude is the rule, I believe, with Frenchmen. No better passport to their interest could be produced than a portfolio of sketches. Art is a language that most of them understand to a considerable degree, and, if they do not understand it, at least they reverence it. There were a number of members of the French delegation in the room when I made my first sketch of Mr. Briand. I was working rapidly, trying to record the grave and dignified face in front of me. Back of me I heard exclamations of excitement in French, one voice calling to the others in the room to see what I was doing. I straightened up suddenly and my head hit the chest of a large man wearing the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor. "*Très bien, très bien,*" he said repeatedly, and others echoed his words. When I had finished, Mr. Briand rose from his chair with his hands extended to receive the sketch, and he gave me a kindly pat on the arm, and "*Très, très bien*" in his rich musical voice. This incident illustrates the very sympathetic attitude toward my task that gave me so much pleasure during the hours that I spent

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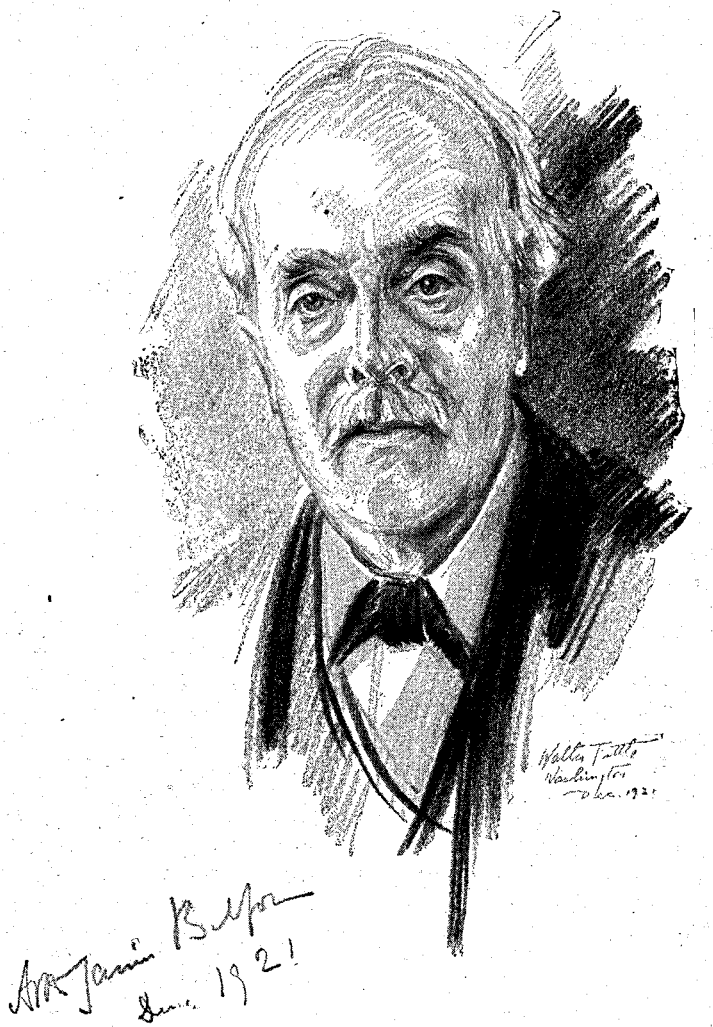

The Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour.
(Autographed.)

with the French. After this first sketch of Mr. Briand they demanded to see the contents of my portfolio, and from that time on I was greeted with the most cordial good-fellowship whenever I appeared.

I mentioned Mr. Briand's voice. I am sorry I did not have the privilege of hearing him deliver his famous speech before the Conference. The quality of his voice in conversation is so rich and resonant, with such an evident suggestion of its oratorical possibilities, that I am sure it must have been a great pleasure to hear this master of oratory in action. His manner could not have been simpler, or freer from self-consciousness and pretense. He was dignified unconsciously. In conversation his face was usually grave, but capable of most mischievous flashes of smile and laughter, if things took a humorous turn. I was present when he made the famous utterance about dreadnoughts not being built for sardine-fishing, nor submarines to study undersea flora. Everybody laughed, and no one enjoyed the joke more than Mr. Briand. His face was alive with mischief and laughter. He is short of stature, and

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stoops somewhat. His large head is set rather forward and low on his shoulders, and his large drooping mustache bisects either jaw with its downward arc in such a way that, from a front view, his chin seems much squarer than it really is. All of the members and attachés of his delegation showed their affection for him. He seemed to be the indulgent father of them all.

To me the name Viviani has something alive about it, and suggests a leaping flame. It is the work of poets to cause words to suggest things apart from the hard and fast meanings that are recorded in dictionaries, and this name I would recommend to them for its euphonious properties. And to a certain degree the man is like the name. He is personally more like what I expected Mr. Briand to be, after seeing pictures of his shaggy brows and mustaches. He was the one Frenchman who apparently refused to belong wholly to the otherwise happy family of the French delegation. His moods were as unreliable as the weather. Sometimes he seemed quite gay and pleased with life. But the chances were that the next time you saw him he would be thoroughly out of sorts with everything and everybody. On the occasion when I made my sketch of him he seemed to be very much at peace with the world. His greeting was gentle, and his handclasp kindly. But on other occasions when I happened to be at the rooms of the French delegation I could hear his rapid-fire tones of dissatisfaction over this, that, and the other even before the man himself was visible. Shortcomings of some sort are to be found in every one, and I record this aspect of Mr. Viviani because I feel that even a brief sketch of him would not be complete without it.

On one of his sunny days I descended with him in the lift of the hotel where he was staying. No one else was in the car but the operator. Mr. Viviani regarded himself in a mirror with much interest, striking several attitudes. What he saw there seemed to be entirely to his satisfaction; he turned away with a contented smile, and made a jovial remark in which he included with his glance the elevator man and me. I replied in English, and his response was pronounced exactly as I spell it: "Ah—no spitch Englitch." I had never before heard a French accent that in the least resembled this.

I admired the force that was apparent in Mr. Viviani's face and figure. His neck is quite thick, and joins his head in a straight line at the back. His face is muscular and sculpturesque, the jaws being heavy, and the mouth exceedingly firm, with a downward tendency at the corners. The brow above the eyes is prominent, and the forehead slants back rather abruptly. His nervousness is evident in the expression of his face. I had the privilege of hearing his astonishing mastery of oratory in the Conference chamber on the occasion of the presentation of the Four Power Treaty. He was magnificent. The range of his voice in quality and power, the astonishing variety of it, was marvellous! His performance resembled a musical composition, with its quiet beginning, the gradual crescendo, and the lightning-like climax just before the end.

When Baron Kato had taken the chair that I placed for him, and the first few lines of the sketch were drawn, he smiled slightly and said in a high, shrill voice, "I sin." My interest was instantly aroused. Here, I thought, was the beginning of a burst of self-revelation that would thrill the author of "The Mirrors of Washington." "I beg your pardon?" I interrogated. "Sin, sin, very sin," came the high voice again, as he motioned to his unusually emaciated face. His pronunciation had misled me, and my curiosity met with an anticlimax. Thin he certainly was. His face was the most inscrutable mask except when one was treated to the very rare smile. He looked like an expressionless bronze wrought by one of his own race, embodying as much of the mystery of the Orient as any of its sculptured gods.

"When I first saw Baron Kato," Mr. Balfour said during one of our sittings, "I thought, there is a dying man. He seemed in the final stages of some fatal disease, so thin and yellow and expressionless. I was agreeably surprised when I talked with him to see how his face can light up with an exceedingly sunny smile,

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Aristide Briand—Ex-Premier of France.

and I came to the conclusion that he is not sick at all. To me his is one of the most interesting faces of the Conference." I could not help thinking that his countrymen had done well in choosing this man to cope with the world's diplomatists. I tried to talk with him on the subject of Japanese art, remarking its influence on the art of the Occident. His reply was "I am entirely ignorant of art." This surprised me. I had expected the Japanese to be different from our average men of affairs. We think of them as an æsthetic people, forgetting that some of their greatest artists were little thought of by them in their day.

Lord Lee of Fareham does his part in maintaining the reputation for attractiveness of the English gentleman. His voice is quiet, his manner gentle. He possesses both simplicity and distinction.

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René Viviani, Ex-Premier of France.

His large brown eyes seem to afford one a glimpse of his soul. He looks more the musician or poet than first lord of the admiralty, with a long record of distinguished service as a statesman behind him. The artistic strain that is evident in his face has found outlet in collecting pictures. He owns many notable canvases. His collection of the works of Constable is a very important one. He not only owns pictures, he knows them. I enjoyed greatly talking with him about them. A large part of his collection he had given to the British Government, he said, along with his estate, Checquers Court, which was donated as a permanent country house for the Premiers of England.

I found Senator Carlo Schanzer, of Italy, quite different from what I had anticipated. I had seen one poorly printed picture of him in a newspaper, accompanied by an account of his active career. The cut showed his curly hair worn high on his head, with a fine "spade" beard and delicate mustache. The face was quite handsome. So to big achievements I proceeded mentally to add large stature and voice, as well as great show of physical energy. The man who confronted me was small, with a

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Baron T. Kato, of Japan.
(Autographed.)

very low voice of childlike gentleness. It was necessary for me to listen quite carefully to hear what he said. His movements corresponded in deliberate gentleness to his voice, and there was about him an almost feminine sweetness and serenity of manner and smile that is frequently met with in Italians. He was not in the least effeminate, however. He sat with the absolute stillness of a statue. The occasional winking of his eyes was the only movement. He was as easy to draw as a study in still life.

So many Americans have recently had the opportunity of seeing Marshal Foch that description of him here seems almost superfluous. Then, too, my contact with him was necessarily of such short duration that I feel that there are a legion of people here as well qualified as I to describe him, and a lot more to whom no verbal delineation is necessary. My sketch of him was made during his final visit of a day and a half to Washington, and his engagement list, as reviewed to me by several of his staff, seemed impossible of fulfilment in so short a time. Consequently, the opportunity of sketching him that fell to my lot was busily consumed in jotting down his facial lineaments, with scant leisure for noting much else.

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Lord Lee of Fareham, First Lord of the Admiralty.
(Autographed.)

To my adoring eyes he was a most satisfactory personage to look upon, this hero of heroes. His fine soldierly bearing and erect posture would win approval for any man not possessed of his great fame. If strength of jaw and chin are indicative of combative qualities, I fancied I could perceive elements that contributed much toward the winning of the war. His face had a marked spiritual aspect, particularly noticeable when in repose. In conversation he was possessed of a great deal of animation and gaiety on the occasions when I observed him, and he appeared to be on the most intimate terms of *camaraderie* with his staff. The deep-set eyes, with a note of sadness in them, were transformed utterly when he

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Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States.
(Autographed.)

laughed, and the many lines of his face all seemed necessary to the perfect consummation of his mirth.

Albert Sarraut, French minister for the colonies, is an exceedingly alert man. His nervous energy is noticeable in every movement. I was filled with admiration for his tireless capacity for work, and for the unfailing good humor and suavity that were always his even when devoting himself to many tasks at the same time. He has bright, eager eyes; and the effect of eagerness is heightened perhaps by his retroussé nose and upturned mustache. He wears a peculiar little pince-nez that seems too small for its necessary function; I am sure that the average American ocu-

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Senator Carlo Schanzer, Italian Delegate.
(Autographed.)

list would object to having the pupils of the eyes so far outside the centre of the lenses. During our sittings he was called away several times for short conferences with Mr. Viviani. With a courteous apology he would quickly disappear, and just as quickly I would find him sitting before me again. He impressed me as a man of unusual ability, which is corroborated sufficiently by the fact that he has held his present post in four consecutive cabinets. We talked about French art as I worked, and his enthusiasm for the Impressionists is very great. Especially does he adore Renoir, which made for us at once a common meeting-ground. Some of the later tendencies of the French school are not much to his liking.

Sir Auckland Geddes is a vigorous,

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Albert Sarraut, Minister of Colonies, France.
(Autographed.)

clean-cut type of Scotchman. He is tall and powerfully built, with a decided strength of modelling in his features. His head resolves itself into very definite and unusual planes. The mouth and exceptionally prominent chin indicate the determination that is undoubtedly his. I noticed him and Mr. Balfour in conversation at the Conference table, and was struck by the similarity of construction of their heads. Both are unusually long, out of the average proportion to the width, and the excess of length in both cases comes above the brows and below the base of the nose. There are other points of similarity in the two heads. I mentioned this to Sir Auckland when he sat to me. He said he thought that it was doubtless to be accounted for partly by the fact that both Mr. Bal-

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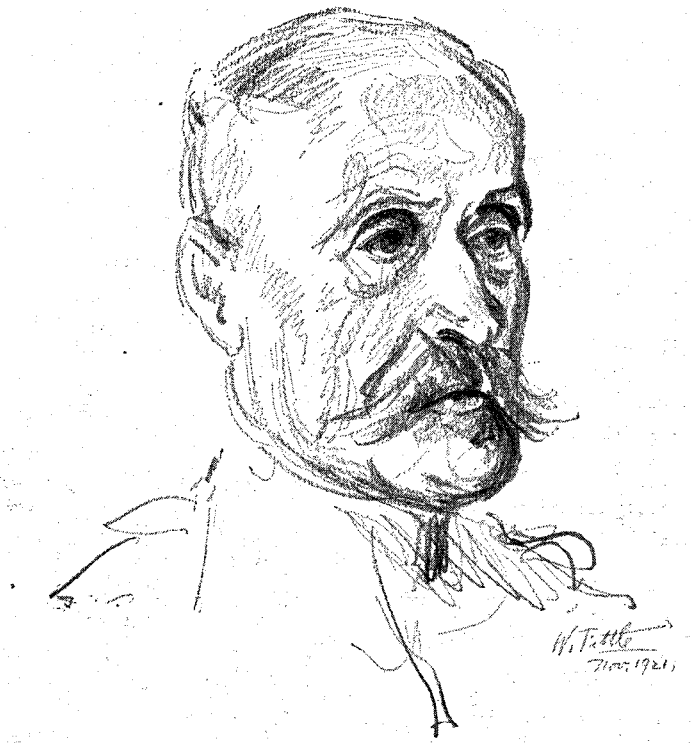

Marshal Ferdinand Foch, recently guest of the American Legion in the United States.

four and he are of a Scotch type, and further because the two families are connected.

I found Sir Auckland a most interesting subject. His face seemed to be made to draw or model. He called my attention to a peculiarity of his mouth. "You seem to be biting your lower lip," I said; "are you?" He laughingly assured me that he was not. I could not help being impressed by the youth of this man for the important position he holds, and spoke of it to him. "Well, the war made me," he said, with a frank smile. Sir Maurice Hankey had made a similar statement to me about himself, and I was glad to remark that war occasionally shows discretion in her choice of the ones she "makes." She sometimes elevates the ones that "carry on" best, and not only the profiteers.

A most charming and attractive man is Doctor Sze, the Chinese minister. His face is almost constantly adorned with a boyish smile. He speaks excellent English, which is not to be wondered at when one knows of his generous American education, but a considerable trace of the Chinese accent still remains. He has an air of kindly good-fellowship for everybody, and seems to be eager to oblige in

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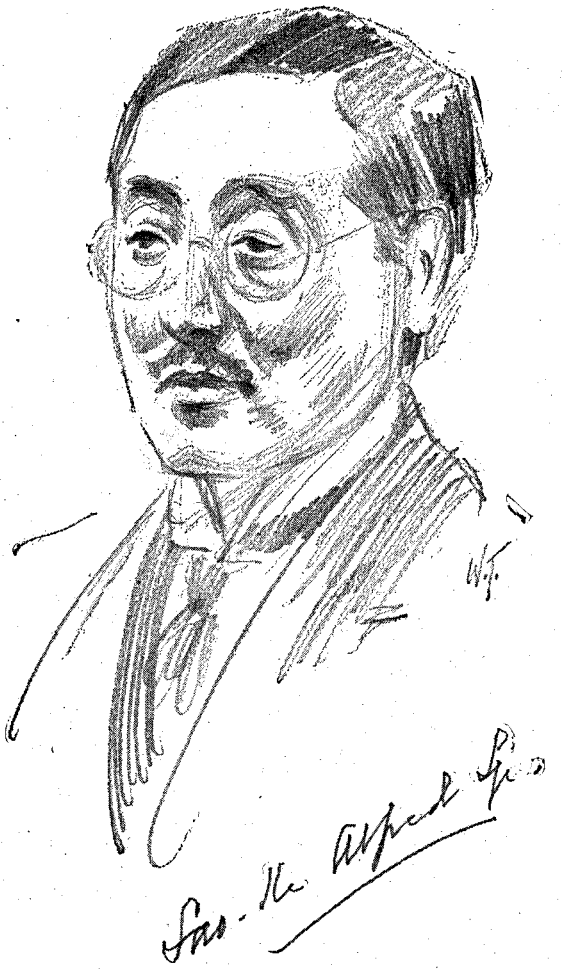

Dr. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to the United States.
(Autographed.)

any way that he can. This was noticeable in his attitude toward the newspaper men, and some of them were inclined to take unfair advantage of it. I was present on one occasion when a newspaper correspondent questioned him with unnecessary sharpness, before a considerable audience, on some points that Doctor Sze was evidently not at liberty to disclose. He parried the almost brutal interrogations for a while without losing his smile, but finally, instead of the rebuke that was really merited, his objection came in the form of a protest. He said that further meetings with the press would be impossible if this sort of thing were to continue. The large majority of the crowd were quite indignant that this kindly gentleman should be imposed upon. I heard him read an able speech in one of the open sessions of the Conference. He spoke clearly, and in a strong, steady voice; but a nervous sensitiveness was discernible in the trembling of his hands, which he tried to avoid by bracing them against his body. I admire a man who has courage enough to conquer the fear that he may have of addressing an audience. Doctor Sze is greatly liked in Washington, and the reasons for this are immediately apparent on meeting him.

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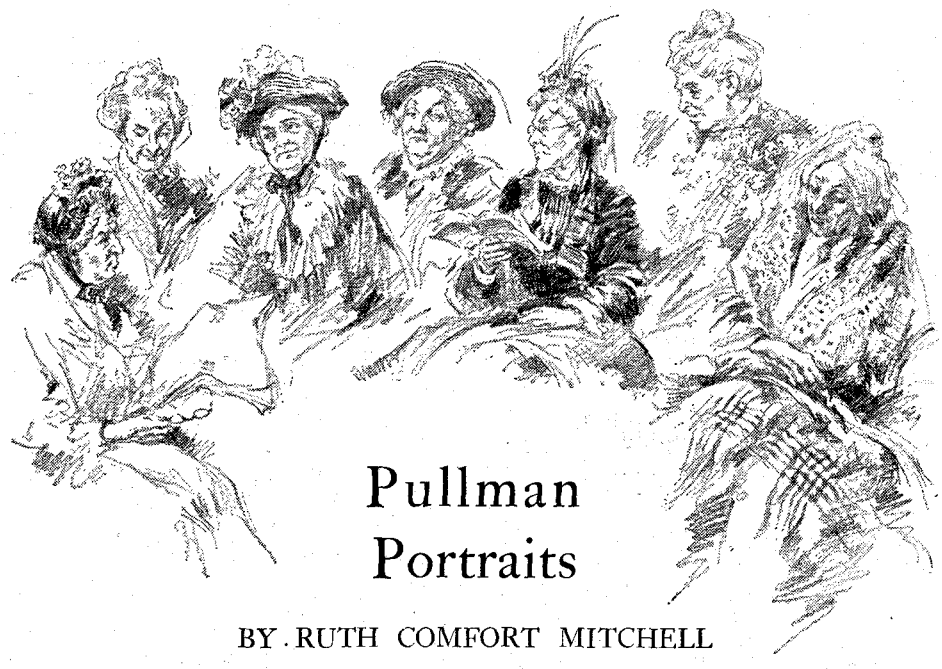

Pullman Portraits

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

I

DOWN the green plush lane, at the forward end of the car,
There are seven Iowa farmers' tired old wives
With their faces set toward the perfumed orange groves
For a lyrical end to their prosy, cumbered lives;
And all day long with their red, work-twisted hands
On their black silk laps they idle, they rest, they play;
They badger the grime-gray brakeman, make new friends,—
"Say, Pa, this gentleman *here's* from Ioway!"

II

While the bored, late breakfast crowd in the diner fumed
And a thin man snarled that his coffee wasn't hot,
I saw them carry her by with clumsy haste—
A silent, sagging shape on a sagging cot,
And all day long there seeps through my noisy car,
Through the tight-shut, shining door of the drawing-room,
The sense of a breathless race with hours and miles . . .
The sense of doom, of imminent, hovering doom;
And whenever the loose-limbed brakeman hurtles through,
Frolicsome-shy as a sidling setter pup,
The mother's jerking face at the crack of the door—
"Are we late? How late? Do you think we can make it up?"

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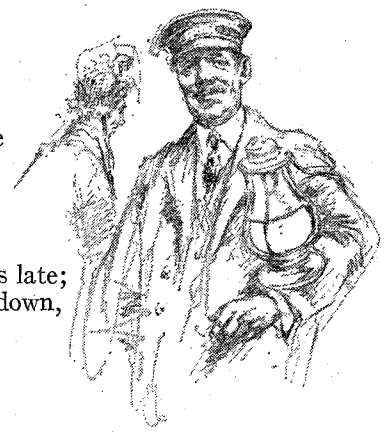
III



There's an old young soldier raptly hurrying home
With a line of shining deeds across his coat,
But the scar far back in his aching-tired eyes
Is a deeper scar than the one along his throat,
And all day long I am watching him realize . . .
That the show is done; he has missed his cue; he's late;
The bands are stilled and the WELCOME signs are down,
And his shining deeds,—*his war*—is out of date!

IV

A big, thick-wristed man in the section across;
The delicate, fresh-dressed woman by his side
With the look in her face of a stale, warmed-over dream,
Is a bride, a pitiful, tardy, Autumn bride,
And all day long, sitting still in her green plush seat,
She escapes, she flees, she hides . . . till the train's harsh tune
Summons her back to the touch of his thick, cold hand,
To bring her November heart to the feast of June.
. . . . . .

Can they ever learn to rest in their orange groves?
Is the engine aware of the drawing-room's tragic need?—
And the soldier's eyes—and the dream that stood too long?
I am tense with the urge for a greater, kinder speed;
And all day long, till the desert sun slides down
And the farmers' wives are noisy with plate and cup,
Now soft, now shrill, four-keyed, it pierces through . . .
"Are we late? How late? Do you think we can make it up?"

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Bain's Hole

BY ALEXANDER HULL
Author of "The Argosies"

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY WILLIAM FLETCHER WHITE

THE cabin of Jess Toler lay in the long shadows of the trees of Bain's Hole, a little explored and impenetrable swamp, reeking with miasma and decay, filled with the inanimate treachery of slime and bog, alive with the quicker death of cottonmouth, rattler, and, now and then, a scarlet harlequin. The swamp growth was tall; trees towered a hundred and fifty feet into the serene wash of gold that was sunset, and were silhouetted, black, twisted, incomprehensibly threatening shapes, against the mellow sky. The swamp lay to the west of the cabin a hundred yards or more, and the cabin faced south. North and east were reaches of level tilled land, rising toward the morning direction in slow gradations to a long line of softly curved lavender mountains. Except for the ever-present black menace of Bain's Hole there was no threat in the region thereabout. The twilight was coming on, warm and drowsy, and all sounds were muffled and uninsinuating—the distant challenges of restless cocks, the faint baying of a far-away hound, the long-drawn echo of a chime-whistle on the railway, ten miles away.

Lou May Toler stood in the doorway of the cabin, a slim, brown figure of nineteen, looking at the drowsy world and watching—and listening, for she seldom saw Jess Toler before she heard him—for her husband. He would slip furtively along the edge of the swamp, or slink, low-bent, behind the concealing zigzags of the rail fence, and a crackling stick under his foot, or a rustling of brush or grass, very often would be her first warning of him.

Into the heart of Lou May there stole for a moment a little of the peace and quiet of the twilight. She looked resolutely away from the oppressive swamp, into the fields and hills that were still rosy with the afterglow. Suddenly there seemed to be a premonition of chill in the atmosphere, and, sensitive to every indication of nature, to which she was so near, Lou May felt it. It came, she knew, from the swamp. Her eyes, big, brown, wistful, turned slowly, and she looked apprehensively at the black and moss-grown phantoms rising out of the mucky ground. A shiver—more than that, a trembling like the shaking of ague—passed through her. Lou May was deathly afraid of the known and unknown terrors of Bain's Hole.

Of these Jess was one. Far in its recesses he had a hiding-place to which he retreated, from which he emerged, like a snake crawling in and out of its thicket.

"Ah don' lak dat swamp," muttered Lou May. "Ah don' lak um. Seems lak Ah cain't breathe near it—seems lak hit's full o' brack debbils—sometimes Ah kin mos' smell um."

And as she drew a long inhalation it did, indeed, seem as if there were a reek in the air as of something foul and festering. She shook her head and turned away from Bain's Hole, turning as if she were struggling against some sinister attraction, very strong, but not quite strong enough to hold her—yet. One might have said that there was a continual warfare going on between the swamp and the woman, to which the as yet defeated swamp returned again and again.

Still there was no sound or sight of Jess Toler.

Lou May heard a tiny whimper inside the cabin, and she turned abruptly to go in. At any cost the baby must be kept quiet. If it cried, and Jess happened to be in one of his frequent brutal moods, something terrible surely would happen!

In the instant that she turned, a black shape fluttered up from Bain's Hole and winged eastward across the dying day,

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flying low—so low that its great black wings seemed almost to brush the ridge of the cabin.

Lou May flung her apron over her face. Too late. She had seen the fluttering omen!

Perhaps seeing the movement, the bird veered sharply, and emitted a shrill cry, and repeated it.

"Caw! Caw!"

Lou May shook from head to foot. She uttered a low moan, and staggered into the cabin.

"Ol' crow," she whispered, terror-stricken. "Hit's a debbil, fo' sho! Some niggah go'n' die to-night. Somebody go'n' die!"

Suddenly, with a passionate cry, she caught up the whimpering child from its crib and covered its face with her kisses.

"'Tain' yo', honey chile—'tain' yo'—de Lawd he ain't gwine let it be yo'!"

The child's murmuring was stilled long before Lou May's heart was quieter. She put it back in the crib and fixed the fire. The coffee was boiling fiercely, and the fat of side meat spattering smokily upon the rusty stove-top. Lou May, despite her fear, took a bucket and went to the spring for fresh water. The path to the spring lay away from the swamp, but Lou May whispered incantations through every step of her fearsome progress. Coming back, the light of the cabin shone clear and steady—something beneficent and protecting to guide her.

But as she entered the door she saw that Jess Toler was sitting inside the cabin, his evil face alight with malice, his eyes consumed with the fire of some hellish menace.

Lou May screamed softly, and the water-bucket dropped from her limp fingers and clattered onto the ground outside. She stood swaying on the threshold.

Jess Toler got to his feet and jerked her roughly inside.

"Yo-all go'n' scream some moah—'foah Ah gets through wiv yo'!" he said savagely.

He pushed her to the farther side of the room and put himself between her and the door. Lou May put her hands up before her face defensively.

"Ain' no need fo' that," said Jess. "Ain' go'n' beat yo' nohow this time. Beatin' is too good fo' yo'. Don' know jes' what Ah do aim to do wiv yo'—but theah ain' no hurry 'bout that. Time enough to 'tend to yo' lateh on. Jes' now . . ."

Suddenly he roared his question at her.

"Wheah was yo' 'long 'bout two days befoh we uz married?"

"Ah don' remember. Hit's so long ago now——"

"Wheah was yo'?" repeated Jess inexorably.

"Fo' de Lawd, hit's de truff Ah'm tellin' yo'!" cried Lou May. "Ah don' remember."

Jess Toler laughed, and there was a note of incredible cruelty in his mirth.

"Sho't mem'ry—sho't mem'ry! Ah aims to make it a li'l longeh—yes, Ah sho' does aim to!"

Suddenly his mirth changed to venom.

"Yo' bettah think ha'd," he assured her. "Bettah think ha'der than yo' eveh thought befoh! Bettah speak up and tell me wheah yo' was! Not because Ah don' know—Ah knows puffeckly well—but jes' because Ah'd like to heah yo' say it. Speak up—wheah was yo'?"

Lou May moaned. "Ah don' know," she sobbed. "Ah speck Ah wasn't nowheah—Ah mean—Ah tell yo' Ah *don'* know! Mos' lakly Ah was jes' at home. Of co'se, that's wheah Ah was—Ah was at home. Yo' ask maw ef Ah wasn't! Ah don' remember, mahse'f, but——"

Jess stepped closer to her.

"Yo' don' remember—wiv the remindeh what yo' got—right heah?"

"Ah don' know what yo' talkin' 'bout!"

Jess Toler looked toward the crib in the corner significantly.

"Ah'm talkin' 'bout a basta'd, that's what Ah'm talkin' 'bout," he said bluntly.

At the same instant that the enormity of the false accusation struck her, she wondered at the strange lack of violence in him when he made it. He must be without an atom of proof—he couldn't have proof, for there was only falsity in the charge! And yet she realized, with utter despair, that no amount of protestation would convince him. He was determined to convict her. And yet . . . again she wondered that he was so quiet about it. It might be, she thought, shiv-

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ering, that here was an anger past noise. Knowing that it was useless, some fine instinct within her compelled her nevertheless to deny.

"Hit's a lie!" she cried.

He stirred and clenched his hands. Lou May knew then that his immobility had not been the lack but the repression of violence. He was stemming it deliberately so that it might accumulate behind the barriers, and become overwhelming and utterly disastrous to her. The thought of the crow, that lethal portent, recurred to her. In a blinding flash, Lou May saw that she was that night to die. The crow had flown for her! But, if she must die, she would die protesting!

"Hit's a lie—hit's a lie!" she screamed passionately.

Jess put his hand on her wrist and wrenched it cruelly.

"Stop 'at noise!" he hissed.

And as if she were hypnotized, Lou May stopped.

"Yo' listen to me, yo' ——!" said Jess. "Theah ain't no use tryin' to talk lies to me! Ah know wheah yo' was that night when Ah was oveh to Gulf City. Ah see Ben Garrison this afte'noon, and he tole me 'bout that niggah fum the No'th—how yo' was always talkin' to um, listenin' to his highfalutin' talk—an' how yo' went down the riveh wiv him that night, an' neveh come home till mo'nin'——"

Lou May's voice was low now, but she still protested. "Hit ain't true! Ben Garrison was lyin' to yo', Jess! Ben was mad because Ah wouldn't have no truck wiv him—he tol' me then he'd get even wiv me. Ah nevah had no doin's wiv 'at niggah fum the No'th. Hit's a lie—hit's a damned lie!"

Suddenly Jess Toler released her wrist and swung his hand heavily against her mouth. The blow half stunned her, but there was something of relief, too, in the physical hurt. Almost instantly there was a taste of warm saltiness in her mouth, and she realized that her lips had been cut against her teeth.

"Go'n' lie 'bout Ben, too, huh? Play me a dirty trick lak 'at, an' nen lie 'bout mah bes' fren', too, huh? Go'n' lemme raise a li'l basta'd foh yo' gen'lemun fren' fum the No'th, and puvide clothes an' food fo' hit——"

A lie! A lie! said all her being. The child had nothing that she had not begged of her mother for it, and as for food, it had not yet passed the age where it could dispense with its own mother's milk! A terrible depression closed down over her. From that moment on, she determined, he should extort no denial from her. He might hurt her so that she could not keep quiet, but she would never give his evil accusation the lie again.

As if he could read her unvoiced determination and were immeasurably angered by it, he struck her again—but again with the flat of his hand. She did not understand that. It was as if he were being very careful not to injure her seriously. What did that mean?

"Cain't play 'at trick wiv Jess Tole'. Ain' go'n' have no basta'd in my cabin!"

Suddenly he took her by her two arms and whirled her about, and pushed her out of the door, heavily, so that she stumbled over the sill and fell to the ground outside. When she rose to her feet the door was closed. And still she did not understand. She heard the voice of Jess Toler inside the cabin, repeating without apparent heat, dully but determinedly:

"Ain' go'n' have no basta'd in my cabin!"

He moved heavily across the cabin floor. Lou May was pierced through and through with the long wail of her child. Suddenly bitter enlightenment flooded her heart, her brain, her whole body. She leaped, screaming, at the door and beat upon it with clenched fists. The wailing inside abruptly ended. Frantically Lou May beat her fists bloody on the door. In vain—it did not give—all her puny human strength might be dashed against it and it would never yield! With a high, raucous scream Lou May Toler collapsed upon the ground, unconscious.

For a long while she lay there, not moving, mercifully unknowing, scarcely breathing, even. She lay there while the sound of a moving bolt came from the cabin, then the rattling of a raised window. Utter silence followed and was greatly prolonged.

The gibbous moon, red and angry, rose over the smoky mountains of the eastern horizon, and slowly climbed the sky. It stood well over the valley when Lou

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It was in the night, in the moonlight, in the road . . . or the forest—it was everywhere!—Page 422.

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May finally stirred and got to her feet, whimpering. She staggered to the door, swayed, and fell against it. This time it gave, for it had nothing more to keep from her.

Lou May, still moaning, crept across the floor on her hands and knees to the crib. The yellow moonlight, through the open window by which Jess Toler had gone out, fell upon the child's dusky face. Timidly, Lou May put out her finger and touched the little cheek, and the flesh to her finger was cold and unmoving.

The terror of death filled the cabin. It lay about her, everywhere. Poor, foolish Lou May had the thought suddenly that she could escape it—that she could run away from it. She ran out into the golden moonlight. But it was there, too! Faster and faster she ran. But no matter how fast she might go, it kept pace with her. It was in the night, in the moonlight, in the road or in the fields or the forest—it was everywhere! It was in her own breaking heart. She sped on, gasping. And now she felt but little. She had forgotten her child was dead. She had forgotten why she was running—she only knew that she must keep on running—running—running from some terrible and pursuing thing behind her. She was no longer a woman: she was a panic-stricken animal, flying through the dark from an unnamed and unrealized terror. Presently her eyes were closed, and she ran on blindly. She tripped on a root and fell heavily, and did not rise again until the moon dropped behind the horizon in the pale dawn.

It was barely light when Lou May stumbled against the door of her mother's cabin in Cairntown.

"Who dar—who dar?" demanded the rich and soothing voice of her mother.

"Hit's me—Lou May," said Lou May weakly. Then something inside of her seemed to burst and release a torrential flood of feeling. "Hit's me, maw—mah baby's daid—an' Ah've come—home!"

The sunshine, thick, rich, and golden, poured down at noontide upon the streets and houses of Cairntown—streets more than ankle-deep with red-brown dust; houses low-built, jerry-built, and ugly. Where the dust was deepest, in one of the lowest-built and ugliest of the cabins, Lou May sat with her mother. There was compensation of a sort about the cabin of Mammy T'ress Conner in a huge and magnificent tulip-tree, a thing of emerald and silver mingled, cool and beneficent. It tempered the midday sun to the flimsy roof of the sagging cabin, and gave it a breath of purer air and took five degrees from its blistering temperature.

Lou May sat at the open door, looking out across the fields, her hands lying loosely in her lap. In the drooping lines of her young body an infinite weariness and apathy were pictured. Five days earlier her baby had been buried. Lou May had found tears for that last parting, but she had shed them as if in a dream. Curiously aloof, her spirit had sat watchful within her, and had observed her body and her deeds as those of another being. It was all unreal, the clumsy mechanical simulacra of life, when actually no life was there. Something, the vital part of her, was dead, had been dead ever since the night when her child had been murdered, and was dead now, as she sat looking from her mother's door, her eyes half open, half closed.

Her mother sat at the kitchen table, busily sucking a chicken bone. She rolled its end in her capacious mouth and unctuously and loudly extracted the last bit of goodness from it, then tossed it, clean and shining, past her daughter into the yard, treasure-trove for wandering coon-town dogs, or lean and predatory cats, whichever might first and piratically discover it. This done, she surveyed her daughter yet again, deep trouble furrowing her glistening face.

"Honey, Ah done kilt dat fowl jes' on yo' account, an' now yo' gwine let me eat it all mahse'f? Cain't yo' eat jes' a li'l bit, honey? Ef hit's on'y a wing, or a tiny piece of breas', hit's boun' to do yo' good. Jes' a li'l piece, Lou May!"

She had asked the question half a dozen times already, and each time Lou May had apathetically replied: "Ah ain't hongry, maw—Ah don' feel like eatin'."

This time she made no reply, and her mother, emboldened, pressed her harder.

"Yo' got to eat yo' grub, chile! Cain't nobody get 'long widout dat! Hit's an

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awful good bi'd, honey—tender and juicy and sweet—hit jes' melts in yo' mouf. Yo' is young yet—yo' want to save yo' good looks."

Lou May stirred, and got to her feet.

"All right, Ah'll eat hit," she acceded. "Mah looks ain't botherin' me no moah, though. Ah'm thoo wiv men, onless hit's one man, an' Ah don' know ef Ah am thoo wiv him, or ef Ah ain't."

"Dat's——"

"Don' yo' name him to me!" said Lou May. "Don' yo' nevah name him to me—Ah warns yo', maw!"

The tone was dead, but in spite of that there was something potent and deterrent in it that instantly stopped the garrulous negress.

"Ah'll eat a li'l grub, because Ah'm go'n' out to Bain's Hole dis afte'noon, an' hit'll take strength, an' hit seems lak Ah ain't got no mo'—seems lak mah bones is jes' tu'n to wateh, an' run away fum me."

Her mother protested. "Honey chile, yo' cain't go out theah! Yo' cain't do hit—why——"

But there was a grim finality in the girl's answer, against which the older woman knew she might beat in vain, though with veritable cataracts of words.

"Ah'm go'n'—theah ain't no use in yo' talkin' to me 'bout hit. Ah've got to go. Ah cain't he'p mahself. Hit seems lak theah's somethin' callin' me, somethin' like a voice, an' hit's a voice dat's high and shrill and piercin' sweet—hit's the voice of mah baby. Ah been settin' heah, not stirrin', not sayin' nothin'—wiv mah eyes closed, so Ah spect yo' says to yo'-self, 'De poor chile is asleep.' 'Tain't so. Ah ain't been sleepin'—Ah've been listenin' to dat voice—an' Ah kin heah hit in de day an' in de night. An' hit's jes' like mah baby's voice. Ah knows mah baby's daid. Ah ain't crazy, neitheh. But Ah knows Ah've got to go out theah again."

Lou May ate her dinner, and an hour later she set out, weak and shaken, but steadfast with the determination that nothing could shake, along the road which, eight days before, she had travelled in the dreadful night with fear-fleet limbs. Often along the way she rested, and it was near four in the afternoon when she neared the cabin of Jess Toler.

The long shadows of Bain's Hole fell far over into the level ground, so that they included in their sinister domain the cabin. They had reached it, and had extended some fifty feet beyond. Lou May came up to the edge of the shadows, a distinct and sharply defined line just there, and paused.

She was afraid. It seemed to her that the shade, a step beyond, was the domain of another world, a world peopled by ghosts and devils and evil spirits, and by their earthly and fleshly allies, the snakes, the crows, and—Jess Toler. If she were to put her foot into it again there would be something terrible and irretrievable about the movement, she thought. She would be giving herself up to the black spell of the spirits of evil and darkness. Yet it was but a step, in the daylight, across that unstable and moving and intangible threshold. For an instant Lou May could not take it. She half turned to run away.

Then she closed her eyes. For a moment she stood motionless, listening. That piercing and perilously sweet sound again!

"Mah baby," murmured Lou May, smiling faintly, "Ah'm comin'—Ah'm comin'!"

And when she opened her eyes, lo, the shadows had perceptibly lengthened, and she stood immersed in the coolness and the dank breath of Bain's Hole.

She went on to the cabin. It was, as far as she knew, as it had been left the day the people had come from town and gotten her child's body. She went inside and stood for a little, bewildered, dazed, her heart thumping madly.

Suddenly she began to shiver. She leaned against the table for a moment, and the spell passed off. It was weakness, she thought, and she moved to the stove. There was wood in the corner.

"Ah'll make mahse'f a li'l tea," she said, and the sound of her voice reassured her.

When she had finished her tea she seemed much better. Certainly she was no longer frightened. A strange peace had settled upon her. It was odd that in this place where she had known his violence, his torture, his cruelty, she should remember nothing of Jess Toler—but it

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was true. She remembered only the tiny atom of black humanity, now blown so far away on the cold wings of eternity, which had slumbered in her hungry arms; she remembered only its cooing and gurgling, its smiles and quick laughter, its puny anger and sharp, soul-piercing cries . . . that was all she could remember. But it was, for the time being, almost enough. She sat by the open door, remembering these things, and she found in them the first ease and healing that she had known since that evil night. Her eyes were bright and clear and lovely. A soft light shone in their topaz depths that fell short—only barely short—of content.

The shadows advanced farther into the valley, and dusk came on. Lou May rose now and then to replenish the fire, and returned to her seat. Her mood was confirmed and accentuated. She was, she dimly realized, almost happy once more.

She saw, without a touch of fright, a crow rise from the tattered trees of Bain's Hole, as it had risen on that other terrible night, and wing its way toward the cabin, and over it, so closely that its shadow, if it had cast a shadow, would have fallen almost at her feet. She barely stirred at the sight.

"Ah'm go'n' to die to-night," she said softly. "Ah'm go'n' to die to-night—but honey baby, de Lawd Jesus gwine take mah soul away fum dat brack debbil bi'd, and bring me up to yo'!"

As if in derision, the raucous voice of the bird answered her from the distance.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!"

Undaunted, Lou May repeated: "Bring me up to yo'! Ah'm comin' soon, honey! Ah'm comin'!"

The innate fatalism of her race caught her up to a plane of rapt exaltation, where the fears and superstitions of her lower and every-day life no longer operated. She soared above them with her faith, high and serene.

It grew dark, and she lighted a lamp and closed the door, and sat down again in the padded and squeaking rocking-chair, and swayed back and forth in a slow, rhythmic motion. She knew now that she was waiting . . . waiting for the Angel of Death to visit the cabin again and take her away—away to her child.

Moments, hours, passed, before her waiting ended. The faint, rich chime of the town clock had told ten across the still valley when the latch-string of the cabin door began to lift, in the direct line of her eyes. It came up slowly, scarcely seeming to move. After an endless suspense it clicked, the door swung open, and Jess Toler, limping, unshaven, and muddy, stepped quickly into the room and barred the door behind him.

His eyes were bloodshot, and there was a bluish tinge in his brown face. His lips were black. He leaned against the door for a moment, his mouth drawn back, his teeth gleaming chalky-white. Twice he essayed to speak—and twice he failed. Only tortured and unintelligible aspiration resulted. He made a movement of baffled anger. And with the movement some sort of release came for his voice.

"Yo' come back!" he said hoarsely. "Ah knowed yo'd come back. Yo' got grub cooked?"

Lou May shook her head.

He crossed the floor quickly, rummaged in a box by the cupboard, and found a loaf of dried bread. There was a chunk of side meat hanging by the stove. These he slung into a towel, which he hastily knotted together. Then seeing Lou May's teapot, cold on the end of the table, he poured out what was left, a black and acrid fluid, into her cup and drank it off noisily.

Lou May had not stirred.

He laid down the cup and stared at her narrowly. When he spoke it was with a much stronger voice than before.

"Ah come back to kill yo' 'foah Ah leaves de country."

Lou May's face did not change.

"Ah knowed yo'd be comin' back heah! Ah says to mahself: 'Ain't no use go'n' out Wes' widout killin' huh fust.' Ah laid oveh theah in de swamp, th'ee-fouah days, watching de cabin, an' yo' nevah showed up. Ah knowed yo'd come back 'foah long, though. Two-th'ee days moah. Ah didn' have no money, so yest'-day Ah went oveh Bradley way, an' las' night Ah cotch dat ol' Mis' Tatum what lives oveh theah all alone, an' tie huh up, an' bu'n huh toes jes' a li'l—an' afteh while she tole me wheah she is got 'bout fouah hund'ed dollahs hid up. Sho' did—glad to. Ah 'lowed yo'd be back 'bout

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Remembering these things . . . she found in them the first ease and healing that she had known since that evil night.—Page 424.

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de time a week was up, an' Ah says: 'Ah'll jes' go back yondeh and kill dat niggah befoah Ah strikes out fo' Noo Awleens an' de Wes'.' "

He watched her for a little.

"'Ain't much out of mah way, an' 'twon' take long—jes' a few minutes,' Ah says. . . ."

Undoubtedly it had been his intent to terrify her first, but suddenly something in her attitude seemed to proclaim to him that he was foiled. He looked at her more intently, scowling. Anger, then incredulous amazement, flooded his face.

"How come?" he demanded. "How come yo'-all ain' 'fraid of me no moah?"

"Ah ain't, dat's all," said Lou May slowly. "Ah won' nevah be 'fraid of yo' no more. Theah ain' nothin' no moah what yo' kin do to me."

"Ain't?"

Jess Toler laughed deep in his throat, furiously.

"Kin kill yo', Ah reckon."

"Do hit!"

He stared at her, baffled. Then he reached for the table-drawer and put his hand on the handle of the long butcher-knife that was in it.

"Ah'll do hit!" he said.

Lou May got to her feet and faced him serenely.

Suddenly the horrible drama inside the cabin came to an end, the thread of its plot snapped by the hand of fate.

There was a quick, thunderous knocking on the cabin door, and a voice cried, in the clarion, ringing tones of the man-hunter:

"Come out of there, nigger, and give yourself up!"

Jess Toler wilted where he stood, like a plant in the blasting breath of fire. His face was utterly transformed; it became ashen, livid, and awful.

"White man!" he whispered voicelessly.

With a quick exhalation of breath he blew out the lamp and left the room in darkness, intense at first, but after a few seconds paled by the light of half a dozen lanterns outside. They shone in all the windows, and their light, and the voices of the men, were evidence that the cabin was surrounded and that Jess Toler was doomed.

In the darkness Lou May heard him withdraw to the farthest end of the room, into the corner, whimpering.

"Nigger, come out, or we'll come in after you!"

There is nothing so inexorable for the negro as white man's justice. Lou May, cowering in the middle of the room, flung her hands over her face.

At the same instant there was a mysterious, terrible sound in the corner of the room where Jess Toler had been. A strange, unhuman cry, and the heavy impact of a body striking the floor. After that, for an instant, silence. Then two hoarse gasps that had in them the dreadful semblance of the "Caw! Caw!" of a crow that had almost lost its voice. The sounds were meaningless to Lou May, but terrifying in their unintelligibility.

An angrier murmur arose outside and the voice of the grim white man called the third time.

"Open—or we'll burn you out!"

A wild, quick courage surged through Lou May Toler.

"Yes, suh!" she cried. "Ah'll open—Ah'll open!"

She fumbled in the darkness, found the bar, and raised it. The door opened with a rush, sweeping her back so that she fell against the table. When she recovered herself the room had a dozen white men in it, with guns and a rope in their hands.

But Jess Toler had escaped their justice.

He lay in the corner in a pool of his own gushing blood, his throat slit from ear to ear.

Lou May began to sob hysterically.

One of the white men caught her by the arm and shook her. "Shut up, you young fool!" he said. "You don't know when you're well off. You get out of here, and go on into town to your mother!"

He pushed her out of the door into the night.

The moon was just breaking over the hills in the far east, and the world, second by second, grew silver under its alchemic light. Bain's Hole, brooding and sinister, loomed up before her eyes. But to its menace she was indifferent now. Bain's Hole had no more hold over her. She

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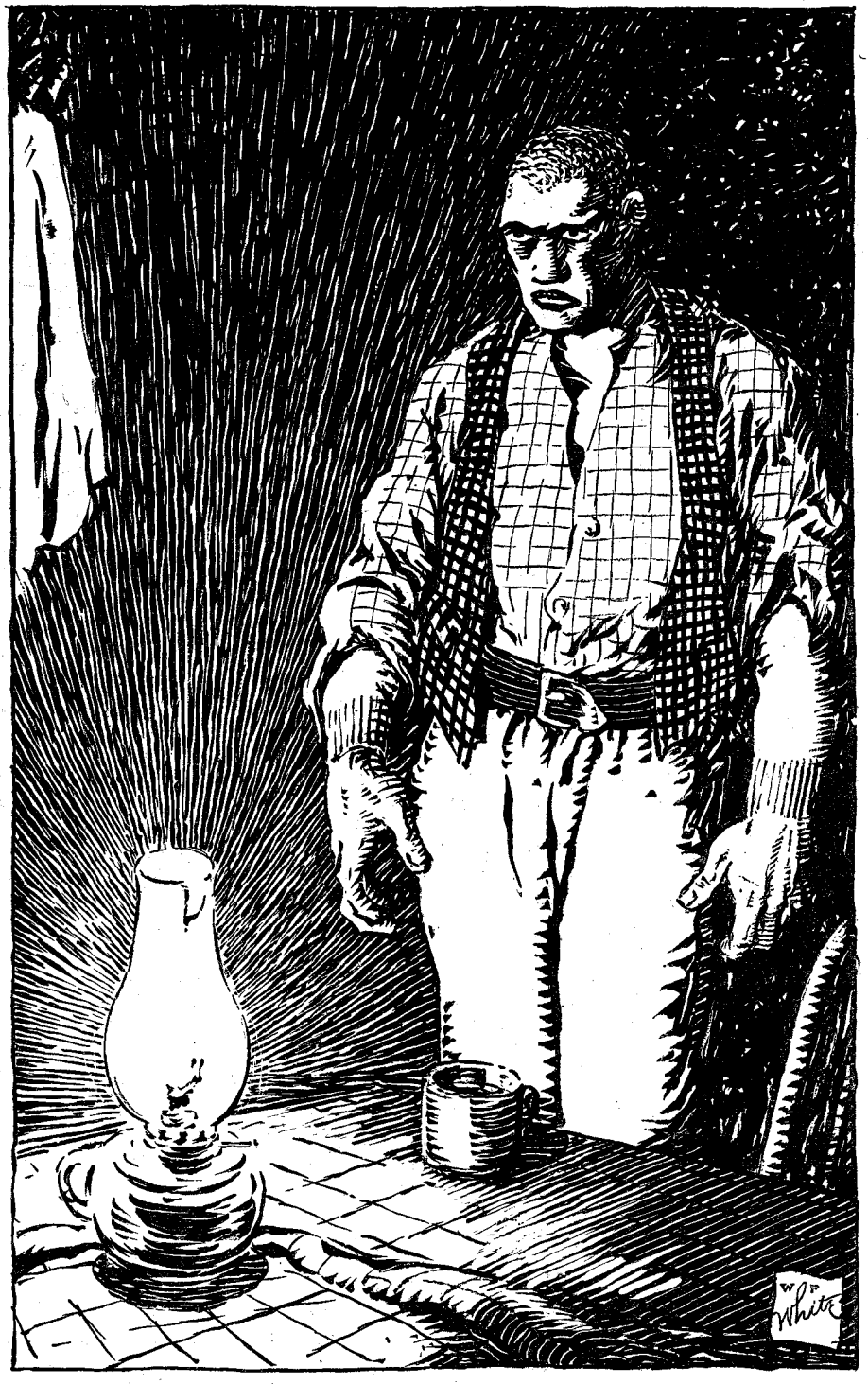

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had paid her debt to it, in blood and life and suffering. And she was free, for its animating spirit, Jess Toler, was dead!

Free. . . .

Yes, strangely, she was free. Something surged up within her, a warmer, quicker, stronger flow of blood, the stirring of new life, the recrudescence of youth . . . she was not dead, and she was glad that she was not dead!

The voices of the white men in the terrible cabin were confused and low-pitched. She heard one of their horses, tethered down near the swamp, nicker and another reply. The moon cleared the curved summits of the mountains, and rose, a disk of luminous silver, for its nightly vigil.

Lou May stirred and moved away toward the town. . . .

Ghosts and Devils: New Style

BY GORDON HALL GEROULD

AS far as I know, three opinions, and three only, are held with reference to those phenomena beyond the verge of ordinary experience, about which the world is talking so much to-day. One large group believes that the spirits of the dead intervene in our affairs: not very successfully perhaps, but rather persistently. Another group accepts the teaching of the Catholic Church that spirits intervene indeed, but that they are by no means the ghosts of the dead. The Church says quite plainly that all such manifestations are the work of evil spirits, who are perpetually seeking to delude mankind by their tricks and foul devices. The third group explains the phenomena in question, or seeks to explain them, by the methods of science, as products of the human brain and of matter. Of course there are, besides, the people who shut their eyes and deny that anything queer ever happens; but they can scarcely be said to hold any opinion. For them the world is a shadowless place, and has nothing to offer even by way of illusion except Maskelyne and his collaborators in mystery.

It is not my purpose to discuss psychic phenomena, or to attempt a judgment among the contending parties who try to explain them. The literature of the subject has grown to an alarming extent during the last few years; theorists as well as practitioners of spiritism have multiplied. My own feeling is that most of the writing—whether conscious or automatic—had better have been left undone, and most of the experimentation untried. That part of both which has been caused by distress of heart excites one's sympathy, to be sure, but it is only one of the numberless things that disturb one in these bad days. Because one sees why grief-stricken folk are tempted to meddle in such matters, one need not admit that they are wise in so doing.

No: I am not an experimenter in the mysteries of spiritism. But I have observed one very curious fact about the manifestations reported in our time that I have never seen mentioned in print or heard discussed in conversation. This, if a mere onlooker's voice may be raised, I should like to call to your attention. I hope I may be forgiven for not taking sides about the origin of the manifestations, which I can't in good conscience do. That odd things take place seems to me very clear; but my opinion as to their source has no value whatever. I will keep that to myself and merely set down what I make out to be a remarkable difference between the occult phenomena of to-day and those of earlier centuries.

Be the agents ghosts or devils, or merely shadows of our subliminal selves, they are not what they used to be in power and performance. They seem a little dodder-

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ing, a little run to seed, as if touched either with senility or with premature decay. They are not, in short, so clever as they used to be. Perhaps it is wrong to apply to them phrases coined to describe the conditions of mortality; but since they speak and act in materialistic fashion, it is necessary to use terms of ordinary life in talking about them. At all events, the fact seems to be that they display themselves much less interestingly than once they did. They are concerned, comparatively speaking, with nothing but trivial things, as the senile human being tends to live in a little round of commonplace event except when straying down the long vistas of memory. It seems to me, that is, that the ghosts or devils of our present era are in a sad decline.

Contrast, for example, the table-tipping so much in vogue in the best circles of Europe and America, with magic as practised in more vigorous ages: the magic, that is, by which ghosts or spirits were conjured up to reveal the secrets of a hidden world. The parallel is sufficiently just. In both cases the object of the performance is to summon the spirits—whatever they be: to compel their presence and their speech. According to any respectable system of magic, whether engaged in by adepts or by amateurs, a form of words and a ceremonial ritual of some dignity were employed. The spirit came, and the spirit spoke clearly: warning, advising, revealing. It spoke in intelligible language, moreover, with little beating about the bush. It knew the game and had control of the situation, except that it was under magical compulsion to speak. There was no coyness, no concern about establishing its identity. It spoke as one expecting belief.

The practice of table-tipping is excessively rudimentary in comparison. A group of persons who call themselves civilized, and possibly consider themselves educated, sit about a table, and wait in silence. Their outspread fingertips touch. The table begins to move, to seesaw, to tap the floor with its impatient legs. The spirit is supposed to be present, and is addressed. It is bidden to give three knocks for "yes" and one for "no." A series of leading questions is then put, such as would certainly be allowed in no court of law. The poor spirit—one cannot help pitying the spirit, even if it be a devil—is constrained to answer categorically; or painfully to spell out its revelations by the clumsy device of giving each letter of the alphabet a fixed number. There is no dignity in the performance, which is, besides, much more elementary than the magical practices of record even among primitive races.

It is obvious that the persons who engage in table-tipping are far more highly developed than the Kabbalists of old, or than mediæval magicians, or than the backward tribes of Africa. One must grant this, of course, or else discard along with Professor Bury and others our cherished notions about human progress. It follows, then, that the spirits concerned in such scenes must somehow have retrograded. Since the human participants are not clumsier of mind and more naïve than the people of other times and places, it must be the spirits who have lost their former qualities. I can see no satisfactory way of avoiding this conclusion.

Some one may object that it is unfair to contrast so elementary a practice as table-tipping must be admitted to be, with sophisticated magic. I still think that the parallelism is fair, but I am willing to take another case. What of the revelations of the modern medium? I do not, of course, ask you to give serious attention to the professional séance, where the possibility of vulgar fraud is always present. Let us consider what happens at a sitting in a private house, when the medium as well as the rest of the participants is a guest. Everything is very decent and aboveboard; nobody would consciously deceive any one else. The medium (in the evening clothes of his customary wear) makes a slightly deprecatory speech, and goes into a trance. After a little he begins to talk, but not in his natural voice. He is now "Uncle Charlie," and he asks whether the Prince Albert he used to wear is still remembered. Strangely enough, the coat in all its dusky magnificence is recalled by some one, and it brings to mind the carnation that graced its lapel. Uncle Charlie then says that he is happy, that the other world is not like the world we know, and that he still thinks with affection of the

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old oaken bucket that his infancy knew. He is dismissed, and another manifestation comes on. Everybody agrees that the session is going very well.

Now this scene has been duplicated thousands and thousands of times since man began to reach into the unknown for his comfort and self-satisfaction. It has been duplicated, I mean, except for one or two differences. Formerly the medium would not have worn evening dress—he might have worn very little indeed. He would have gone into a trance, however, and when he spoke he would have said something of really vital interest to the auditors. He would have told them whether or not they should make war, whether or not the countess or the headman's third wife was guilty of adultery, or something like that. Nobody greatly cares to be assured that Uncle Charlie can recall the old oaken bucket. It is quite startling enough for us to know that Uncle Charlie exists at all. We are really a little doubtful about that, in spite of our protestations of faith in immortality; and so we welcome the trivial assurances conveyed to us through the medium.

Possibly, you see, the modern ghost or devil is not really so weak and futile as he appears to be. Possibly he is merely lazy, and does only so much as he is required to do in a sceptical age. The audience is satisfied if the medium speaks at all, and makes no demand that he talk what appears to be sense. He had to do better in the old days when magic flourished. People weren't experimenting then: they believed, and they would not easily have been put off with the kind of thing reported by our adepts.

Automatic writing is another device by which ghosts, devils, or subliminal personalities—the explanation, again, does not affect what I have to say—assert themselves nowadays. Automatic writing is very popular. It is so widely practised, indeed, that one must conclude it to be an easy access by spirits or subconscious states to mortal recognition. Novels have even been written by this means, although one has to admit that they are not good novels. Parenthetically it may be said that this need occasion no surprise. Some training and much hard work are essential to the production of good fiction, and neither ghosts nor devils can be expected to take the time to perfect themselves in an art of purely mundane interest. The striking thing is that they have taken the trouble to dictate such laborious pieces of narrative. If spirits of the dead, they ought to have more interesting things to do, and if imps, things more devilish. Novels so written are harmless enough, but they indicate a lack of energetic employment on the part of their postulated makers that is, again, a sign of decayed powers.

Most automatic writing, however, is not in the form of fiction, but of revelation. Things are found written on pages erstwhile blank, and the person who held the pencil has not been conscious of the hand's movement. It is mysterious, of course. The recipient of the message, though he pretend to scoff, cannot help being startled. Even if the words written have no great intrinsic interest, their provenience gives them weight. Something has "come through." The method is undoubtedly much less clumsy than table-tipping. A hand worked busily for thirty minutes, and there the record is. A spirit of whatever nature would prefer to control fingers trained to write, rather than to thump a table twenty times against the floor in order to register the one letter T. It is both easier and swifter. Accordingly, the records made by automatic writing are at once more fluent and slightly more interesting than those made by table-tipping.

Disappointment comes, therefore, when one finds that the revelations reveal so little. They almost never venture on predictions of the future, and they have taught us nothing about worlds beyond our ken. What they are concerned with is the past experience of people usually known to the person writing. That the communicant—whatever it be—tries hard to identify itself with the personality of some particular dead person is not strange. This is what happens in mediumistic performances of all sorts, as I have already said. We pride ourselves on not being credulous, and we therefore compel the spirits to use their best efforts to convince us of their reality. We ask for a sign. Possibly we ought not to be so disappointed as we are, under the con-

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ditions we enforce, that so little else is given us. The spirits are kept busy, when present, in establishing identity.

You may say that seers and seeresses, in all time, have been chary about predicting the future, or have predicted it in vague terms. The oracles have become proverbial for their evasive ambiguity. I grant this, but I beg you to remember that magicians of every sort, using every kind of device, were formerly much bolder than we are to-day in our traffic with the unseen. The spirits were more downright. They gave advice freely, even though they did not always tell what would come of it. They laid bare the secrets of the past and of the other world with particularity and thoroughness. They were less timorous than they are to-day, and more effective. The symptoms of decline are clear, no matter what field of the occult you survey.

Take the recent so-called experiments in the nature of matter which is not matter. We are told, and shown by diagram, how legs that are not legs, but projections of force in the shape of legs, lift tables in Belfast. We have had other similar manifestations reported to us. But all of them are puerile in comparison with things done by Hindu adepts for many centuries. If, however, you are inclined to rule out East Indian wonders as the work of conscious artists in mystery, I commend you to the records of two Belgian women of the thirteenth century, Elizabeth of Erkenrode and Christina Mirabilis, who were soberly investigated by men of responsibility and repute in their own time. The story of these investigations makes what happened in Ulster seem very tame. Elizabeth, for example, had stigmata that bled each Friday; and every day she observed the hours with bodily feats that would have been well-nigh unbelievable even in a robust person, while she took no solid food and very little liquid. A tablet painted with the crucified figure of Christ clove to her when she touched it with hands and lips, so that the attendants could not withdraw it. Standing on one foot, she bowed again and again to the ground, thus imitating the form of the cross. Many times a day she went into what we know as cataleptic trances. As Philip of Clairvaux said: "I gave no credence to them that told me, until I came myself and saw and proved that I had not heard the half." I am making no comment on the nature of any of these phenomena, mediæval, oriental, or modern. I am merely pointing out that the marvels of our day are less amazing than those vouched for by credible witnesses from other centuries and other lands.

Ghosts, when they walked, used to make their presence quite evident. They did not try to sidle into our consciousness by means of rappings and furtive inscriptions. They came boldly and said what they had to say. Sometimes they were malignant, and were quite properly disposed of by the priests. Sometimes they were grateful for favors done to them in life or to their bodies after death, and took very practical means of rewarding their benefactors. Sometimes they held themselves up as horrible examples, in order to warn their friends of the wrath to come. Sometimes they were merely pitiful and begged the alms of decent burial or prayer. In any event, they came as ghosts, unafraid and unashamed.

So with devils—mediæval devils, for example, who had the most deplorable purposes in their dealings with human beings, but were often stern moralists withal. There was the devil who filled a sack with the words and syllables omitted or abbreviated by the clergy in reading the Psalms, and the other who took notes on the people who chattered during church services. There was the imp laden with little bottles whom Saint Machary saw. Each phial represented a particular vice, and they were to be used to tempt the monks of the desert. The saint was edified, when the devil came back from his expedition, to learn that one hermit had drained all the bottles, while his fellows had rejected every one. The imp knew his business, and went about it, but he had a low opinion of the erring monk. Illuminating as evidence of the diabolic attitude is the tale of the nun who swallowed a devil on a lettuce leaf, through not making the sign of the cross. To the holy exorcist who was called in, the devil said acutely: "What fault is it of mine? I was sitting on the lettuce, and she did not cross herself." They were malicious,

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and they were bold, those devils who throng mediæval exemplary literature; but they were sprightly, too, and sometimes showed real humor. Once, I recall, when an imp seated on the train of a lady's dress was shaken off, there was heard a chorus of demoniac laughter all about.

I do not give these anecdotes as being necessarily well authenticated in every particular, but merely as showing what estimate of familiar spirits and their behavior used to prevail. I wish to point out that they, as well as ghosts, were once not the timid, shrinking, and far from clever creatures they appear to have become in our age. Whatever opinion you hold, that is, concerning the nature of the mysteries about which experimenters are now engaged in gathering data, you must see that the investigators have chosen a rather bad time to do it. They have to deal with phenomena much less picturesque and important than might once have been investigated. This is a pity. Research is likely to be more profitable if the subjects examined are in a flourishing state. Who wishes to study an anæmic octopus or a sick amœba?

Besides which, the technic of these modern experimenters is decidedly crude, as I have already shown. They have much to learn about the art of dealing with spirits. The primitive methods they now employ can scarcely be expected to yield the best results. They need, I take it, to learn magic from the masters of magic. Possibly magic is really a lost art among civilized nations, and will have to be reconstructed from its foundations before the powers of ghosts or devils, or both, can again have free play. In spite of what I have said earlier, I am not sure, you see, how much of their apparent impotence and puerility is due to their own decay, and how much to the processes of magic by which they are summoned to appear. I should not wish to libel them.

Let us not deceive ourselves, but try to look at this matter clearly. The processes by which they are summoned are magical, both in purpose and in method, as certainly as the rites of any savage witch-doctor. I know that we do not account ourselves credulous and that we think of magic as something quite out of date and discarded. I am afraid that some of your friends would be shocked if you accused them of indulging in magic on the score of table-tipping and automatic writing. They might feel hurt, and they might call you rude. I should advise against your making the attempt to show them that they are amateurs of a primitive kind of magic. It is, nevertheless, true that they are. They are trying to compel the supernatural by means of ritual, which is a fairly good working definition of magic. Any one who knows even a little about magic must agree to this. As I say, let us face the situation honestly and call things by their right names.

As I have tried to show you, we have been taking the manifestations common in our day much too seriously. Our approaches to the black art are rather pitiful and feeble, and our ghosts or devils not up to the old standard. If we are really going to desert religion for magic, we ought, it seems to me, to study the subject carefully and, perhaps, get missionaries in from Africa and Asia. Something like a revival of witchcraft is needed before we can boast of any mastery. I am not attempting to proselytize: I myself think religion a greater force for good than magic. It is only in the interest of clear thinking and effective action that I have set down these observations. I dislike shilly-shallying. If anybody wishes to become adept in the black art, let him, in Beelzebub's name, go about it whole-heartedly and intelligently.

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Leaves from My Autobiography

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC BANQUETS

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

[SIXTH PAPER]

THE most unique experience in my life has been the dinners given to me by the Montauk Club of Brooklyn on my birthday. The Montauk is a social club of high standing, whose members are of professional and business life and different political and religious faiths.

Thirty years ago Mr. Charles H. Moore was president of the club. He was a prominent manufacturer and a gentleman of wide influence in political and social circles. Mr. McKinley offered him the position of secretary of the navy, which Mr. Moore declined. He came to me one day with a committee from the club, and said: "The Montauk wishes to celebrate your birthday. We know that it is on the 23d of April, and that you have two distinguished colleagues who also have the 23d as their birthday—Shakespeare and St. George. We do not care to include them, but desire only to celebrate yours."

The club has continued these celebrations for thirty years by an annual dinner. The ceremonial of the occasion is a reception, then dinner, and, after an introduction by the president, a speech by myself. To make a new speech every year which will be of interest to those present and those who read it, is not easy.

These festivities had a fortunate beginning. In thinking over what I should talk about at the first dinner, I decided to get some fun out of the municipality of Brooklyn by a picturesque description of its municipal conditions. It was charged in the newspapers that there had been serious graft in some public improvements which had been condoned by the authorities and excused by an act of the legislature. It had also been charged that the Common Council had been giving away valuable franchises to their favorites. Of course, this presented a fine field of contrast between ancient and modern times. In ancient times grateful citizens erected statues to eminent men who had deserved well of their country in military or civic life, but Brooklyn had improved upon the ancient model through the grant of public utilities. The speech caused a riot after the dinner as to its propriety, many taking the ground that it was a criticism, and, therefore, inappropriate to the occasion. However, the affair illustrated a common experience of mine that unexpected results will sometimes flow from a bit of humor, if the humor has concealed in it a stick of dynamite.

The Brooklyn pulpit, which is the most progressive in the world, took the matter up and aroused public discussion on municipal affairs. The result was the formation of a committee of one hundred citizens to investigate municipal conditions. They found that while the mayor and some other officials were high-toned and admirable officers, yet the general administration of the city government had in the course of years become so bad that there should be a general reformation. The reform movement was successful; it spread over to New York and there again succeeded, and the movement for municipal reform became general in the country.

The next anniversary dinner attracted an audience larger than the capacity of the club, and every one of the thirty has been an eminent success. For many years the affair has received wide publicity in the United States, and has some-

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times been reported in foreign newspapers. I remember being in London with the late Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, when we saw these head-lines at a newsstand on the Strand: "Speech by Chauncey Depew at his birthday dinner at the Montauk Club, Brooklyn." During this nearly one-third of a century the membership of the club has changed, sons have succeeded fathers and new members have been admitted, but the celebration seems to grow in interest.

During the last fourteen years the president of the club has been Mr. William H. English. He has done so much for the organization in every way that the members would like to have him as their executive officer for life. Mr. English is a splendid type of the American who is eminently successful in his chosen career, and yet has outside interest for the benefit of the public. Modest to a degree and avoiding publicity, he nevertheless is the motive power of many movements progressive and charitable.

Twenty-four years ago a company of public-spirited women in the city of Des Moines, Iowa, organized a club. They named it after me. For nearly a quarter of a century it has been an important factor in the civic life of Des Moines. It has with courage, intelligence, and independence done excellent work. At the time of its organization there were few if any such organizations in the country, and it may claim the position of pioneer in women's activity in public affairs.

Happily free from the internal difficulties and disputes which so often wreck voluntary associations, the Chauncey Depew Club is stronger than ever. It looks forward with confidence to a successful celebration of its quarter of a century.

I have never been able to visit the club, but have had with it frequent and most agreeable correspondence. It always remembers my birthday in the most gratifying way. I am grateful to its members for bestowing upon me one of the most pleasurable compliments of my life.

A public dinner is a fine form of testimonial. I have had many in my life, celebrating other things than my birthday. One of the most notable was given me by the citizens of Chicago in recognition of my efforts to make their great Columbian exhibition a success. Justice John M. Harlan presided, and distinguished men were present from different parts of the country and representing great interests. Probably the speech which excited the most comment was a radical attack of Andrew Carnegie on the government of Great Britain, in submitting to the authority of a king or a queen. Canada was represented by some of the high officials of that self-governing colony. The Canadians are more loyal to the English form of government than the English themselves. My peppery Scotch friend aroused a Canadian official, who returned his assault with vigor and interest.

It is a very valuable experience for an American to attend the annual banquet of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris. The French Government recognizes the affair by having a company of their most picturesquely uniformed soldiers standing guard both inside and outside the hall. The highest officials of the French Government always attend and make speeches. The American Ambassador replies in a speech partly in English, and, if he is sufficiently equipped, partly in French. General Horace Porter and Henry White were equally happy both in their native language and in that of the French. The French statesmen, however, were so fond of Myron T. Herrick that they apparently not only grasped his cordiality but understood perfectly his eloquence. The honor has several times been assigned to me of making the American speech in unadulterated American. The French may not have understood, but with their quick apprehension the applause or laughter of the Americans was instantly succeeded by equal manifestations on the part of the French.

Among the many things which we have inherited from our English ancestry are public dinners and after-dinner speeches. The public dinner is of importance in Great Britain and utilized for every occasion. It is to the government the platform where the ministers can lay frankly before the country matters which they could not develop in the House of Commons. Through the dinner speech they open the way and arouse public attention for measures which they intend to propose to Parliament, and in this way bring the pressure of public opinion to their support.

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In the same way every guild and trade has its festive functions with serious purpose, and so have religious, philanthropic, economic, and sociological movements. We have gone quite far in this direction, but have not perfected the system as they have on the other side. I have been making after-dinner speeches for sixty years to all sorts and conditions of people, and on almost every conceivable subject. I have found these occasions of great value because under the good-fellowship of the occasion an unpopular truth can be sugar-coated with humor and received with applause, while in the processes of digestion the next day it is working with the audience and through the press in the way the pill was intended. A popular audience will forgive almost anything with which they do not agree, if the humorous way in which it is put tickles their risibilities.

Mr. Gladstone was very fine at the lord mayor's dinner at Guild Hall, where the prime minister develops his policies. So it was with Lord Salisbury and Balfour, but the prince of after-dinner speakers in England is Lord Rosebery. He has the humor, the wit, and the artistic touch which fascinates and enraptures his audience.

I have met in our country all the men of my time who have won fame in this branch of public address. The most remarkable in effectiveness and inspiration was Henry Ward Beecher. A banquet was always a success if it could have among its speakers William M. Evarts, Joseph H. Choate, James S. Brady, Judge John R. Brady, General Horace Porter, or Robert G. Ingersoll.

After General Grant settled in New York he was frequently a guest at public dinners and always produced an impression by simple, direct, and effective oratory.

General Sherman, on the other hand, was an orator as well as a fighter. He never seemed to be prepared, but out of the occasion would give soldierly, graphic, and picturesque presentations of thought and description.

Not to have heard on these occasions Robert G. Ingersoll was to have missed being for the evening under the spell of a magician. I have been frequently asked if I could remember occasions of this kind which were of more than ordinary interest.

After-dinner oratory, while most attractive at the time, is evanescent, but some incidents are interesting in memory. At the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee I was present where a representative of Canada was called upon for a speech. With the exception of the Canadian and myself the hosts and guests were all English. My Canadian friend enlarged upon the wonders of his country. A statement of its marvels did not seem sufficient for him unless it was augmented by comparisons with other countries to the glory of Canada, and so he compared Canada with the United States. Canada had better and more enduring institutions, she had a more virile, intelligent, and progressive population, and she had protected herself, as the United States did not, against undesirable immigration, and in everything which constituted an up-to-date, progressive, healthy, and hopeful commonwealth she was far in advance of the United States.

I was called upon immediately afterwards and said I would agree with the distinguished gentleman from Canada that in one thing at least Canada was superior to the United States, and it was that she had far more land, but it was mostly ice. I regret to remember that my Canadian friend lost his temper.

One of the historical dinners of New York, which no one will forget who was there, was just after the close of the Civil War, or, as my dear old friend, Colonel Watterson, called it, "The War between the States." The principal guests were General Sherman and Henry W. Grady of Atlanta, Ga. General Sherman, in his speech, described the triumphant return of the Union Army to Washington, its review by the President, and then its officers and men returning to private life and resuming their activities and industries as citizens. It was a word-picture of wonderful and startling picturesqueness and power and stirred an audience, composed largely of veterans who had been participants both in the battles and in the parades, to the highest degree of enthusiasm. Mr. Grady followed. He was a young man with rare oratorical gifts. He described the return of the Confederate soldiers to their homes after

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the surrender at Appomattox. They had been four years fighting and marching. They were ragged and poor. They returned to homes and farms, many of which had been devastated. They had no capital, and rarely animals or farming utensils necessary to begin again. But with superb courage, not only on their own part but with the assistance of their wives, sisters, and daughters, they made the desert land flourish and resurrected the country.

This remarkable description of Grady, which I only outline, came as a counterpart to the triumphant epic of General Sherman. The effect was electric, and beyond almost any that have ever occurred in New York or anywhere, and Grady sprang into international fame.

Joseph H. Choate was a most dangerous fellow speaker to his associates who spoke before him. I had with him many encounters during fifty years, and many times enjoyed being the sufferer by his wit and humor. On one occasion Choate won the honors of the evening by an unexpected attack. There is a village in western New York which is named after me. The enterprising inhabitants, boring for what might be under the surface of their ground, discovered natural gas. According to American fashion, they immediately organized a company and issued a prospectus for the sale of the stock. The prospectus fell into the hands of Mr. Choate. With great glee he read it and then with emphasis the name of the company: "The Depew Natural Gas Company, Limited," and waving the prospectus at me shouted: "Why Limited?"

There have been two occasions in Mr. Choate's after-dinner speeches much commented upon both in this country and abroad. As I was present on both evenings, it seems the facts ought to be accurately stated. The annual dinner of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" occurred during one of the years when the Home Rule question was most acute in England and actively discussed here. At the same time our Irish fellow citizens, with their talent for public life, had captured all the offices in New York City. They had the mayor, the majority of the Board of Aldermen, and a large majority of the judges. When Mr. Choate spoke he took up the Home Rule question, and, without indicating his own views, said substantially: "We Yankees used to be able to govern ourselves, but you Irish have come here and taken the government away from us. You have our entire city administration in your hands, and you do with us as you like. We are deprived of Home Rule. Now what you are clamoring for both at home and abroad is Home Rule for Ireland. With such demonstrated ability in capturing the greatest city on the western continent, and one of the greatest in the world, why don't you go back to Ireland and make, as you would, Home Rule there a success?"

I was called a few minutes afterwards to a conference of the leading Irishmen present. I was an honorary member of that society, and they were in a high state of indignation. The more radical thought that Mr. Choate's speech should be resented at once. However, those who appreciated its humor averted hostile action, but Mr. Choate was never invited to an Irish banquet again.

The second historical occasion was when the Scotch honored their patron saint, St. Andrew. The attendance was greater than ever before, and the interest more intense because the Earl of Aberdeen was present. The earl was at that time Governor-General of Canada, but to the Scotchmen he was much more than that, because he was the chief of the Clan Gordon. The earl came to the dinner in full Highland costume. Lady Aberdeen and the ladies of the vice-regal court were in the gallery. I sat next to the earl and Choate sat next to me. Choate said: "Chauncey, are Aberdeen's legs bare?" I looked under the table-cloth and discovered that they were naturally so because of his costume. I answered: "Choate, they are."

I thought nothing of it until Choate began his speech, in which he said: "I was not fully informed by the committee of the importance of the occasion. I did not know that the Earl of Aberdeen was to be here as a guest of honor. I was especially and unfortunately ignorant that he was coming in the full panoply of his great office as chief of Clan Gordon. If I had known that I would have left my trousers at home."

Aberdeen enjoyed it, the ladies in the

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gallery were amused, but the Scotch were mad, and Choate lost invitations to future Scotch dinners.

Few appreciate the lure of the metropolis. It attracts the successful to win greater success with its larger opportunities. It has resistless charm with the ambitious and the enterprising. New York, with its suburbs, which are really a part of itself, is the largest city in the world. It is the only true cosmopolitan one. It has more Irish than any city in Ireland, more Germans and Italians than any except the largest cities in Germany or Italy. It has more Southerners than are gathered in any place in any Southern State, and the same is true of Westerners and those from the Pacific coast and New England, except in Chicago, San Francisco, or Boston. There is also a large contingent from the West Indies, South America, and Canada.

The people who make up the guests at a great dinner are the survival of the fittest of these various settlers in New York. While thousands fail and go back home or drop by the way, these men have made their way by superior ability, foresight, and adaptability through the fierce competitions of the great city. They are unusually keen-witted and alert. For the evening of the banquet they leave behind their business and its cares and are bent on being entertained, amused, and instructed. They are a most catholic audience, broad-minded, hospitable, and friendly to ideas whether they are in accord with them or not, providing they are well presented. There is one thing they will not submit to, and that is being bored.

These functions are usually over by midnight, and rarely last so long; while out in the country and in other towns, it is no unusual thing to have a dinner with speeches run along until the early hours of the next morning. While public men, politicians, and aspiring orators seek their opportunities upon this platform in New York, few succeed and many fail. It is difficult for a stranger to grasp the situation and adapt himself at once to its atmosphere. I have narrated in preceding pages some remarkable successes, and will give a few instances of very able and distinguished men who lost touch of their audiences.

One of the ablest men in the Senate was Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama. I was fond of him personally and admired greatly his many and varied talents. He was a most industrious and admirable legislator, and a debater of rare influence. He was a master of correct and scholarly English, and one of the very few who never went to the reporters' room to correct his speeches. As they were always perfect, he let them stand as they were delivered.

Senator Morgan was a great card on a famous occasion among the many well-known men who were also to speak. Senator Elihu Root presided with his usual distinction. Senator Morgan had a prepared speech which he read. It was unusually long, but very good. On account of his reputation the audience was, for such an audience, wonderfully patient, and frequent and enthusiastic in its applause. Mistaking his favorable reception, Senator Morgan, after he had finished the manuscript, started in for an extended talk. After the hour had grown to nearly two, the audience became impatient, and the senator, again mistaking its temper, thought they had become hostile and announced that at many times and many places he had been met with opposition, but that he could not be put down or silenced. Mr. Root did the best he could to keep the peace, but the audience, who were anxious to hear the other speakers, gave up hope and began to leave, with the result that midnight saw an empty hall with a presiding officer and an orator.

At another great political dinner I sat beside Governor Oglesby, of Illinois. He was famous as a war governor and as a speaker. There were six speakers on the daïs, of whom I was one. Happily, my turn came early. The governor said to me: "How much of the gospel can these tenderfeet stand?" "Well, Governor," I answered, "there are six speakers tonight, and the audience will not allow the maximum of time occupied to be more than thirty minutes. Any one who exceeds that will lose his crowd and, worse than that, he may be killed by the eloquent gentlemen who are bursting with impatience to get the floor, and who are to follow him."

"Why," said the governor, "I don't

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see how any one can get started in thirty minutes."

"Well," I cautioned, "please do not be too long."

When the midnight hour struck the hall was again practically empty, the governor in the full tide of his speech, which evidently would require about three hours, and the chairman declared the meeting adjourned.

Senator Foraker, of Ohio, who was one of the appointed speakers, told me the next morning that at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he was stopping, he was just getting into bed when the governor burst into his room and fairly shouted: "Foraker, no wonder New York is almost always wrong. You saw to-night that it would not listen to the truth. Now I want to tell you what I intended to say." He was shouting with impassioned eloquence, his voice rising until, through the open windows, it reached Madison Square Park, when the watchman burst in and said: "Sir, the guests in this hotel will not stand that any longer, but if you must finish your speech I will take you out in the park."

During Cleveland's administration one of the New York banquets became a national affair. The principal speaker was the secretary of the interior, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, who afterwards became United States senator and justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Lamar was one of the ablest and most cultured men in public life, and a fine orator. I was called upon so late that it was impossible to follow any longer the serious discussions of the evening, and what the management and the audience wanted from me was some fun.

Lamar, with his Johnsonian periods and the lofty style of Edmund Burke, furnished an opportunity for a little pleasantry. He came to me, when I had finished, in great alarm and said: "My appearance here is not an ordinary one and does not permit humor. I am secretary of the interior, and the representative of the president and his administration. My speech is really the message of the president to the whole country, and I wish you would remedy any impression which the country might otherwise receive from your humor."

This I was very glad to do, but it was an instance of which I have met many, of a very distinguished and brilliant gentleman taking himself too seriously. At another rather solemn function of this kind I performed the same at the request of the management, but with another protest from the orator and his enmity.

In reminiscing, after he retired from the presidency, Mr. Cleveland spoke to me of his great respect and admiration for Mr. Lamar. Cleveland's speeches were always short. His talent was for compression and concentration, and he could not understand the necessity for an effort of great length. He told me that while Justice Lamar was secretary of the interior he came to him one day and said: "Mr. President, I have accepted an invitation to deliver an address in the South, and as your administration may be held responsible for what I say, I wish you would read it over and make any corrections or suggestions."

Mr. Cleveland said the speech was extraordinarily long though very good, and when he returned it to Secretary Lamar he said to him: "That speech will take at least three hours to deliver. A Northern audience would never submit to over an hour. Don't you think you had better cut it down?" The secretary replied: "No, Mr. President; a Southern audience expects three hours, and would be better satisfied with five."

Justice Miller, one of the ablest of the judges of the Supreme Court at that time, was the principal speaker on another occasion. He was ponderous to a degree, and almost equalled in the emphasis of his utterances what was once said to Daniel Webster, that every word weighed twelve pounds. I followed him. The Attorney-General of the United States, who went back to Washington the next day with Justice Miller, told me that as soon as they had got on the train the justice commenced to complain that I had wholly misunderstood his speech, and that no exaggeration of interpretation would warrant what I said. The judge saw no humor in my little effort to relieve the situation, and took it as a reply of opposing counsel. He said that the justice took it up from another phase after leaving Philadelphia, and resumed his explanation from another angle as to what he meant after they reached Baltimore. When the train arrived at its destination

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and they separated in the Washington station, the justice turned to the attorney-general and said: "Damn Depew! Good night."

Such are the perils of one who good-naturedly yields to the importunities of a committee of management who fear the failure with their audience of their entertainment.

The great dinners of New York are the Chamber of Commerce, which is a national function, as were also for a long time, during the presidency of Mr. Choate, those of the New England Society. The annual banquets of the Irish, Scotch, English, Welsh, Holland, St. Nicholas, and the French, are also most interesting, and sometimes by reason of the presence of a national or international figure, assume great importance. The dinner which the Pilgrims Society tenders to the British ambassador gives him an opportunity, without the formalities and conventions of his office, of speaking his mind both to the United States and to his own people.

The annual banquets of the State societies are now assuming greater importance. Each State has thousands of men who have been or still are citizens, but who live in New York. Those dinners attract the leading politicians of their several States. It is a platform for the ambitious to be president and sometimes succeeds.

Garfield made a great impression at one of these State dinners, so did Foraker, and at the last dinner of the Ohio Society the star was Senator Warren G. Harding. On one occasion, when McKinley and Garfield were present, in the course of my speech I made a remark which has since been adopted as a sort of motto by the Buckeye State. Ohio, I think, has passed Virginia as a mother of presidents. It is remarkable that the recent candidates of both great parties were of that State. I said in the closing of my speech, alluding to the distinguished guests and their prospects: "Some men have greatness thrust upon them, some are born great, and some are born in Ohio."

One of the greatest effects produced by a speech was by Henry Ward Beecher at an annual dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. At the time, the Home Rule question was more than ordinarily acute and Fenianism was rabid. While Mr. Beecher had great influence upon his audience, his audience had equal influence upon him. As he enlarged upon the wrongs of Ireland the responses became more enthusiastic and finally positively savage. This stirred the orator up till he gave the wildest approval to direct action and revolution, with corresponding cheers from the diners, standing and cheering. Mr. Beecher was explaining that speech for about a year afterwards. I was a speaker on the same platform.

Mr. Beecher always arrived late, and everybody thought it was to get the applause as he came in, but he explained to me that it was due to his method of preparation. He said his mind would not work freely until three hours after he had eaten. Many speakers have told me the same thing. He said when he had a speech to make at night, whether it was at a dinner or elsewhere, that he took his dinner in the middle of the day, and then a glass of milk and crackers at five o'clock, with nothing afterwards. Then in the evening his mind was perfectly clear and under absolute control.

The Lotos Club has been for fifty years to New York what the Savage Club is to London. It attracts as its guests the most eminent men of letters who visit this country. Its entertainments are always successful. For twenty-nine years it had for its president Mr. Frank R. Lawrence, a gentleman with a genius for introducing distinguished strangers with most felicitous speeches, and a committee who selected with wonderful judgment the other speakers of the evening. A successor to Mr. Lawrence, and of equal merit, has been found in Chester S. Lord, now president of the Lotos Club. Mr. Lord was for more than a third of a century managing editor of the *New York Sun*, and is now chancellor of the University of the State of New York.

I remember one occasion where the most tactful man who ever appeared before his audience slipped his trolley, and that was Bishop Potter. The bishop was a remarkably fine preacher and an unusually attractive public speaker and past master of all the social amenities of life. The guest of the evening was the famous Canon Kingsley, author of "Hypatia" and other works at that time universally

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popular. The canon had the largest and reddest nose one ever saw. The bishop, among the pleasantries of his introduction, alluded to this headlight of religion and literature. The canon fell from grace and never forgave the bishop.

On Lotos nights I have heard at their best Lord Houghton, statesman and poet, Mark Twain, Stanley the explorer, and I consider it one of the distinctions as well as pleasures of my life to have been a speaker at the Lotos on more occasions than any one else during the last half-century.

In Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's early struggles with his paper, the *New York World*, the editorial columns frequently had very severe attacks on Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and the New York Central Railroad. They were part, of course, of attacks upon monopoly. I was frequently included in these criticisms.

The Lotos Club gave a famous dinner to George Augustus Sala, the English writer and journalist. I found myself seated beside Mr. Pulitzer, whom I had never met. When I was called upon to speak I introduced, in what I had to say about the distinguished guest, this bit of audacity. I said substantially, in addition to Mr. Sala: "We have with us to-night a great journalist who comes to the metropolis from the wild and woolly West. After he had purchased the *World* he came to me and said, 'Chauncey Depew, I have a scheme, which I am sure will benefit both of us. Everybody is envious of the prestige of the New York Central and the wealth of Mr. Vanderbilt. You are known as his principal adviser. Now, if in my general hostility to monopoly I include Mr. Vanderbilt and the New York Central as principal offenders, I must include you, because you are the champion in your official relationship of the corporation and of its policies and activities. I do not want you to have any feeling against me because of this. The policy will secure for the *World* everybody who is not a stockholder in the New York Central, or does not possess millions of money. When Mr. Vanderbilt finds that you are attacked, he is a gentleman and broad-minded enough to compensate you and will grant to you both significant promotion and a large increase in salary.'" Then I added: "Well, gentlemen, I have only to say that Mr. Pulitzer's experiment has been eminently successful. He has made his newspaper a recognized power and a notable organ of public opinion; its fortunes are made and so are his, and, in regard to myself, all he predicted has come true, both in promotion and in enlargement of income." When I sat down Mr. Pulitzer grasped me by the hand and said: "Chauncey Depew, you are a mighty good fellow. I have been misinformed about you. You will have friendly treatment hereafter in any newspaper which I control."

The Gridiron Club of Washington, because of both its ability and genius and especially its national position, furnishes a wonderful platform for statesmen. Its genius in creating caricatures and fake pageants of current political situations at the capital and its public men is most remarkable. The president always attends, and most of the Cabinet and justices of the Supreme Court. The ambassadors and representatives of the leading governments represented in Washington are guests, and so are the best-known senators and representatives of the time. The motto of the club is "Reporters are never present. Ladies always present." Though the association is made up entirely of reporters, the secrecy is so well kept that the speakers are unusually frank.

There was a famous contest one night there, however, between President Roosevelt and Senator Foraker, who at the time were intensely antagonistic, which can never be forgotten by those present. There was a delightful interplay between William J. Bryan and President Roosevelt, when Bryan charged the president with stealing all his policies and ideas.

If the speaker grasped the peculiarities of his audience and its temperament, his task was at once the most difficult and the most delightful, and my friend, Mr. Arthur Dunn, has performed most useful service in embalming a portion of Gridiron history in his volume, "Gridiron Nights."

Pierpont Morgan, the greatest of American bankers, was much more than a banker. He had a wonderful collection in his library and elsewhere of rare books and works of art. He was always delightful on the social side. He was

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very much pleased when he was elected president of the New England Society. The annual dinner that year was a remarkably brilliant affair. It was the largest in the history of the organization. The principal speaker was William Everett, brother of the famous Edward Everett and himself a scholar of great acquirements and culture. His speech was another evidence of a very superior man mistaking his audience. He was principal of the Cambridge School, that great preparatory institution for Harvard University, and he had greatly enlarged its scope and usefulness.

Mr. Everett evidently thought that the guests of the New England Society of New York would be composed of men of letters, educators, and Harvard graduates. Instead of that, the audience before him were mainly bankers and successful business men whose Puritan characteristics had enabled them to win great success in the competitions in the great metropolis in every branch of business. They were out for a good time and little else.

Mr. Everett produced a ponderous mass of manuscript and began reading on the history of New England education and the influence upon it of the Cambridge School. He had more than an hour of material and lost his audience in fifteen minutes. No efforts of the chairman could bring them to attention, and finally the educator lost that control of himself which he was always teaching to the boys and threw his manuscript at the heads of the reporters. From their reports in their various newspapers the next day, they did not seem to have absorbed the speech by this original method.

Choate and I were both to speak, and Choate came first. As usual, he threw a brick at me. He mentioned that a reporter had come to him and said: "Mr. Choate, I have Depew's speech carefully prepared, with the applause and laughter already in. I want yours." Of course, no reporter had been to either of us. Mr. Choate had in his speech an unusual thing for him, a long piece of poetry. When my turn came to reply I said: "The reporter came to me, as Mr. Choate has said, and made the remark: 'I already have Choate's speech. It has in it a good deal of poetry.' I asked the reporter: 'From what author is the poetry taken?' He answered: 'I do not know the author, but the poetry is so bad I think Choate has written it himself.'"

Mr. Choate told me a delightful story of his last interview with Mr. Evarts before he sailed for Europe to take up his ambassadorship at the Court of St. James. "I called," he said, "on Mr. Evarts to bid him good-by. He had been confined to his room by a fatal illness for a long time. 'Choate,' he said, 'I am delighted with your appointment. You eminently deserve it, and you are pre-eminently fit for the place. You have won the greatest distinction in our profession, and have harvested enough of its rewards to enable you to meet the financial responsibilities of this post without anxiety. You will have a most brilliant and useful career in diplomacy, but I fear I will never see you again.'"

Mr. Choate said: "Mr. Evarts, we have had a delightful partnership of over forty years, and when I retire from diplomacy and resume the practice of the law I am sure you and I will go on together again for many years in the same happy old way."

Evarts replied: "No, Choate, I fear that cannot be. When I think what a care I am to all my people, lying so helpless here, and that I can do nothing any more to repay their kindness, or to help in the world, I feel like the boy who wrote from school to his mother a letter of twenty pages, and then added after the end: 'P. S. Dear mother, please excuse my longevity.'"

Where one has a reputation as a speaker and is also known to oblige friends and to be hardly able to resist importunities, the demands upon him are very great. They are also sometimes original and unique.

At one time, the day before Christmas, a representative of the *New York World* came to see me and said: "We are going to give a dinner to-night to the tramps who gather between ten and eleven o'clock at the Vienna Restaurant, opposite the St. Denis Hotel, to receive the bread which the restaurant distributes at that hour." This line was there every night standing in the cold waiting their turn. I went down to the hotel, and a young man and young lady connected

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with the newspaper crossed the street and picked out from the line a hundred guests.

It was a remarkable assemblage. The dinner provided was a beautiful and an excellent one for Christmas. As I heard their stories, there was among them a representative of almost every department of American life. Some were temporarily and others permanently down and out. Every one of the learned professions was represented and many lines of business. The most of them were in this condition, because they had come to New York to make their way, and had struggled until their funds were exhausted, and then they were ashamed to return home and confess their failure.

I presided at this remarkable banquet and made not only one speech but several. By encouraging the guests we had several excellent addresses from preachers without pulpits, lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, engineers without jobs, teachers without schools, and travellers without funds. One man arose and said: "Chauncey Depew, the *World* has given us such an excellent dinner, and you have given us such a merry Christmas Eve, we would like to shake hands with you as we go out."

I had long learned the art of shaking hands with the public. Many a candidate has had his hands crushed and been permanently hurt by the vise-like grip of an ardent admirer or a vicious opponent. I remember General Grant complaining of this, of how he suffered, and I told him of my discovery of grasping the hand first and dropping it quickly.

The people about me were looking at these men as they came along, to see if there was any possible danger. Toward the end of the procession one man said to me: "Chauncey Depew, I don't belong to this crowd. I am well enough off and can take care of myself. I am an anarchist. My business is to stir up unrest and discontent, and that brings me every night to mingle with the crowd waiting for their dole of bread from Fleischmann's bakery. You do more than any one else in the whole country to create good feeling and dispel unrest, and you have done a lot of it to-night. I made up my mind to kill you right here, but you are such an infernal good fellow that I have not the heart to do it, so here's my hand."

On one occasion I received an invitation to address a sociological society which was to meet at the house of one of the most famous entertainers in New York. My host said that Edward Atkinson, the well-known New England writer, philosopher, and sociologist, would address the meeting. When I arrived at the house I found Atkinson in despair. The audience were young ladies in full evening dress and young men in white vests, white neckties, and swallow-tails. There was also a band present. We were informed that this society had endeavored to mingle instruction with pleasure, and it really was a dancing club, but they had conceived the idea of having something serious and instructive before the ball.

Mr. Atkinson said to me: "What won me to come here is that in Boston we have a society of the same name. It is composed of very serious people who are engaged in settlement and sociological work. They are doing their best to improve the conditions of the young women and young men who are in clerical and other employment. I have delivered several addresses before that society, and before the audiences which they gather, on how to live comfortably and get married on the smallest possible margin. Now, for instance, for my lecture here to-night I have on a ready-made suit of clothes, for which I paid yesterday five dollars. In that large boiler there is a stove which I have invented. In the oven of the stove is beef and various vegetables, and to heat it is a kerosene-lamp with a clockwork attached. A young man or a young woman or a young married couple go to the market and buy the cheap cuts of beef, and then, according to my instructions, they put it in the stove with the vegetables, light the lamp, set the clockwork and go to their work. When they return at five, six, or seven o'clock they find a very excellent and very cheap dinner all ready to be served. Now, of what use is my five-dollar suit of clothes and my fifty-cent dinner for this crowd of butterflies?"

However, Mr. Atkinson and I made up our minds to talk to them as if they needed it or would need it some day or other, and they were polite enough to ask questions and pretend to enjoy it. I understand that afterwards at the midnight supper there was more champagne

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and more hilarity than at previous gatherings of this sociological club.

During one of our presidential campaigns some young men came up from the Bowery to see me. They said: "We have a very hard time down in our district. The crowd is a tough one but intelligent, and we think would be receptive of the truth if they could hear it put to them in an attractive form. We will engage a large theatre attached to a Bowery beer saloon if you will come down and address the meeting. The novelty of your appearance will fill the theatre."

I knew there was considerable risk, and yet it was a great opportunity. I believe that in meeting a crowd of that sort one should appear as they expect him to look when addressing the best of audiences. These people are very proud, and they resent any attempt on your part to be what they know you are not, but that you are coming down to their level by assuming a character which you presume to be theirs. So I dressed with unusual care, and when I went on the platform a shirt-sleeved, short-haired genius in the theatre shouted: "Chauncey thinks he is in Carnegie Hall."

The famous Tim Sullivan, who was several times a state senator and congressman, and a mighty good fellow, was the leader of the Bowery and controlled its political actions. He came to see me and said: "I hope you will withdraw from that appointment. I do not want you to come down there. In the first place, I cannot protect you, and I don't think it is safe. In the second place, you are so well known and popular among our people that I am afraid you will produce an impression, and if you get away with it that will hurt our machine."

In the course of my speech a man arose whom I knew very well as a district leader, and who was frequently in my office, seeking positions for his constituents and other favors. That night he was in his shirt-sleeves among the boys. With the old volunteer fireman's swagger and the peculiar patois of that part of New York, he said: "Chauncey Depew, you have no business here. You are the president of the New York Central Railroad, ain't you, hey? You are a rich man, ain't you, hey? We are poor boys. You don't know us and can't teach us anything. You had better get out while you can."

My reply was this: "My friend, I want a little talk with you. I began life very much as you did. Nobody helped me. I was a country boy and my capital was this head," and I slapped it, "these legs," and I slapped them, "these hands," and I slapped them, "and by using them as best I could I have become just what you say I am and have got where you will never arrive."

A shirt-sleeved citizen jumped up from the audience and shouted: "Go ahead, Chauncey, you're a peach." That characterization of a peach went into the newspapers and was attached to me wherever I appeared for many years afterwards, not only in this country but abroad. It even found a place in the slang column of the great dictionaries of the English language. The result of the meeting, however, was a free discussion in the Bowery, and for the first time in its history that particular district was carried by the Republicans.

After their triumph in the election I gave a dinner in the Union League Club to the captains of the election districts. There were about a hundred of them. The district captains were all in their usual business suits, and were as sharp, keen, intelligent, and up-to-date young men as one could wish to meet. The club members whom I had invited to meet my guests were, of course, in conventional evening dress. The novelty of the occasion was so enjoyed by them that they indulged with more than usual liberality in the fluids and fizz and became very hilarious. Not one of the district captains touched a drop of wine.

While the club members were a little frightened at the idea of these East-siders coming, my guests understood and met every convention of the occasion before, during, and after dinner, as if it was an accustomed social function with them. The half dozen who made speeches showed a grasp of the political questions of the hour and an ability to put their views before an audience which was an exhibition of a high order of intelligence and self-culture.

In selecting a few out-of-the-way occasions which were also most interesting and instructive, I recall one with a society

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which prided itself upon its absence of narrowness and its freedom of thought and discussion. The speakers were most critical of all that is generally accepted and believed. Professor John Fiske, the historian, was the most famous man present, and very critical of the Bible. My good mother had brought me up on the Bible and instilled in me the deepest reverence for the good book. The criticism of the professor stirred me to a rejoinder. I, of course, was in no way equal to meeting him, with his vast erudition and scholarly accomplishments. I could only give what the Bible critic would regard as valueless, a sledge-hammer expression of faith. Somebody took the speech down. Doctor John Hall, the famous preacher and for many years pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, told me that the Bible and the church societies in England had put the speech into a leaflet, and were distributing many millions of them in the British Isles.

It is singular what vogue and circulation a story of the hour will receive. Usually these decorations of a speech die with the occasion. There was fierce rivalry when it was decided to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in America, between New York and Chicago, as to which should have the exhibition. Of course the Western orators were not modest in the claims which they made for the City by the Lakes. To dampen their ardor I embroidered the following story, which took wonderfully when told in my speech.

It was at the Eagle Hotel in Peekskill, at which it was said George Washington stopped many times as a guest during the Revolutionary War, where in respect to his memory they preserved the traditions of the Revolutionary period. At that time the bill of fare was not printed, but the waiter announced to the guest what would be served, if asked for. A Chicago citizen was dining at the hotel. He ordered each of the many items announced to him by the waiter. When he came to the desserts the waiter said: "We have mince-pie, apple-pie, pumpkin-pie, and custard-pie." The Chicago man ordered mince-pie, apple-pie, and pumpkin-pie. The disgusted waiter remarked: "What is the matter with the custard?" Alongside me sat a very well-known English gentleman of high rank, who had come to this country on a sort of missionary and evangelistic errand. Of course, he was as solemn as the task he had undertaken, which was to convert American sinners. He turned suddenly to me and, in a loud voice, asked: "What was the matter with the custard-pie?" The story travelled for years, was used for many purposes, was often murdered in the narration, but managed to survive, and was told to me as an original joke by one of the men I met at the convention in June, 1920, in Chicago.

After Chicago received from Congress the appointment I did all I could to help the legislation and appropriations necessary. The result was that when I visited the city as an orator at the opening of the exhibition I was voted the freedom of the city, was given a great reception, and among other things reviewed the school children who paraded in my honor.

The Yale alumni of New York City had for many years an organization. In the early days the members met very infrequently at a dinner. This was a formal affair, and generally drew a large gathering, both of the local alumni and from the college and the country. These meetings were held at Delmonico's, then located in Fourteenth Street. The last was so phenomenally dull that there were no repetitions.

The speakers were called by classes, and the oldest in graduation had the platform. The result was disastrous. These old men all spoke too long, and it was an endless stream of platitudes and reminiscences of forgotten days until nearly morning. Then an inspiration of the chairman led him to say: "I think it might be well to have a word from the younger graduates."

There was a unanimous call for a well-known humorist named Styles. His humor was aided by a startling appearance of abundant red hair, an aggressive red mustache, and eyes which seemed to push his glasses off his nose. Many of the speakers, owing to the imperfection of the dental art in those days, indicated their false teeth by their trouble in keeping them in place, and the whistling it gave to their utterances. One venerable orator in his excitement dropped his into his tumbler in the midst of his address.

Styles said to this tired audience: "At

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this early hour in the morning I will not attempt to speak, but I will tell a story. Down at Barnegat, N. J., where I live, our neighbors are very fond of apple-jack. One of them while in town had his jug filled, and on the way home saw a friend leaning over the gate and looking so thirsty that he stopped and handed over his jug with an offer of its hospitality. After sampling it the neighbor continued the gurgling as the jug rose higher and higher, until there was not a drop left in it. The indignant owner said: 'You infernal hog, why did you drink up all my apple-jack?' His friend answered: 'I beg your pardon, Job, but I could not bite off the tap, because I have lost all my teeth.'" The aptness of the story was the success of the evening.

Some years afterwards there was a meeting of the alumni to form a live association. Among those who participated in the organization were William Walter Phelps, afterwards member of Congress and minister to Austria; Judge Henry E. Howland; John Proctor Clarke, now chief justice of the Appellate Division; James R. Sheffield, then a rising young lawyer, now president of the Union League Club; and Isaac Bromley, one of the editors of the *New York Tribune* and one of the wittiest writers of his time, and many others who have since won distinction. They elected me president, and I continued as such by successive elections for ten years.

The association met once a month and had a serious paper read, speeches, a simple supper, and a social evening. These monthly gatherings became a feature and were widely reported in the press. We could rely upon one or more of the faculty, and there was always to be had an alumnus of national reputation from abroad. We had a formal annual dinner, which was more largely attended than almost any function of the kind in the city, and, because of the variety and excellence of the speaking, always very enjoyable.

The Harvard and Princeton alumni also had an association at that time, with annual dinners, and it was customary for the officers of each of these organizations to be guests of the one which gave the dinner. The presidents of the colleges represented always came. Yale could rely upon President Dwight, Harvard upon President Eliot, and Princeton upon President McCosh.

Of course, the interchanges between the representatives of the different colleges were as exciting and aggressive as their football and baseball contests are to-day. I recall one occasion of more than usual interest. It was the Princeton dinner, and the outstanding figure of the occasion was that most successful and impressive of college executives, President McCosh. He spoke with a broad Scotch accent and was in every sense a literalist. Late in the evening Mr. Beaman, a very brilliant lawyer and partner of Evarts and Choate, who was president of the Harvard Alumni Association, said to me: "These proceedings are fearfully prosaic and highbrow. When you are called, you attack President McCosh, and I will defend him." So in the course of my remarks, which were highly complimentary to Princeton and its rapid growth under President McCosh, I spoke of its remarkable success in receiving gifts and legacies, which were then pouring into its treasury every few months, and were far beyond anything which came either to Yale or Harvard, though both were in great need. Then I hinted that possibly this flow of riches was due to the fact that President McCosh had such an hypnotic influence over the graduates of Princeton and their fathers, mothers, and wives that none of them felt there was a chance of a heavenly future unless Princeton was among the heirs.

Mr. Beaman was very indignant and with the continuing approval and applause of the venerable doctor made a furious attack upon me. His defense of the president was infinitely worse than my attack. He alleged that I had intimated that the doctor kept tab on sick alumni of wealth and their families, and at the critical moment there would be a sympathetic call from the doctor, and, while at the bedside he administered comfort and consolation, yet he made it plain to the patient that he could not hope for the opening of the pearly gates or the welcome of St. Peter unless Princeton was remembered. Then Beaman, in a fine burst of oratory, ascribed this wonderful prosperity not to any personal effort or appeal, but because the sons of Princeton felt such reverence and grati-

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tude for their president that they were only too glad of an opportunity to contribute to the welfare of the institution.

The moment Beaman sat down the doctor arose, and with great intensity expressed his thanks and gratitude to the eloquent president of the Harvard alumni, and then shouted: "I never, never, never solicited a gift for Princeton from a dying man. I never, never, never sat by the bedside of a dying woman and held up the terrors of hell and the promises of heaven, according to the disposition she made of her estate. I never, never looked with unsympathetic and eager anticipation whenever any of our wealthy alumni appeared in ill health."

The doctor, however, retaliated subsequently. He invited me to deliver a lecture before the college, and entertained me most delightfully at his house. It was a paid admission, and when I left in the morning he said: "I want to express to you on behalf of our college our thanks. We raised last evening through your lecture enough to fit our ball team for its coming contest with Yale." In that contest Princeton was triumphant.

The Yale Alumni Association subsequently evoluted into the Yale Club of New York, which has in every way been phenomenally prosperous. It is a factor of national importance in supporting Yale and keeping alive everywhere appreciation and enthusiasm for and practice of Yale spirit.

My class of 1856 at Yale numbered ninety-seven on graduation. Only four of us survive. In these pages I have had a continuous class meeting. Very few, if any, of my associates in the New York Legislature of 1862 and 1863 are alive, and none of the State officers who served with me in the succeeding years. There is no one left in the service who was there when I became connected with the New York Central Railroad, and no executive officer in any railroad in the United States who held that position when I was elected and is still active.

It is the habit of age to dwell on the degeneracy of the times and lament the good old days and their superiority, but Yale is infinitely greater and broader than when I graduated sixty-six years ago. The New York Legislature and State executives are governing an empire compared with the problems which we had to solve sixty years ago.

I believe in the necessity of leadership, and, while recognizing a higher general average in public life, regret that the world crisis through which we have passed and which is not yet completed, has produced no Washington, Lincoln, or Roosevelt. I rejoice that President Harding, under the pressure of his unequalled responsibilities, is developing the highest qualities of leadership. It is an exquisite delight to visualize each administration from 1856 and to have had considerable intimacy with the leaders in government and the moulders of public opinion during sixty-six unusually laborious years.

Many who have given their reminiscences have kept close continuing diaries. From these voluminous records they have selected according to their judgment. As I have before said, I have no data and must rely on my memory. This faculty is not logical, its operations are not by years or periods, but its films unroll as they are moved by association of ideas and events.

It has been a most pleasurable task to bring back into my life these worthies of the past and to live over again events of greater or lesser importance. Sometimes an anecdote illumines a character more than a biography, and a personal incident helps an understanding of a period more than its formal history.

Life has had for me immeasurable charms. I recognize at all times there has been granted to me the loving care and guidance of God. My sorrows have been alleviated and lost their acuteness from a firm belief in closer reunion in eternity. My misfortunes, disappointments, and losses have been met and overcome by abundant proof of my mother's faith and teaching that they were the discipline of Providence for my own good, and if met in that spirit and with redoubled effort to redeem the apparent tragedy they would prove to be blessings. Such has been the case.

While new friends are not the same as old ones, yet I have found cheer and inspiration in the close communion with the young of succeeding generations. They have made and are making this a mighty good world for me.

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A Day with a Ranchwoman

BY L. M. WESTON

WHEN, owing to failing health, my husband left a lucrative city job to dig his living out of the soil, I was not overjoyed. Born and bred in town, city conveniences looked good to me, and I did not care to exchange them for the hardships of country life.

My twenty-year-old son, however, was delighted at the prospect of raising wheat and cattle. Farming was a job in which youth was an asset; his day's work would be worth as much as his father's. Two against one—the majority ruled.

It was decided that we should keep one hired man but no maid, as the farmhouse was small, and, far away from social activities, I surely needed something to occupy my time. Cooking for three men wouldn't, of course, be much work, "just enough to keep me busy."

Seeing no escape, I meekly tackled the job assigned me, though feeling I was being chastened by the Almighty for some deadly sin of which I had no recollection.

As time went on I was informed on different occasions by my husband or son how the wife of one neighbor ploughed, another ran a binder, another shocked grain, while they all could milk and make butter, not to mention pitching hay for the stock and harnessing horses. Gradually the idea dawned upon me that my family and neighbors thought I was leading a very idle life because I did not milk, chop wood, tote coal or water, churn, or wash the soiled clothes. I had not been accustomed to doing such work, and could not see, as my husband was in easy circumstances, why I should change the habits of a lifetime merely because I lived in the country. At the same time, I did not consider myself a drone in the hive, as I had little leisure.

But the last straw was when my son told me that our hired man had said I did the least of any rancher's wife he ever saw. Nobody likes to be considered a slacker, and this impertinent remark made me downright angry. Still, it did seem as though such unanimity of opinion must have some foundation in fact, so I decided to probe the matter to the very bottom. I was always busy, always dead-tired at night. Where did the time go? What did I do? I felt like a man who tried to be economical and yet could not make both ends meet. He would probably keep an exact account of how he spent his dollars and cents in order to straighten his finances, and I determined to keep an exact account of how I spent my hours and minutes, for one day at least, for purposes of self-defence.

The next day was the 24th of August, and twenty minutes after our Big Ben proclaimed the hour to be half past four I was up, dressed, and in the kitchen, preparing breakfast. In the intervals of making coffee, toast, and cereal, and frying potatoes and eggs, I set bread to rise, and put up two lunches. My son, who was going to bind on a distant part of the ranch, would not be able to come home for his midday meal. The other lunch was for the shocker who accompanied him, whose appetite made one wonder if he had four stomachs, like a cow. Coffee went with the lunches, which necessitated careful washing of the bottles in which they carried it.

I wanted to stop my work long enough to watch the sun rise from behind the mountains. The faint colors of the dawn always gave me keen delight, but there was no time, this morning, to enjoy a sight of the myriad-tinted forerunners of the sun. I could not even spend a few minutes to step outside and feel the light, fresh, early-morning breeze that was already whispering the news of the Day King's coming to the golden grain and swaying grasses.

I had six motherless little chicks that I kept boxed up in the kitchen at night; they had to be fed, watered, and put outside. Mike, our Boston terrier, was barking loudly for admission at the living-

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room door. (He always went there when I was in the kitchen, and vice versa.) The table had to be set, and the kitchen swept and tidied, not to mention feeding the fowls and letting them out of the hen-house. Six o'clock, breakfast-time, came all too soon, but when the four men sat down at the table the meal was ready. I spent considerable time serving them, and, when they had finished eating and had lighted their cigarettes, I went down to the barn, about a hundred yards from the house.

By that time the saddle-horse, used to catch the work-horses, would have finished her oats, and I felt, after she had been shut up in the barn all the long, hot night, she should have a chance to roll and run about the pasture. I put her out, then looked at the tanks where the stock drank, and turned the water on in one that was almost empty.

I am very fond of animals. My brother-in-law once remarked, when visiting us, that a fellow wanted four legs to get any attention on our ranch. This observation was provoked by being obliged to wait for his dinner while I doctored a sick cow.

After turning on the water I returned to the house and cleared the table of breakfast dishes. I began to wash them, when my son called me. I went to the door. He was between the house and barn, hitching four horses to a binder. He wanted me to give him his gloves as he passed the house, as he dared not leave his horses standing while he looked for them. Our horses are gentle, but they will run away with slight provocation. They are high-spirited, and usually feel good, as we feed them well, holding the opinion that the laborer, even if only a horse, is worthy of his hire.

I went on with my dishes, but kept watch of the boy, so as not to make him wait for his gloves. But he stopped long enough to tell some little incident that had happened at the barn, and, always glad of his confidences, I could not hurry him off, so it was half past seven when I returned to the dish-pan. Then I plucked and prepared chicken for frying. I had barely finished this job when my husband called and asked me if I wouldn't help him get a horse in the corral that needed doctoring. The animal was not easy to catch, but we managed finally to get a halter on him and I held the rope while my better half administered the healing treatment. After letting him loose I was about to return to the kitchen when my spouse said he had got to sack a lot of oats and could get through much quicker if I would help him, so I stayed. After we had finished I remembered my bread and again started for the kitchen, when my better half suggested that I come back in time to help him through the corral with a load of seed wheat he must take to the hired man, who had commenced to drill. The corral was full of loose stock and he needed some one to shut and open the gate, and see that none of the animals got out.

I kneaded my bread, put it in pans, made some of the dough into cinnamon rolls, much liked by the family, and returned to the corral in time to render the needed assistance.

"I think the windmill ought to be turned on," remarked my husband, just as he was leaving. "I am afraid the reservoir is nearly empty, and would you mind feeding Lord Brae and Stubbs some grain?"

I assented, and immediately climbed the steep hill to the windmill.

Returning, I stopped at the barn to get grain for Lord Brae and Stubbs. The latter was a young heifer that had been born in such terribly cold weather that one of her feet was practically useless from frost-bite. It was so hard for her to get around the pasture that we fed her grain every day; but Lord Brae was a different proposition. He was a newcomer on the ranch, and, proud of his pedigree, ruled the other horned creatures like a despot. He was not well acquainted with me, and, when I tried to feed him, intimated that in the higher bovine circles in which he moved introductions were in order. In short, he was afraid of me and I was afraid of him. But, after long hesitation, he conquered his fears and followed the bucket of grain I held toward him with a trembling hand, into a smaller corral where he could eat unmolested by the rest of the cattle.

It was now about ten o'clock and I was returning to the house and indoor duties when I saw my pet three-year-old horse looking beseechingly toward me from the

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other side of the pasture fence. I often took him into the barn and fed him oats, so could not resist his longing expression, and spent twenty minutes ministering to his wants.

When at last I returned to the kitchen my bread was more than ready for the oven. I replenished the fire, then set to work making pies, as, on hot days, I did all the baking possible at one time, so as not to keep a fire any longer than was absolutely necessary.

I was glad to sit down to peel the apples, as I was tired, and my husband and the hired man would be in at half past twelve and expect a hearty dinner—I had it ready on time, but shuddered at the pile of cooking dishes to be washed after the meal.

I started right in, after eating, but was soon interrupted by my spouse, who wanted a farm paper that had come two or three days before. He had looked everywhere, he said, and couldn't find it. Was sure I had destroyed it.

I left the dishes to search for the missing periodical, and at last unearthed it from a pile of magazines about three feet high.

My husband had agreed to haul wheat that afternoon for a neighbor who was threshing, so left the house long before I had finished washing dishes. I decided to lie down, as I was so tired. Just then my helpmeet drove by on his way to the threshing outfit and called out that the windmill needed turning off and he didn't have time to do it. So again I wended my way up that steep quarter of a mile to the windmill. I stopped at the top to admire the view. It was fine—a wide expanse of greenish-yellow prairie, with its innumerable shades, making a delightful contrast with the chocolate brown of ploughed ground and the broad fields of golden wheat. Above all was the deep-blue arch of the sky, over which drifted snow-white masses of clouds that cast weird shadows on the near-by mountains. The whole scene was permeated with the languorous beauty of August. I was enveloped in a kind of live silence, as the hum of insect life made itself heard, like the pulsing of nature's great heart. The shimmering waves of heat followed each other to the mountains, where they were lost in a transparent, bluish-gray haze.

A sense of unutterable, ineffable peace took possession of me until I happened to glance toward a seventy-five-acre oat-field where the grain was cut and shocked waiting to be threshed. Several head of cattle had broken through the surrounding fence and were actively engaged tossing the bundles, and gorging themselves on the grain. What to do I did not know. I dared not ride the saddle-horse that was in the barn, and I could not drive them out on foot. Still, if they were not put out before the men returned at six, they would destroy bushels of oats. I decided that I must walk a mile or more to where my son was binding, and tell him. He could ride bareback, and, though I could not saddle the horse in the barn, I could lead him to my son, who could ride home and so expedite matters. But I reckoned without the horse. When he found himself out in the broiling sun, and understood I expected him to go some distance, he said as plain as a dumb brute could that, if I wanted to wander around in the heat, he didn't and wasn't going with me. He planted his four feet on the ground, refused to move, and looked at me with an obstinate, uncompromising expression in his eyes impossible to misunderstand. I gave up, tied him again in the barn, and started off alone.

After hearing my unpleasant news, my son unhitched, put his horses in a near-by barn, and hustled home with me. Knowing how much grain a number of cattle could destroy in an afternoon, he lost no time in saddling the recalcitrant horse (who was very amenable to his master's orders), drove the cattle out of the oats, mended the fence where they had broken through, and rode back to his field work.

By the time I reached home it was after three, and I lay down, feeling I could not get supper for four men if I did not rest a few minutes. I was actually numb with fatigue.

About half past four I rose and went to the barn for grain to feed my chickens. Then I went to a tank and toted water for them, gathered the eggs, and cleaned up the chicken-house.

Returning to the house, I discovered our little Boston terrier had drunk the biggest half of the milk I had put in a pan for the chickens just outside the back door. It had evidently disagreed with

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him, judging from the look of the porch, which necessitated my getting water and mopping vigorously for some minutes.

It was now about five, but, as we did not have supper until seven, I planned I could sit down and finish a story I had commenced two days before, and perhaps have leisure to watch the sunset. A Montana sunset is indescribable and, once seen, never to be forgotten. Charley Russell, if not academy-trained, can faithfully depict Montana scenery, people, and ponies; but neither he nor any other artist can transfer to canvas the wonderful color and subtile, illusive, atmospheric effects of a Montana sunset. The glory of the Lord fills the earth. The onlooker is caught up to the seventh heaven of delight by the celestial splendor and its terrestrial reflections. Mountains, prairies, fields, and streams are transfigured in the radiant light. Time stretches into eternity, and the finite is lost in the infinite. One is reminded of St. John's vision of "the Holy City, coming down from God."

Already I felt uplifted in anticipation of the wonderful sight, when my husband drove into the yard. He was evidently in the depths of a grouch, and asked, irritably: "Will you catch King for me? The cattle have broken through into the oats again." Now King was a one-man horse who would let me catch him in the pasture, when he was likely to lead other people a merry chase; consequently, when there was a hurry call for his services, I was usually deputed to get him. On this occasion he was nearly half a mile away, and by the time I had found a halter, caught, led him home, watered, and fed him, it was nearly six o'clock. Of course, my husband would have watered and fed him, but I always attend to his creature comforts when taking him from the pasture, as I am proud of his very evident partiality for me, and want to continue in his good graces. I finally left him reluctantly, and went into the kitchen to start my fire. It was high time, as I had to bring in the wood, although it was cut for me. I should be obliged to hustle, though, and so miss the sunset, but the meal was ready at seven.

My husband, the hired man, and the shocker sat down at the table, but my son had sent word he would work late, having lost so much time chasing cattle out of the oats. I was dreadfully disappointed, as he particularly liked the eatables I had that night, which would be spoiled by warming over. Fried chicken, creamed potatoes, stewed corn, fresh bread, cinnamon rolls, green-apple pie, cheese, and coffee.

I had to make more trips to the woodpile, and keeping a fire so long made the kitchen stifling hot. I paused in picking up the sticks to watch, for a minute at least, the fading colors in the sky, and suddenly realized both dogs were waiting for supper. The terrier was expressing his impatience by short, angry barks; the collie was silent, but turned hungry, expectant, topaz-colored eyes in my direction that were more eloquent and compelling than the little dog's fretful yaps.

The clouds were rapidly assuming their twilight robes of dull drab as I broke cornbread, and scraped chicken-bones and gravy into the dogs' dishes; but neither collie nor terrier realized how I was sacrificing my love of beauty to their appetites.

It was pitch-dark when my son came and sat down to a kept-warm supper. He was too tired to know whether he was eating fried chicken or boiled horsemeat. About the same time my husband brought in the milk. I strained it, then washed the dishes. It was after nine when I felt at liberty to lay my weary body on the bed. Thinking how short the time before Big Ben would again ring out half past four, I had a fellow feeling with the man who said, "he got up so early he met himself going to bed."

I was just drowsing off when it occurred to me that I had forgotten to fill up the collie's water dish, and such a hot night he would need plenty to drink. I rose, slipped into a kimono and my moccasins, hurried into the kitchen to the water-pail, then outdoors with a dipper full. Just then the quavering call of a coyote fell on my ear and I remembered that I had not shut the door of the chicken-house. Groping my way twenty or thirty yards in the darkness, I remedied this oversight, then returned to the house.

As I lay down again one of Irving Berlin's popular songs rang in my inner ear, and I felt a strong desire to ask him if he had ever really lived on "that farm in Michigan."

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The housing arrangements for active or pensioned workers furnished by the Krupp establishment are pretty paternalistic but most complete and comfortable.

Europe at Work

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

III.—GERMANY, THE SAAR, AND THE LEAGUE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"HERE in these rooms behind us the high military officers lived during the war to inspect the guns and ammunition made by our 115,000 working men," a Krupp official explained to us by the railing of the high tower in the centre of the huge plant. "Over there beneath that roof we constructed—under the eyes of these officers—the 'mystery gun' which bombarded Paris. Since the armistice [business of lowering voice and erasing smile] our manufacture of war materials is ended. To-day we have only about 50,000 workers. Of these about 3,000 mine coal from the veins directly beneath us."

In spite of strong letters of introduction, the company officials refused me opportunity to work alongside their employees. I was also asked not to converse with them, as I was taken through a plant which represented every possible step between antiqueness and modernity almost from the days when the house of Krupp was first founded in a little forge in 1812. To my amazement the officers stated that, before 1914, ninety-five per cent of their output by tonnage was for peace uses—steamship engines and shafts, farm machinery, etc., etc. To-day the list also includes locomotives, typewriters, cash-registers—almost every imaginable fabrication of steel including teeth!

"One new product we are not manufacturing for the market, though we are willing to give the public the idea. Our workers found that they ruined their gold caps and crowns when they gritted their teeth in the effort to lift the heavy pieces

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of iron or steel. As a result, our dental department has discovered a very successful way to use for their teeth not the usual gold but a certain alloy of steel!"

War-wearied, unhappy, and perplexed, but doggedly busy—that appeared the condition not only of Krupp's leaders and workers, but of practically the entire Ruhr basin. That means the Pittsburgh district of Germany. For mile after mile throughout the country surrounding such cities as Essen, Elberfeld, Dusseldorf, etc., the great chimneys of the steel plants, machine works, and factories stab the horizon like some huge Cyclopean picket fence. And from those chimneys the smoke of activity certainly was coming last summer.

Nevertheless, it appears to me wrong to assume so generally that these smoking chimneys mean that Germany is already "back to normalcy." On the contrary, they are more of a sign that Germany is not even *started* back to normalcy. In the markets of the world her rapidly depreciating currency has secured a marked selling advantage—but only temporarily. So far, every effort to put value into the mark has caused an immediate closing of those factories. On the other hand, a falling currency brings in every sort of evil, including, of course, a highly restless group of laborers. These must endeavor somehow to increase the number of marks in their pay-envelopes as rapidly as the purchasing power of the currency diminishes. That can be only partially accomplished even at the cost of constant agitation. Altogether it is not strange that the communists utilize the situation to embarrass the republican government to the utmost. In the Ruhr, at least, it was manifestly easy for all to remember that nearly 200 persons had been killed during two weeks of trouble outside the factory gates of exactly that district during Kapp's communist rebellion of March, 1920. Within the last few weeks, however, trustworthy reports come, both of increasing strikes and increasing unemployment.

On the whole, the organized laborers had, up to August, 1921, kept their wages up fairly well with the 1,000 per cent increase in the cost of living. Most of them were apparently too war-worn and too anxious to have things quiet down to care to make much trouble. Furthermore, the reports of growing unemployment in Great Britain and America counselled caution in Germany as in France. Striking or working, the situation among the German workers is badly complicated by disunity.

"Unfortunately, our labor organizations not only get into politics, as in England, but also into religion. Here in the Ruhr we coal-miners are divided into a Catholic miners' union, an anti-Catholic, a neutral or non-religious, a communist, a socialist, and so on—almost seventeen in all! That's perhaps why we organized workers aren't taken as seriously as we should be."

If Europe can somehow stave off war or even those rumors which require preparation for war, it may mean that some of these unions will enroll a few former colonels and generals. Many of these grew up in pre-war Germany totally untrained to earn a living in any other way than on the parade-ground or the battlefield. To-day, by thousands these army officers are said to be learning to manipulate, not plough-shares, but the levers of lathe and drill-press, instead of swords. As apprentices it is to be noticed that they stand in line for fair earnings later, and finally for a government pension, but meanwhile they get apprentice wages of practically nothing per week!

"Let me shake a good American hand," said a young man who followed me out of a post-office. "I was lucky enough to be a German prisoner among the American soldiers. I grew fat! More to eat I had than before, when I was a German soldier. And, *mein Herr*, also more than I have had as a German citizen since my return! Ach, but fine fellows they were, those soldier-boys of yours!"

The civil-service employees like himself in the post-office, and also on the state-controlled railways, the teachers, the doctors, the college professors—all these have suffered heavily in Germany. Unlike the workers they have been unable to increase their income in anything like the same degree as the cost of living. Along with them the small capitalists and owners of property continue to handle sums considerably larger than in the old days, but

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with a buying power immensely lessened. In Austria-Hungary and other countries of depreciated currency this "middle-class" group is still existing, though it is literally starving to death.

"A *Beamter* (local government official) couldn't have done it better himself!" used to represent the most that you could say if you wanted to express satisfaction with a piece of work. Now these—along with men of the same stamp of more than average education and training pretty much all over Europe—face a common fate in what might be called "the Decline and Fall of the Middle Classes."

"At first we cut off our little luxuries. That wasn't so bad. Then we had to begin to cut off this necessity and that. Already my man, he has hardly enough strength to carry him through his day. How can we cut off more? I ask, how?" queried the well-spoken wife of an engineer, as she turned upon us all in the third-class railway compartment, tears in her eyes.

"How?" was the echo which went around the circle.

"Easily can one see that her little girl was born in that dreadful year of no potatoes—all of them were like that. No milk was in the udders of the cows or the breasts of the mothers," another added as the two got off at a station.

"Haben Sie ge-quaked?" This is the war and post-war expression for "Have you breakfasted?" It is the recognition of the effectiveness of the American Quaker enterprise by which hundreds of thousands of German children were kept alive during the war. In many parts of Germany they are still being fed. The Quakers inform the visitor that hardly one of the fat and hearty-looking youngsters everywhere to be seen is less than one, and most of them are two and three, years undersized.

Workers inspecting suitings at low prices outside a Krupp gateway.

I found among all classes plenty of willingness to confess to full portions of the gnawing miseries of blockade and war-making. Among the workers, also, was surprising willingness to confess defeat—complete military defeat. Any one still denying it was likely to be dismissed with a toss of the head as "an old reactionary

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who wants to get a job for himself or his military relatives."

The uncertainties of the future—it is these that bother more than the certainties of the past, however disagreeable these may be. It is these uncertainties that give the reactionary the same hope as that harbored by the radicals—the hope that somehow the republic will strike a rock. They also make the captains of industry hesitant about putting their foreign securities at the disposal of the government for meeting its reparations obligations. Before doing so these gentlemen want a little more assurance that the same government will not unpleasantly continue its efforts to nationalize the mines and other industries from which the profits were gained. Naturally enough, too, these captains have insisted that the government try a little harder to lessen the colossal sum which the state railways are expected to lose this year. Until such provisions were made the deficit threatened to resemble somewhat of a reparations payment—twelve to fifteen billions of marks!

That same uncertainty as to the country's political and industrial future is registered every day the mark continues its descent. It is also registered—and taken advantage of—by the thousands who find that speculation is better than working for a money which grows less valuable for every day you earn it or hold it.

Perhaps it is not so much the uncertainty of the future as the hatred of it—the hatred of its certainties, or semi-certainties—that accounts for the one unity I was able to find in all groups at all levels of German life. That unity is exactly the one an open-viewed visitor could hope devoutly *not* to find. I refer to the unity with which I found all the citizens of Germany *hating France!*

These youngsters in Essen were unwilling to hold the dustpans and brooms with which they were cleaning up the roadway "for the chickens."

"Do you know why we Germans lost the war? I will tell you. It is because we never learned to hate! But now we learn—we learn to hate France!"

The statement from an important commercial executive and a former army officer would have caused a smile if it had not been uttered with such seriousness—such tragic seriousness.

It is altogether probable that the universality of the hatred is the result of that surprising commonness of the consciousness of national defeat. Every one takes pains to explain that the success of the

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Allies was due to America and not to France. But that may be just the reason for the unconscious effort to make up for this sense of defeat by hating the nearest of the associated enemies. There is some ground, of course, for Germany's belief that such demands as the financial reparations and the military occupation come mainly from France. But that is largely because France supplied the scene of the colossal damages represented by her 600,000 ruined homes and by such sadly wounded industries as that at Lens. Naturally France is anxious both to have the money for rebuilding and also for paying the soldiers she believes are necessary if she is to avoid going through it all again.

The unity with which France is hated in Germany is equalled only by the unity with which Germany is *feared* in France. Personally, I hoped to find in Germany that this unity of France's fears was unjustified. My hope was hardly realized. It is, of course, hard for any one outside the secret service to know the situation regarding available arms in Germany. But the French feel that chemicals and various new devices could be made to serve by an enemy who hates. So the French fear only ties itself up with that uncertainty of the German future. For one of the numerous political parties in Germany virtually says to the public:

"The present republican government has not yet gained the sympathy and support of our former enemies. It must be plain to you that the democratic régime has brought only disorganization to Germany. We alone, the conservatives (really the reactionaries), with our military plans, can make the fatherland what it was before—united and powerful. Why not give us another chance?"

At Elberfeld the zoo and its denizens share the Sunday afternoon crowds with football.

Among the most aristocratic part of the community there are more than a few who would like to help. These are certain that such as Professor Oncken of Heidelberg University are right when they claim that Germany was not defeated but only duped. According to the professor, the great betrayal of history, next to the time when Rome betrayed Carthage, happened when the German generals laid down their arms on the understanding that the Fourteen Points were to be the basis of the peace—and then learned their mistake too late for renewing hostilities. Later I asked a distinguished American military expert for his idea of this.

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"Of course, the German generals did not consent to an armistice until General Foch had shown them his terms. It didn't take them long to see that these terms were very different from the Fourteen Points. They still had every opportunity to refuse to sign—and to continue to fight. If they had even hesitated about signing, General Foch might have had an excuse for doing what many wanted him to do—pursue them to the Ruhr or Berlin. I have heard the generalissimo say that he would have done this if they could have been made to sign anything in Berlin which they were unwilling to sign there in the private car at the front. Only then would further fighting have been excusable. 'The trouble was that they signed—' so he said, 'and signed quickly—conditions which contained every single item I could possibly think of!'"

It is easy to believe that thousands of the former soldiers of those generals are to-day finding outlet for their present energies in the new national sport of "fuss-ball." All over the country scores of teams fill the parks with crowds of spectators on Sunday, and the columns of the newspapers the rest of the week. It is easy to believe that, with other sports which are enjoying unheard of popularity, it is not a bad substitute for the goose-step as the national outdoor recreation. In other ways Germany is feeling out a new sector of the front line of national achievement, just as did France in the day of her defeat more than fifty years ago. Booksellers in Germany report a tremendous increase in the literature of every sort of philosophy—the more bizarre the better. To such thinkers the present world of actuality is now as hateful as it was to the "generation of defeat," in France as earlier mentioned. Whether the healing of the nation can be accomplished without a return to the historical and traditional type of leader—that is the question which leads again into the mazes of Germany's future and its array of industrial, social, and political uncertainties.

Here's how one German miner put it:

"If the Kaiser had arranged to go up to meet his death upon a funeral pyre like the great German heroes of old—that might have been a proper ending for a Hohenzollern! But to desert his post of duty at the head of his people—that is unthinkable! We are done with him!"

Or, to quote another:

"But still we Germans are not trained for a republic. Why should we give President Ebert our honor when he is nothing but one of us working men? No more of this 'God and I' business, you understand, but a limited monarchy like England. No, not the Kaiser or the Crown Prince, but—well, Eitel or the youngest son—they are not bad fellows, after all!"

Germany is a kaleidoscope—much more so than the rest of Europe—and that is saying a great deal. It is to be hoped that the "big business" interests in the two chief enemy countries of France and Germany can succeed in putting forward their present plans for an economic understanding—with England's co-operation. Therein lies the possibility of greater certainty—and that means more jobs for the workers of all the world. For neither money nor men can go to work when the only certainty is uncertainty. A good hoper can believe that exactly this programme will be aided by the situation in the Saar.

The coal-mines of this part of Germany were given over permanently to the French Government in order to make up for the lessened production caused by the destruction of the mines of Lens. The administration of the district's 700,000 citizens is under the League of Nations, which appoints five commissioners from different countries, including France and the Saar itself. All over the world we have been hearing that in this "hot spot of Europe" the 70,000 miners were completely unwilling to work hard for the French engineers representing the French Government.

During my days of work as a miner I kept listening and watching for every possible evidence of "ca-canny" and sabotage. I found very little. My fellow workers were using their arms and picks and shovels as energetically as my French buddies—and that is saying a lot. I believe I found the answer. For one thing, they felt themselves comparatively well paid. Unlike most of the other working

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men of the district they were receiving their wages in francs. As rapidly as the mark depreciated they grew luckier and luckier in comparison with the other workers of the district and also with the miners of the Ruhr in the north. They did believe living was more expensive in the Saar than in the Ruhr. I am confident, however, that the difference did not at all offset the wage advantage.

Secondly, many of them also felt that the whole country's high cost of living. Such contacts made a good impression as compared with those of their predecessors the German engineers. These went underground comparatively seldom. It was in marked contrast also with the almost military strictness and discipline with which the present German under-foremen still act with their fellow Germans.

Some of the French engineers complained that their children were occa-

A group of war orphans at Elberfeld. "Haben Sie ge-quaked?" is now good German for "Have you breakfasted?"

It is a tribute to the Quakers for keeping alive hundreds of thousands of German children.

they were better treated by the French engineers than by the Germans who formerly represented the Prussian Government operation. This treatment came, in turn, from the remarkable training given in French engineering schools. This emphasizes the necessity of close and friendly relations with the workers as an important factor in the problem of industrial production. Every day the French engineer visits his pits underground. As we worked they would come along and enter into conversation with the workers, discussing with them, among other things, the necessity of increased coal production—with its increased wage to the worker—as a means of lowering

sionally stoned when coming out of French schools. But all this is sure to lessen with time, especially now that new factors for, at least, a local peace between French fears and German hatreds are being furnished by the League of Nations. One of these new factors, strangely enough, is supplied by what can be called the American temperament. One of the five high commissioners, Mr. R. D. Waugh, was chosen to represent Great Britain, but he also represents the American business view-point because he was a successful business man of Winnipeg, Canada. He has splendid opportunity to express this view-point because he is in charge of the district's finance and

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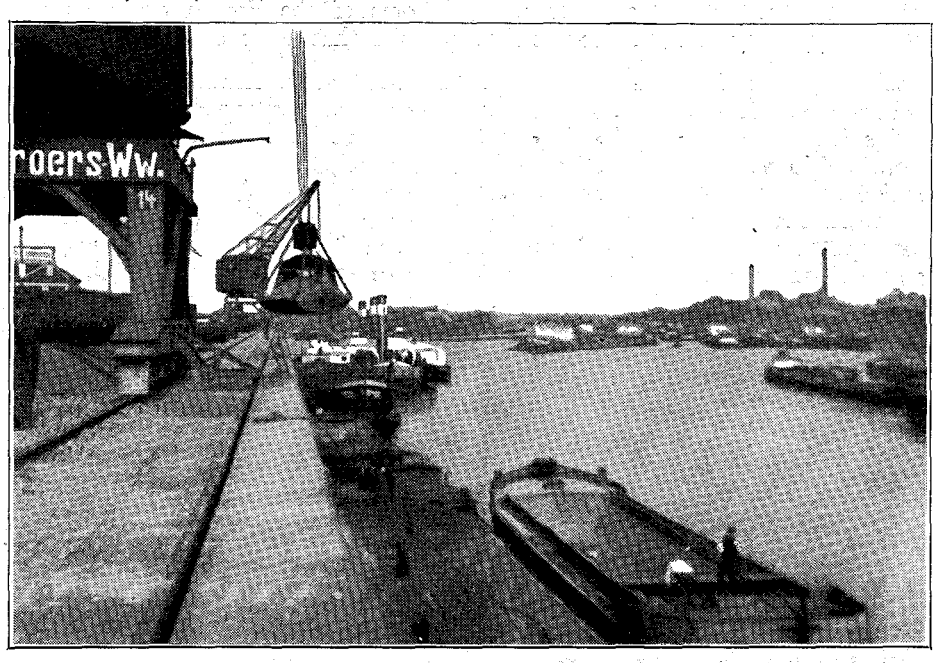
food-supply. His policy is to forget the war as far as possible, and so to help the League of Nations to put the district upon a businesslike basis which will keep taxes and living costs at a minimum, with general security and prosperity at a maximum. More and more the League of Nations administration is coming to represent the impartiality of Europe rather



Duisberg is said to be the largest inland harbor in the world.
Basin after basin furnishes docking facilities for the thousands of boats that ply up and down the Rhine.

than the conflicting view-points and interests of Germany and France. It is entirely possible, accordingly, that the Saar will show the way to international understandings everywhere by demonstrating the League's effectiveness in international administrative co-operation. It would make nothing less than an epoch in history if the plebiscite of the district twelve years from now should show a majority's desire to remain an independent state. And that is not so very unlikely—with the help of businesslike impartiality and of the human emphasis of those French schools of engineering!

It is almost impossible, however, to overstate the difficulties in the way of the peaceful ordering of life and work in a continent where so large a part of the relationships between the nations have been born out of a succession of wars.

"But it is unreasonable that you should ask me to change the linen of your bed and your room each day. It is quite impossible."

So objected a German woman of good family with whom a French officer was quartered recently in the occupied district. His reply must have been surprising:

"You are quite right, madam, it is both unnecessary and unreasonable. I have asked it for this week only to help you to realize the difficulty endured by my own mother at the hands of your own son while he was in France. He kept it up for *four years!*"

"Why are you insisting upon further invasion of France, now that you have beaten Napoleon the Third and all France is at your feet?" was asked of a German general after the decisive victory of 1870.

"I am now engaged in the task of punishing Louis the Fourteenth," was the German's reply.

"You have right," a worker answered me when I asked him if he realized how

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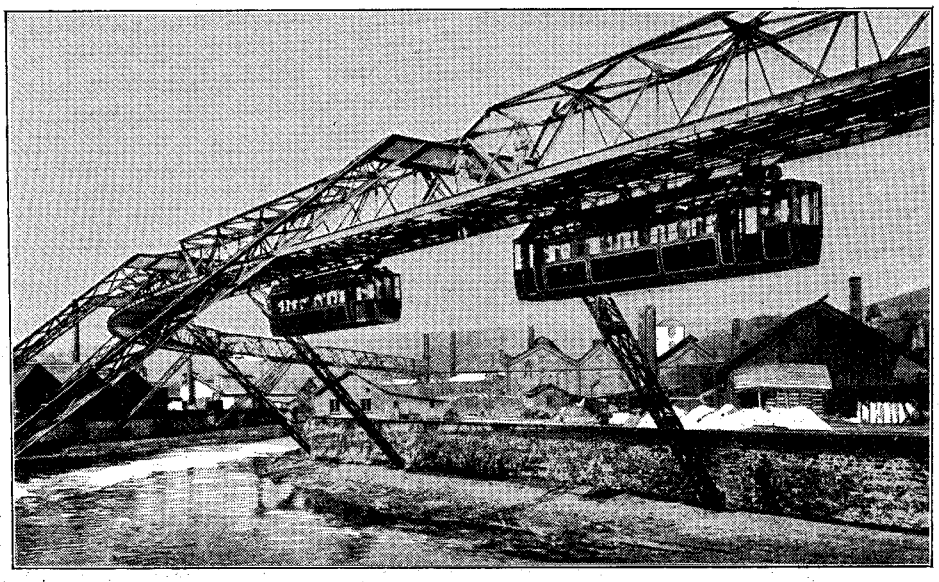

The Schwebebahn, or suspended railway, between Barmen and Elberfeld, utilizes a crooked river-bed because the valley is otherwise too crowded with manufacturing establishments to permit any direct street-car line.

France had suffered from the German inroads. "But think how often the Great Napoleon used to overrun the Fatherland!"

No wonder I found the working men of France, Germany, and Belgium taking so much more interest than the working men of America in international history and international relations. All these breed the attitudes and interests of the present

German coal-miners of the Saar leaving town for the shaft of a coal-mine several miles in the country.

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which in turn breed the certainties or uncertainties of the future. These, in turn, express themselves in terms of the regularity or irregularity of their daily jobs.

It was a thoughtful German who gave what must be the key to the understanding of Europe—a key that is always in the mind of the working men themselves because it is the key that locks or unlocks the daily job.

"Europe is a crowded room—so crowded that if one nation puts its fork in its mouth it is likely to put its elbow in another nation's eye. All these people have been living in this room under these crowded conditions for a very long time. Most of them, also, have been growing larger. All the time, too, the telegraph and the wireless and the aeroplanes have been making Europe small, not to mention the rest of the world. So the problem of those elbows has been growing constantly more difficult. Yet up until now there has been no way in which more elbow-room could be gained except by the aid of bayonets."

Just that, I am persuaded, is the reason why any American is likely to get the same surprise that I did at Geneva.

To the best of my eyesight, I followed the pointing of the motorman. The building fulfilled my expectations of the League of Nations' office—a small but aristocratic mansion surrounded by a large lawn and a high iron fence. Altogether a place of very stand-offish appearance. The gate was locked—every gate. It was Saturday afternoon, but the second annual assembly convened Monday morning. It seemed a highly aristocratic way of doing business trying to save the world for democracy. Finally I asked a chauffeur about it—with as much heat as my French would carry. With a shrug of surprise he asked my objections to walking in the front gate. He pointed not at the "mansion," but across the street! There I saw a seven-story building. Messenger-boys were running in and out. A line of automobiles was trying to crowd up to the door. Paris-gowned women and silk-hatted statesmen from Europe or South America stepped out and hurried in. Limousine doors slammed, motors chugged and stuttered. Other imposing men with turbans from India and fezes from Persia stepped out. With mouth open I gazed at this amazing spectacle. It was the actualization of my

Fellow workers of the author in the coal-mines of the Saar.

These mines were given over to France in partial reparation for the damage done the mines of Lens and other French cities.

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"The hot-spot of Europe."

This name has been given the Saar by reason of the complicated political and industrial situation. The German miners shown here work directly under the supervision of the German foreman at the left. He, in turn, is under the orders of the French engineer shown with the cane. The League of Nations, in general charge of the district, may point with pride to its record in the Saar, largely because the French engineers are doing an excellent job of getting along with the German workers.

high-school commencement's dream about "the parliament of man; the federation of the world!" I had been looking for the American idea of the League. I had found the European!

Whatever forms may be chosen for carrying on the more permanent phases of the President's conference, the choice is certain, I believe, to be very greatly influenced by this consideration:

In Europe to-day the League of Nations is a going concern.

In Europe the League has a history, and, on the whole, a creditable history, behind it. Its permanent secretarial force, furthermore, is constantly increasing its store of facts and understanding for aiding the statesmen to make constantly wiser decisions. Still further, those statesmen are tending constantly to represent more fully the new diplomacy in which public opinion plays a larger and larger part. The older generations, the elder statesmen, in both Europe and Asia, are realizing that whether they like it or not the whole thrust of any parliament of man is sure to be democratic. Among the delegates I counted more than a dozen university professors, some of them the most noted and fair-minded in the world. In Germany the organization's name is already the "League of Peoples" (Voelkerbund).

"If the League were to disband tomorrow morning we would have to create another to-morrow night in order to carry on all the hundred and one functions which have been assigned to it." So writes one of London's best-informed editors.

At one public session I saw Lord Robert Cecil take the platform to scold the representatives from Poland and Lithuania for imperilling the world's peace by refusing to compose their differences. Further, I heard and saw the representatives of over fifty nations show by their applause their approval of the scolding. We were witnessing the workings of the world's first successful effort to help the nations to secure elbow-room by a new

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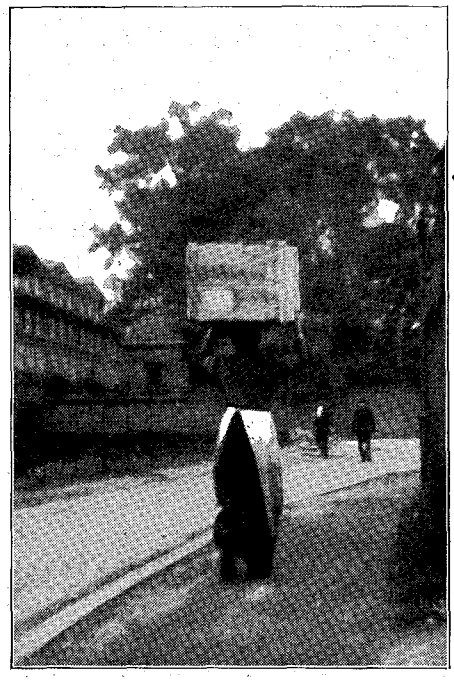
method. That method proposes to substitute for bayonets nothing less than public opinion—the public opinion of an organized world! It is not strange if Europe generally thinks the change highly revolutionary. It thought so when democracy was proposed as a substitute for autocracy. The difference between them is much the same.

"Monarchy," said a famous English political leader, "is like a great ship. It sails the sea with all sails set in all the pomp of power—until it strikes a rock! Then it goes quickly to the bottom. Democracy is like a raft. You cannot sink the thing, but—d—n it!—your feet are always in the water!"



People work hard in the Saar, but at present it is one of the most prosperous parts of Europe.

Neither public opinion nor anything else has as yet had a fair chance at keeping the feet of Europe out of the cold water of that uncertainty which flows from out every corner and crevice of the Great Disaster. The temperature has been lowered still further, also, by what Europe's workers find the amazing and incomprehensible frigidity of America toward its own child and toward all the miseries which the League—America's League—was expected to lessen. That surprising frigidity of ours only increases the shell-shock from which all the political and all the industrial sensibilities of Europe have been suffering. The strange thing is that they have made as much progress as they have in overcoming their shattered nerves and getting back to the job.

"You can do everything in the world with bayonets—except sit on them," Talleyrand is said to have remarked.

Europe's life is war-torn. Europe's workers are war-worn. Europe wants to sit down, not on bayonets but on the chairs of the supper-table set with food gained by a day's work at the lathe and the loom. And, just because Europe's peoples are so war-torn and so war-worn, the statesmen are going to find it extremely difficult to lead them back to those normal, wholesome attitudes which are the heart of the normal, wholesome relationships of normal, wholesome life and industry. Europe has less of the moral and intellectual strength needed for facing her problems than she had before the war.

"You have, then, no wife?" I asked of my companion as, after our little coffees, we went down to the mine in the early morning.

"Well, I'd hardly say so," was his surprising reply. "For me and for my three sons my wife is dead—yes, quite dead—too much a friend of our German captors she was."

Twice as many French marriages took place in 1920 as in 1913, with also a much greater excess of births over deaths than in a long time. But on the other hand there have been thousands of homes broken up because they were unable to stand the strain—the extremely heavy strain—of having husbands, fathers, or sons off in the trenches, year after year, perhaps dead, perhaps alive, while 10,000 soldiers from Tasmania or Manitoba or Montana were crowded into a town already packed with its usual 3,000 natives.

"But your son is a good sort. He'll carry on, yes?" I went on with the father as we came near to the lamp-room at the mine.

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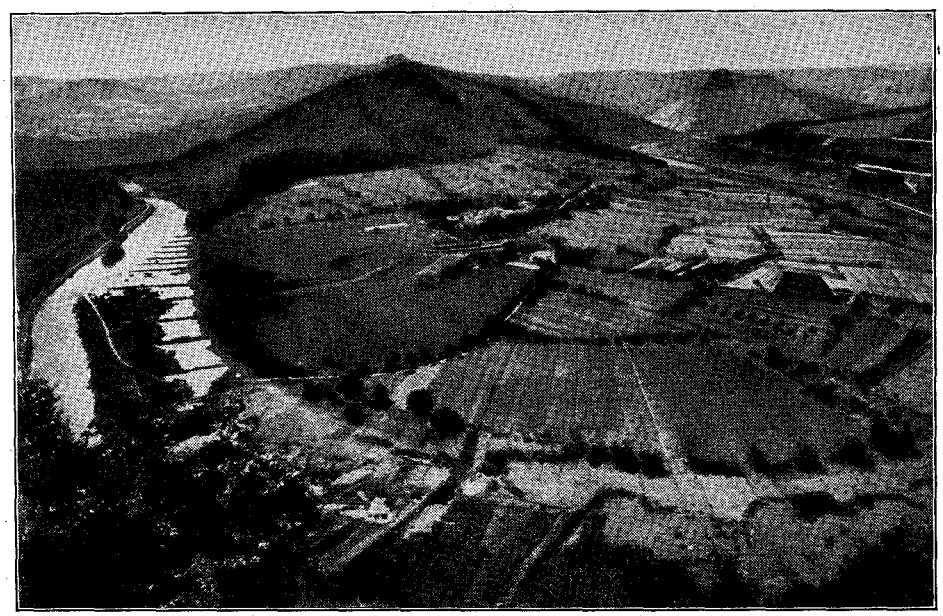

The Saar district contains about 700 square miles with 700,000 inhabitants, including 70,000 miners. The mines have been given to France according to the Versailles Treaty. The district is administered by the League of Nations, which chooses five commissioners, including one from France and one from the Saar.

"I'm afraid not, m'sieu'. Have you not noticed the look in his eye? Is it not the look of a fox, or perhaps a rat? That comes from his spending four years a captive near here. Usually he ate breakfast by pulling his belt—so—and dined by yanking it—*so!* When he secured real food it came mostly by stealing it when his captors were not looking. Bad training that for a boy between the years of twelve and sixteen, very bad, is it not so?"

It has been said that one reason for the recent disturbances in India and Egypt is the loss of tens of thousands of the best of the young manhood of Britain in the early volunteer days of the war. I expect to see difficulties of the same sort when some of the places in the national assemblies of the various European peoples are taken by some of these hundreds of thousands of Europe's children who grew up with nothing nearer childhood than a four years' nightmare. Such as these and the populations they will represent will be difficult bosses for Europe's statesmen—for already in Europe to-day it is the peoples that are the bosses of the statesmen and not the statesmen that are the bosses of the people.

I wish that it were possible to come back from Europe with the conviction that the various, intricate complexes of fears and touchinesses of the different peoples are unreasonable and unjustified. Then the treatment would be easy. But any careful observer is sure to see how deeply rooted they all are in the consciousness of a long and very practical past, with that consciousness made sensitive almost to the explosion-point by a shorter and more recent past full of emotions of the highest conceivable intensity. Nothing is surer than that, under the same circumstances, we here in America would have gone through exactly the same experiences and emotions and come, therefore, into exactly the same attitudes—requiring, consequently, the same careful treatment for our return to normalcy.

To get back to the old normalcy is as impossible for America as for Europe, for both must go back together. The old normalcy is dead and gone. It is not too much to say that the nature of the new normalcy will depend largely upon America's attitude toward the peoples of Europe and toward the hopes and fears behind those elbows in the crowded room.

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"Our committee began to make progress with its job"—so reports the American member of an international group formed during the war for routing the world's wheat supply ships safely past the submarines into the Allied harbors—"only when, finally, each member came to believe that every other member could be trusted to have as disinterested a point of view as himself."

Meanwhile three things appear to me certain:

First, that Europe's workers hate war more deeply than do America's. They know it better. They have been immensely closer to it. They pray harder than we do for ways out of that crowded room which do not call for bayonets, because they see better than we do the difficulty of finding those ways.

Second, Europe's workers see more plainly than we do how footless it is for America to talk of the "mess in Europe," when the same things that make Europe each day smaller and smaller are making the whole world into a smaller and smaller room. The world's present joblessness and the world's increasing "elbow complex"—these make a "world mess"—of world-wide dimensions and of world-wide causes. It calls for world-wide treatment—with America sitting in at Genoa and in every other conference as talker as well as listener—talker and also hoper, because Europe, like the women at Lens, as mentioned in the previous article, is too tired to be a good hoper.

Third, the greatest pressure for the achievement of the world's new normalcy, in terms of the equilibrium of trade between the nations, is the pressure that comes now from the statesmen of Europe who represent the workers. These by the million find themselves jobless in a stalled world. They want work. They exert a vast pressure for it. Of that pressure Lloyd George is just now the chief exponent, partly because America's public opinion does not yet see the connection between our huge unemployment and Europe's huge war losses. Yet from all over America as well as over Britain goes up the—prayer:

"Give us this day our daily—job!"

Nothing is more earnestly to be hoped for—on behalf of those who utter that prayer in either Europe or America—than that America will have that deeper sympathy which is sure to come from a wider knowlege of the reasonableness of the hearts and of the weariness of the hopes of those that utter that prayer "over there."

It is not necessary that we should endeavor, from our seats in our Cis-Atlantic grand-stand, to determine exactly how far Germany is honest or dishonest, repentant or revengeful, or exactly how far France is justified or unjustified in its fear of that cloud upon its eastern horizon. It is immensely more important that we adopt a method, first, for getting a better understanding of the whole huge and vital performance, and then for giving that understanding, with its accompanying sympathy, a larger influence upon the performance.

Perhaps that information could be best gained and that sympathy most practically expressed by our formation at an early date of a "Western Hemisphere League of Nations." After allowing for the saving of the "faces" of the "irreconcilables," during the course of two or three years, this League could quietly amalgamate with the other on terms found mutually agreeable.

Some such programme would appear to be the best that we could do for the saving of Europe and Asia—and the rest of us!

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The Matter with Peter

BY ELIZABETH HERRICK
Author of "After All," "The Unit," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

MRS. ARBUCKLE saw Peter's ailment clearly. She put it to him with a sparkling forefinger.

"The matter with you, Peter, is that you haven't an interest!" And she had prescribed gardening and sent him her own landscape-architect, who, she promised, would "enthuse an Egyptian mummy! If you don't catch fire, Peter, you're only smoking flax, and deserve to be quenched!"

Peter, brooding over his breakfast, appealed through the open casement with an air of suppressed outrage. The lawn at Mount Merry was his pet pride. From his earliest memory it had flowed over its terraces to the sapphire bowl of the lake without a flaw in its shimmering velvet. And here was Gail's architect slashing it up till it looked like a war-garden or a medical chart. By the Lord Harry! Peter would make short work of the idiot! Let Hazlett send the miscreant to him!

In Hazlett's absence Peter's mind continued to run on its grievance—for why the dickens Gail Arbuckle should have sent him this fake gardener except for a joke— But it wasn't a joke. She had been sincerely solicitous to help him retrieve his "indolent peregrination through life."

"Your very soul's indolent, Peter. See if this architect of mine doesn't wake it up shortly and inspire it with something. D. Parke is the *last word* in gardening—and a lot of other things, too!"

Peter laughed acidly. The architect might be the "last word" in gardening, but he was sure of soon hearing *his* last word here! The same instant he felt the fellow's presence behind him.

It is easier, however, to discharge a servitor in anticipation than actually. Peter didn't turn around.

"What, Mr. D. Parke Edgerton, did you conceive that I wanted?" he temporized sarcastically, "—my lawn turned into a community war-garden?" The worst, as he conceived, over, Peter faced around boldly; but the worst was to come. He half rose from his chair and his tawny mane seemed to rise, too, every glittering hair stiffly erect on his startled head, for the man before him——

"By Jove!" he choked, under his breath. "Oh, by the Lord Harry!"

—wasn't a man, after all! And, in the instant of their startled meeting, her dark bright eyes shot a quivering golden dart into his.

"Mr. Peter Wainwright," she rejoined, sweetly but spiritedly, "you might do a lot worse with it!"

Peter wholly rose from his chair, galvanized by the emergence, and achieved a bow. He had sent, he explained, for the architect who had been defacing his lawn and, hearing him enter the room, she came into it quickly.

"You were going to discharge him?"

Peter corroborated emphatically.

"Oh!" breathed the girl blankly, the intense vital light dying out of her face. Peter had a second instant of agony.

"I hope you'll forgive me. I'm a duffer at everything. That's why Mrs. Arbuckle took me in training." With his friend's name came inspiration. "I don't know how I can retrieve myself unless, as Mrs. Arbuckle would suggest, I invite you to breakfast."

The girl hesitated, then sat suddenly down in her chair with the resolution of a business man who means to see his work through. Breakfast took a half-hour, but during it Peter learned a good deal—for one thing, that his whole landscape was wrong. This great sweep of lawn was, to

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the landscapist's eyes, "like a big bare room with nothing but a carpet in it. You couldn't imagine a romance, Mr. Wainwright, on a lawn like that! There's not a spot anywhere on the estate, except in the woods, where you could even think of making love to a pretty girl."

Peter stiffened ridiculously. "I wouldn't think of it anywhere!"

She held up a warning hand. "Wait, Mr. Peter Wainwright, till your foxgloves and lilies are in flower under those trees! Down there, some white night—" She stopped, laughing mischievously.

Peter's stiffness relaxed. It occurred to him illuminatingly that if he were ever to commit the indiscretion she mentioned, it would be because the pretty girl looked like her. Breakfast over, he walked with her to the different plantings. From the view-point of that ardent, exquisite face near his own, their outrageousness vanished. He discerned even a pleasing design. In some of the beds the ground was already starred by spring flowers. Dropping on her knees, she turned up the flower faces tenderly and called each by name. Peter got down beside her and tried to get hold of the names, but the chief thing he got hold of was the beauty of the down-bent face. La Rêve tulips had just the color that throbbed in her cheeks when she looked up from them eagerly. Altogether, it was a wonderful morning. They reached the end of it at the gardener's lodge, which, by Peter's instructions to Hazlett, the architect was occupying.

"I won't ask you to look at the cottage garden to-day—it's your luncheon hour—mine also, Mr. Peter—" She stopped headlong, her lovely color hot in her cheeks. "Oh, I *hope* you'll excuse me! Hazlett and the others always speak of you that way—I've heard it so often!"

"I hope you'll go on calling me so," said Peter magnanimously, "D. Parke—for that's the name I've heard *you* called oftenest."

She laughed, but—

"I *have* to use it," she defended. "Most people wouldn't employ a woman landscape-gardener—if they knew it. Mr. Rollker sees patrons and I make the plans. It's only when we have a big contract like this that I appear on the scene. And I thought—Mrs. Arbuckle said—you were south for the winter and spring."

Peter admitted it. "I returned sooner than I expected. Palm Beach palled, like everything else, after a little."

She gave him a wondering glance, then a slight, scrutinizing frown.

"Oh, that is a pity!" she said and passed through the gate.

Peter went buoyantly home. After the fulness of the morning, the afternoon seemed empty—flat and unprofitable. He strolled the grounds over, hoping to see her again. A young man, presumably Rollker, in a belted suit that wonderfully became his slenderness—Peter was stout—was superintending work near the gates. He walked briskly away before Peter came up. Peter took immediate and unreasoning dislike to him, to his jaunty air, to the cut of his coat, most of all to the cut of his figure. He watched the laborers awhile, then went back to the house, where he read all the cyclopædia articles he could find on landscape-gardening, and fretted the rest of the day because he couldn't find more. "—A library full of books and nothing in them!" he complained, irritably and irrationally, to Hazlett.

The next morning he went to the lodge. He had never noticed it particularly, but to-day its sun-stained gables and hospitable open casements, even its brick garden-wall, breaking out here and there in a foam of white blossoms, impressed him as a setting that became her. Peter visioned her in the garden, the wind ruffling her hair and blowing into her cheeks more of that sweet wild rose in which his eyes delighted. She was in pink, and she had, as in a picture Peter remembered, a basket on her arm, into which she was cutting flowers. Perhaps she would give him one! Peter's heart quickened, sending the flame up to his hair. As he waited for it to die down, her voice rippled over the wall:

"Sonny! Look what you're doing!"

Peter opened the gate. Inside was certainly the most beautiful spring garden his world-jaded eyes had ever rested on. Either side of the path to the door lay broad masses of color—pale yellow, blue, purple, and lavender—but there was one color missing—the pink of her gown.

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And the flower-basket his fancy had pictured was transformed, as by the wand of some malicious witch, into a worse-for-use market-basket which stood in the walk, and from it the objectionable young man in the belted coat was rapidly setting out plants. He was on his knees behind a spiræa, whistling "Tipperary," to the uneasiness of a neighborly cat. The whistle came as close to a right masculine note as the slim belted figure to a right-sized man.

"Poor pussy!" Peter commiserated. And the fellow jumped to his feet. From a sudden tautness of figure he seemed, as yesterday, to purpose flight, then apparently thought better of it. He faced around slowly.

"I—why—you startled me, Mr. Peter!" she said.

But it was Peter who was most startled, whose blush rose to his hair. The glow in her cheeks deepened a trifle, but it was Peter's that flamed. And though she gasped on her first words, Peter stammered speechlessly, his tradition of woman, his inherited conventions, shocked and upset.

She looked on his crimson confusion, and her own consciously deepened. The golden glimmer returned to her eyes. She came from behind the spiræa and looked herself down with a little air of bravado that was yet wholly womanly. Peter looked her down, too, and from the ashes of his ideal rose the new woman—trim, businesslike, capable, with a face modestly sweet as a flower above the hard lines of her garb. Peter's eyes kindled. They swept back to hers with an admiration more disconcerting than their first horrified shock. She spoke hurriedly, while he was gathering himself.

"*You* wouldn't like to try to get about in *skirts* in a lot of shrubbery!"

And Peter realized he wouldn't—that there wasn't a man living who would. He tried to say—though, it looked, to her coat-buttons—that he thought she looked very sensible and nice, but broke defiantly off and lifted his eyes.

"You look entirely all right, D. Parke!" he said heartily.

The unconventional episode brought them together. Peter found himself exploring the garden in a glow of enthusiasm.

"Mrs. Arbuckle will think herself true prophet. D. Parke, she foretold, would enthuse an Egyptian mummy!"

"Are you really a 'dead one'?" Something serious in her scrutiny made Peter sorry he had told her. She didn't seem to see it as the joke that it was.

"I suppose I must be, if you're to revivify me." Again, as at the lodge gate, Peter thought he detected a shade of disappointment in her glance.

"It's a pity!" she commented simply —"with so much to live for!"

"But that's just the trouble. I feel that I've nothing to live for." His gesture weighed his possessions and found them wanting.

That level, measuring glance of hers seemed, Peter was humiliatingly aware, to find *him* wanting.

"Yes, that's the trouble!—and the pity of it!"

"But what have I?" Peter protested —"a lot of money somebody left me and a lot of leisure to do nothing in!"

"Do *something!*" she said, so unexpectedly and forcefully that Peter jumped. He returned to the subject later, having cogitated it meanwhile. She had asked him to lunch—"though not," she had laughed, "in return for your breakfast—only to show you your gardener's cottage. I dare say you've never been in it before."

Peter confessed it—confessed, too, to its charm, contrasting the little kitchen, with its Dutch tiles and white paint, its black-oak buffet and table, with the bleak mahogany homelessness of his dining-room. And its charm was enhanced when, after a brief absence, she returned to it in that gown, adorably pink, he had missed from the garden. It looked suddenly good to Peter to work for a living and to eat in a kitchen. It recurred to him that, with apparently everything to get out of life, he was getting nothing out of it. He groped for the reason. Was—as she had implied and Gail Arbuckle openly charged —the fault with himself? They had prescribed the same remedy—"Do something!"—and Gail had characteristically added, "if it's only to put on your own shoes!" He felt curious to know what D. Parke hadn't added.

"You told me to 'Do something.' You didn't say what."

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She looked up from her salad with a frown of absorption.

"Whatever you think your talents and position fit you for. Everybody born into this world ought to be of some use in it—a rich man most of all. The world has given him everything. It's up to him, isn't it, to give something back?"

Peter had to assent, but—

"What?" he asked her again.

"The best that he has," she said crisply, with a straight look into his eyes.

"But if"—Peter's rueful glance swept his unfruitful years—"he hasn't any 'best'?—if he's mediocre clear through?"

Again she flashed him that glance of disapprobation.

"Then let him get to grubbing like me!"

Once more Peter's traditions were startled, but he brooded the suggestion in the lonely state of his dining-room. The homely charm of the kitchen came back to his eyes. Dreaming over the table, they saw her opposite. . . . He went to the lodge early next morning.

"I've thought over what you said and decided on gardening. I'm a duffer at everything, but I ought to learn something from you."

She laughed, but her soft bright color deepened.

"All right, Mr. Peter! My apprentices begin with the spade. Can you dig?"

Peter said that he could and found that he couldn't. She had to take his spade and show him the way. But the lesson was pleasant because of the occasional contact of her hands with his. Peter acquired, during it, some information about gardening and more about women. Succeeding days increased his knowledge of both. He accumulated, too, personal data. He learned that she was a college classmate of Gail's, that she was alone in the world except for the aunt who had sat through lunch with them and "Sonny," the cat; and that D. didn't stand for Daniel, though he put it to her hopefully. He gathered also some interesting facts about himself. He began to value time and to realize the amount of energy he had hitherto wasted, to come to his work, not only wondering, as at first, if he should see her, but what it was to be and what he could personally put into it. He began to have ideas. But it was on a June evening that inspiration first visited him. It was such a night as D. Parke had foretold, and he was crossing the lawn near the foxglove and lily planting. The perfume of the lilies reached out subtly and drew him. One great gleaming chalice brushed his coat-sleeve as he entered the recess; its fragrance clung to the cloth faintly, ineffably. Peter's strange thrill was followed by stranger longing. The next morning he carried his architect a plan for a similar planting near the cottage. "The moonlight on the lake," he explained, "would heighten the effect."

She looked at him mischievously. Mr. Peter had experienced the white night! Had he fallen in love?

"But a débutante wouldn't go so far from the house by moonlight, would she?" she objected, the golden light glimmering deep in her eyes.

"I'm not planning for débutantes!" Peter retorted, adding boldly, "I might go that far myself!" which was a great change in Peter. Mrs. Arbuckle, running down in her car to get Peter's name and weight for her new Garden Club, discovered another. Instead of demurring, Peter promised both with an alacrity that made his friend open wider her very wide-open blue eyes.

Naturally, as she was D. Parke's classmate, she called at the lodge and, naturally, Peter had to show her the way. They lunched on the rose-trellised porch, the fragrance of a thousand flowers all around, and Peter's head a trifle dizzy with the sweetness. Walking back to her car with Mrs. Arbuckle, he turned on her with an air transparently aggrieved.

"How was I to suppose that D. stood for Daphne?"—for during the lunch chatter he had made this discovery.

"But she's curing you, Peter!" Mrs. Arbuckle triumphed. "I knew what was the matter—I've bored you myself and I *never* bore *any one*. What you needed to make a real man out of a fine fellow that looks like one was an interest—and a woman!"

Peter returned to the lodge that evening. He found Daphne on the porch in the rosy dusk, its glow coloring her exquisitely. She rose to meet him, "Sonny" tucked under her arm, and Peter thought, with elation, that her color rose, too.

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Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"Are you really a 'dead one'?" Something serious in her scrutiny made Peter sorry he had told her.—Page 467.

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"I came," he excused, "to talk up Monday. Gail seems to count on our joining that club. We'll motor to town and lunch at the Kimball. And now that that's settled"—Peter dropped into a chair—"I should have guessed that D. stood for Daphne," he murmured irrelevantly. "It sounds so like a flower!"

Even under the afterglow, he could see her cheeks flame, but—

"*You* thought it stood for Daniel!" she reminded him archly, which led to his asking how much Gail had told her about *him*. He was relieved and disappointed that Gail had told her nothing except that he was a rich man who needed a lot of improvements.

"But I've been thinking since I came to know you"—she regarded him with candid intentness—"that perhaps she meant inner improvements as well!"

Peter winced but swallowed the pill.

"That's all right, D. Parke. I wanted to know what you thought."

She regarded him with a smile very warm in its friendliness.

"Well, I think you're making some of them, still—there's a good deal more to be done!"

She didn't go on, and Peter's moral courage fell short of asking her what. But a day or so later he explained ingeniously his promise of a paper on landscaping for the next Garden Club meeting.

"I thought you would want to continue your improvements!" which showed he had digested the lesson.

Daphne, tempted at first to refuse to help him, the next minute consented—not to put him in a bad light with the club! Besides, as he urged, any one that knew all about landscaping shouldn't have difficulty doping out a few pages about it. Nevertheless, his paper took a long time writing. At his suggestion it was achieved evenings in his library where there was "everything handy." Lounged in a big leather chair, Peter watched the girl as she studied and wrote, interrupting her constantly with suggestions relevant and irrelevant, to the great consumption of time, which was his chief object. He liked to see her sitting opposite; she gave a look of home to his house. Her vivid presence seemed to light the room more than its lamps. When she left, it went dim. And it seemed that all light was extinguished after her going the night the paper was finished, for she mentioned as curiously coincident that the paper and her work on the estate were finished together. The big room looked as blank and unlighted as the heart Peter brought back to it—a place of insupportable gloom—of impossible occupation. He shut up the room, but the heart he had to take with him. All night he lay sleepless, staring into its emptiness. With morning an idea came to him.

"Can't you," he suggested, "think of something else that wants doing here?"

The golden glimmer shone on him again.

"Not unless you can think of something I've overlooked, Mr. Peter."

But it wasn't till the Garden Club meeting that Peter thought of anything. A woman member was telling of the gradual extinction of some species of wild flowers and urging club members to scatter seeds along roadsides, when Peter's idea came. After reading his own paper, he took up her thread. He told what he purposed to do in his woods, speaking his own words with astonishing fervor and fluency. He painted acres of bluebells and anemones, of harebells and primroses. Columbines, foxgloves, and wild asters, polemoniums and wood-hyacinths went into his woodscape. He sat down in a storm of applause.

Daphne said nothing until just as they reached home. She drew a wistful breath and looked deep into the woods.

"I'd love to do it, but—it would cost a fortune and it would take all summer and fall!"

"That's what I want!" Peter said eagerly, then caught her blush and fell consciously silent.

They tramped through the woods that afternoon, up hill, down dale, through a natural wonderland.

Daphne, noting the thousands of each species to be used in the planting, closed her order-book and drew rapturous breath. Her beautiful color pulsed in her cheeks. The golden sparkles Peter loved came and went in her eyes.

"Oh, it is lovely. It is what I've always wanted to do somewhere." She looked at him wistfully. "It's strange it should be one of your dreams, too!"

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"I had to think of *something!*" Peter confessed. And again they both flushed and fell silent. Cruising back over the lake by moonlight—again it was a white night—Peter recalled his plan for the foxglove and lily planting, and pointed out the spot for it—a moonlit dell opening down to the shore. Once more—and decisively—Daphne negatived the suggestion.

"It is much too near your gardener's cottage, Mr. Peter. Don't plan trysting-places for your employees—if you want your work done!"

There was a covert threat in the words, under which Peter smarted. It sounded as if, despite those improvements he'd been making, he wasn't man enough yet for her liking. He had contrived to keep her here, but she had given him to understand, unmistakably, that she stayed only on terms of business relations. He felt defeated in the instant of victory, and went home gloomily wondering what sort of man would measure up to her ideal. Again the Garden Club gave him a hint that was useful. Peter's report of his woodscaping fell humiliatingly flat, while a member who had converted his rose-beds into a war-garden of parsnips and carrots was cheered to the echo. Even D. Parke applauded, her lovely face aglow.

"—Though what you, a landscape-architect," the aggrieved Peter reproached, as his car ran through his gates, "saw in that fellow's rooting up roses to plant carrots——!"

She gave him a glance of disappointed surprise.

"Good citizenship!" she said warmly. Instantly her retort at their first meeting recurred to him. He "might do a lot worse" with his lawn than turn it into a war-garden. His eyes fared over its wide sweep, relieved now by gracious plantings, then back to her face, still bright with enthusiasm, and felt he had done worse. This pleasure-garden she had planted for him seemed, all at once, the measure of his smallness. Not only had he wasted thousands in his country's time of need—he had wasted space and time. No wonder that, though she did his work, she didn't respect him. He was a poor citizen, a poor patriot, a small fellow all round. He swept his hand over the landscape.

"I suppose you think I'm a waster!"

Her eyes, which had followed his with an artist's joy in the wonder-work of her hands, came back, shining.

"No, Mr. Peter—only that you haven't learned how to spend!"

When he came to her that evening, she felt a change in him. There had come a firmness into his big masculinity; self-confidence sounded in his step; he sat down with a restive energy that denoted powerful forces at work.

"I begin to see what you mean—we rich men have a chance to-day that may never come to us again. We've all of us bought Liberty Bonds, turned our rose-beds into kitchen-gardens, and indulged in a lot of spectacular patriotism, but the thing it seems to me would help most—that would help right here at home—is to plant our estates to food-crops, and establish a chain of markets to sell our produce direct to our big middle class, that's hung up between charity and the high prices. I believe 'twould knock the bottom out of the profiteering that's going on all over. Of course there'd be squeals—some of the dealers and farmers would claim the millionaires were cutting their throats—but"—Peter's lips tightened grimly—"some of them ought to be cut! You wouldn't hear any squeal from the people that aren't getting enough of the right kind of food because they can't pay for it. Now, the way to put through a project is to set the ball rolling, so I'm going to plough up this place and put it to the right sort of use."

Peter paused expectantly. He saw the anticipated glow sweep over her face, respect dawn in her eyes, but he saw in them, too, inexplicably, disturbingly, a quick brightness like tears. She said nothing at once, but sat with tense hands clasped together—then:

"Do you intend to plough up everything, Mr. Peter?"

"Everything!" Peter's grand renunciatory gesture seemed to sweep the estate.

Again that glitter like tears. She held her red underlip an instant under her teeth before it broke away in a smile.

"That looks rather a big contract, Mr. Peter, but you seem to have thought it all out!" Then, disappointingly to Peter, she led the talk to the war.

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He contrived to get back to his subject, though, just as he was leaving. "—So, if you'll set your men to work digging up what we've planted——"

"Oh, I *couldn't* do *that!*" Her voice seemed to shrink. But she recovered poise instantly. "Very well, Mr. Peter!" And Peter departed, in the glow of high purpose.

He was up at dawn scouring the country for ploughmen. It was past ten when he got around to the lodge. As he approached the house, a strangeness about it obsessed him. It seemed to look down on him blankly over its wall. Picking his way between packing-boxes on the porch, he discerned what he missed. The curtains of sheer, snowy muslin were down from the windows. The door was open. He went through it into the living-room. It looked stripped—denuded—a thing of bare walls and stiff haircloth upholstery. The home touches—the warm-colored cretonnes, the pictures and books, her work-table—were missing. Her desk peeped through the slats of a crate. Peter stood, consternation-struck, on the threshold. Daphne's flushed face lifted from over a trunk.

"Oh! Mr. Peter!" And she turned defensively, putting up her hands to brush back from her face the shining, tumbled hair.

It wasn't a cordial invitation, but Peter came on into the room, his glance wavering uncertainly.

"It looks like an exodus, but I don't know if I know what it means."

She flashed him a smile, then—a wavering, uncertain thing glimmering over her seriousness.

"It means you need a farmer now, Mr. Peter—not a landscape-architect!"

Peter weakened under the blow. Blundering fool!—he had driven her from him!

"But you can't go!" he protested unsteadily. "Don't you see—I can't *let* you?" His miserable eyes yearned on her face. Through the open window the garden background blurred suddenly. Against it Peter saw clearly the one flower he couldn't miss from his landscape—exquisite, glowing. "How do you think I—your garden can go on growing without you?"

She shook her head, but a glimmer under her dropped lashes reassured him a little.

"It's not my garden—it's yours, Mr. Peter. Besides, you're going to plough it up!" The glimmer went out. She looked at him sombrely: "It doesn't matter, Mr. Peter. I shouldn't have been here much longer anyway—only till I finished the woods."

Peter jumped at the word. "That's just it—the woods! You *can't* go, you know. You contracted to plant that woodland and you've got to plant it. When I said I was going to plough up everything, I meant all available land—not woods. And you didn't think, did you, I'd plough up *this* garden? So"—Peter sat down triumphantly—"don't you think, Daphne, you'd better unpack?"

Daphne unpacked, a deepened bloom in her cheeks, a golden sheen in her eyes, still there when Peter found her, an hour later, pluckily superintending the destruction. Her men were digging up the plants from the lawn and heaping them to be burned. Peter saw Daphne stoop over, with a lovely instinctive movement of protection, as some flowering favorite was flung on the pile.

"Save it, if you want to," he said solicitously. "Put it into your garden! Take all you want."

But she made a renunciatory gesture, in her smile a strange shining of pride.

"No. I want my 'bit share' in this big work of yours." For the first time Peter saw himself, with elation, a man in her eyes. Going jubilantly to lunch, he poured out his repressed spirits on Hazlett.

"Hazlett, I begin to feel like a man!"

"Yes, sir! That's how you've always looked, sir!" said Hazlett respectfully.

Peter's war-garden throve. Pictures of it got into the papers, with an exposition of Peter's ideas. Pictures also appeared of the lodge-garden and woods, reserved "for the use of Mrs. Wainwright, a lover of flowers."

"I shouldn't wonder if they were!" Peter admitted, when Mrs. Arbuckle showed him the "feature."

"Of course! I'm glad you've discovered it." She leaned over the newspaper and fixed friendlily inquisitive eyes

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Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"It means you need a farmer now, Mr. Peter—not a landscape-architect!"—Page 472.

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on his. "Why don't you ask her, Peter?" she put confidentially. Peter shook his head dubiously.

"Some time, perhaps—but I've a lot of inside improvements to make!"

Mrs. Arbuckle looked at him blankly. "Good gracious! What's the matter with your house, Peter? Is Daphne going in for real architecture?"

Peter offered her a cigarette and took one himself.

"Real architecture!" he repeated contemplatively. "I think you might call it that. She doesn't find my style sufficiently imposing."

Mrs. Arbuckle stared, then laughed and tapped his sleeve with a glittering finger. "Build bigger, Peter!" she counselled. "You've got the materials." And Peter turned her advice in his heart.

The summer flew. From the idlest of rich men Peter became the busiest. What with growing and harvesting, the co-operative markets already established in the nearest cities, the Garden and Civic Clubs, the new Liberty Loan Committee, all of which seemed suddenly to discover Peter to be their most indispensable member, he hardly saw Daphne, but he could see, evenings, the lights shining across his grain-fields from the lodge's windows and warm his heart with her nearness. All the time he felt that he was building bigger and bringing nearer the day when he would dare Mrs. Arbuckle's advice.

The morning of the departure of the Second Regiment for camp, Peter took Daphne and her aunt into town. The front of Peter's great building was gay with silk flags and bunting; the co-operative store showed a wonderful "war-window;" Peter's car, standing in front, flew the national colors. Daphne's eyes glowed with enthusiasm. Peter, sitting beside her, felt sudden pride in himself as one of those "solid citizens" looked to by the government to shoulder the financial burden of war. But when the national air crashed on his ear and the khaki-clad men swung into view, what Peter had done looked suddenly trivial. All he had called patriotism in himself seemed to ring false, like spurious metal. The government had asked for men, and Peter had taken up gardening—a poor substitute for his healthy young body. It was a good deal like the thousand yards of bunting he had flung to the breeze—a spectacular patriotism. By the supreme sacrifice these splendid fellows were making, Peter saw that he "owed the world" nothing less than himself. He cast a quick glance at Daphne. Her eyes were following the brown khaki stream that flowed through the street, the exaltation in them exultation, for they were men of her race! The last khaki-clad man passed and the crowd closed in behind. The blare of the band died away up the street.

"That's the right kind of spending!" Peter said quietly. She nodded without speaking, but the glance she gave him was brimming with tears. He intended going to her after lunch to talk this thing over, but after lunch a deeper conviction of himself as a "slacker" depressed him. He saw why he hadn't won her respect—he had done nothing to earn even his own! He shut himself into his library and had it out with the man Peter. About four he emerged and ordered his car. As he passed around the end of the lake, the lodge came into view. He saw the flutter of Daphne's pale-yellow gown on the porch. She stood leaning against a post, a book in her hand. Peter wondered a little—during business hours she was always busy somewhere about the estate. He hoped this unusual leisure didn't mean she had finished his woods—not that it could make any real difference now, only he would like to feel she was still there in the lodge, and that her lights were shining out nights over his grain-fields.

Daphne hadn't finished the woods. But the military pageant of the morning, in uplifting her heart, had left it out of tune with the peaceful business of life. Instead of resuming work, she put on her prettiest gown and sat on her porch and read first a war-story, then a love-story.

"I suppose I read the war-story because of the regiment this morning," she mused, but she didn't confide in herself why she had read the love-story, though the rose in her cheeks throbbed irrelevantly a minute. "I wonder," she immediately added, "if Mr. Peter meant what he said—that that was the right way to spend?"

She rose, the book in her hand, and

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stood looking over the lake, her eyes full of dreams. The chance was so big!—all this splendid possibility—so far as the eye could reach stretched the demesne of Peter; all the vast unused, untried capacity of Peter himself. Across her vision, into the sunlit interval at the end of the lake, flashed Peter's car. Behind the liveried chauffeur lounged Peter's big figure. The car shot into the woods. Daphne looked after it sombrely.

"If he only believed it!" she said wistfully and returned to the war-story—for Peter didn't love the high things of the soul well enough yet to love her as a man must love her to win her!

She returned to the porch after supper and sat in the sunset, its red light flushing her primrose gown and glittering hair. Slowly her eyes traversed the sun's trail over the lake to the road where she had glimpsed Peter, and waited there with a curious expectancy till the click of the lodge gate brought them back. A soldier in khaki had entered the garden. The red light, slanting in through the gate, shed round his uniform a halo like glory. He stood at salute, the glow on his handsome strong face—all the weakness and heaviness gone out of it—the face of a reconstructed Peter, built anew from his foundations on stronger, finer lines—the face, she recognized, with a keen thrill, half joy, half fear, of her ideal man.

She ran down the steps to meet him, both hands outstretched in an instinctive gesture that seemed to hold him while it bade him Godspeed.

"Don't go! Yes, go!—Peter!" she cried, womanly.

Old Plays and New Playgoers

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

EVERY dramatist is of necessity subdued to what he works for—the playgoers of his own generation in his own country. Their approval is what he has to win first of all; and if they render a verdict against him he has no appeal to posterity. It is a matter of record that a play which failed to please the public in its author's lifetime never succeeded later in establishing itself on the stage. Partisans may prate about the dramatic power of the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon," but when it is—as it has been half-a-dozen times—galvanized into a semblance of life for a night or a fortnight, it falls prone in the playhouse, as dead as it was when Macready first officiated at its funeral. Even the "Misanthrope," mightiest of Molière's comedies and worthy of all the acclaim it has received, was not an outstanding triumph when its author impersonated Alceste and it has rarely rewarded the efforts of the succession of accomplished actors who have tried to follow the footsteps of the master; it is praised, it is admired, but it does not attract us to the theatre because it does not give as abundantly the special pleasure that only the theatre can bestow as do "Tartuffe" and the "Femmes Savantes" and half-a-score of Molière's lighter and less ambitious pieces, supported by stories more satisfactory than that of the "Misanthrope."

The playwright who is merely a clever craftsman of the stage has no higher aim than to win the suffrages of his contemporaries. He knows what they want—for he is one of them—and he gives them what they want, no more and no less. He does not put himself into his plays; and perhaps his plays would be little better if he did. He is strenuously and insistently up to date, as the phrase is; and as a result he is soon out of date. He writes to be in the fashion; and the more completely he portrays the fleeting modes of the moment, the more swiftly must he fall out of fashion. The taste

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of the day is never the taste of after days; and the journalist-dramatist buys his evanescent popularity at a price. Who now is so poor as to pay reverence to Kotzebue and to Scribe, who once had all the managers at their feet? No maker of plays, not Lope de Vega or Dumas—Alexander the Great—was more fertile than Scribe in the invention of effective situations, none was ever more dextrous in the knotting and unknotting of plots, grave and gay. But his fertility and his dexterity have availed him little. He wrote for his own time, not for all time. What sprang up in the morning of his career and bloomed brightly in the sunshine, was by nightfall drooping and withered and desiccated.

The comic dramatists of the Restoration had perforce to gratify the lewd likings of vicious spectators who wanted to see themselves on the stage even more vicious than they were. Congreve and Wycherly put into their comedies what their contemporaries relished, a game flavor that stank in the nostrils of all decent folk. The Puritan shrank with horror from the picture in which the Impuritan recognized his own image. So it was that a scant hundred years after they had insulted the moral sense which, like Truth, though "crushed to earth will rise again; the eternal years of God are hers," they were swept from the stage. What had delighted under Charles II, disgusted under George IV.

Even the frequent attempt to deodorize them failed, for as Sheridan said—and he knew by experience since he had made his "Trip to Scarborough" out of the "Relapse"—the Restoration comedies were "like horses; you rob them of their vice and you rob them of their vigor." Charles Lamb, who had a whimsical predilection for them admitted that they were "quite extinct on our stage." Congreve's pistol no longer discharged its steel bullets; and Wycherly no longer knocked his victims down with the butt of his gun. Yet they died hard; I am old enough to have seen Daly's company in the "Trip to Scarborough" and the "Recruiting Officer," in the "Inconstant," in "She Would and She Would Not," and the "Country Girl" (Garrick's skilful cleansing of Wycherly's unspeakable "Country Wife")—all of which reappeared because they had appealing plots, amusing situations, and lively characters and because they did not portray the immorals of the days of Nell Gwyn.

Yet when an adroit playwright who seeks to please the public of his own time by the representation of its manners, happens to be also a creative artist, enamoured of life, he is sometimes able so to vitalize his satire of a passing vogue that it has abiding vigor. This is what Molière did when he made fun of the "Précieuses Ridicules." Even when he was writing this cleverest of skits, the coterie which had clustered around Madame de Rambouillet was disintegrating and would have disappeared without his bold blows. But affectation is undying; it assumes new shapes; it is always a tempting target; and Molière, by the magic of his genius, transcended his immediate purpose. He composed a satire on one special manifestation of pretense which survives after two centuries and a half as an adequate satire of all later manifestations. The Précieuses in Paris have long since been gathered to their mothers; so have the Aesthetes across the channel in London; and soon they will be followed to the grave by the Little Groups of Serious Thinkers who are to-day settling the problems of the cosmos by the aid of empty phrases. No one sees the "Précieuses Ridicules" to-day without recognizing that it is almost as fresh as it was when Madame de Rambouillet enjoyed it.

The man of genius is able to please his own generation by his depiction of its foibles and yet to put into his work the permanent qualities which make it pleasing to the generations that come after him. The trick may not be easy, but it can be turned. How it shall be done, —well, that is one of the secrets of genius.

In the case of the "Précieuses Ridicules" we can see that Molière framed a plot for his lively little piece that is perennially pleasing, a plot which only a little modified was to support two popular successes nearly two centuries later,—the "Ruy Blas" of Victor Hugo and the "Lady of Lyons" of Bulwer-Lytton. He tinged his dialogue with just enough time-

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liness to hit the taste of the town in 1658; and he did not so surcharge it as to fatigue the playgoers of Paris in 1921.

II

THE likings of the groundlings who stood in the yard of the Globe Theatre when Shakspere began to write plays were coarser and grosser than those of the burghers whom Molière had to attract to the Petit-Bourbon; and unfortunately Shakspere in his earlier efforts was not as cautious as Molière. In the Falstaff plays, for example, the fat knight is as alive to-day as when Elizabeth is fabled to have expressed the wish to have him shown in love. But the talk of his companions, Nym and Pistol, is too thickly bespangled with the tricks of speech of Elizabethan London to interest American and British theatregoers three hundred years later. There is but a faded appeal in topical allusions which need to be explained before they are appreciated and even before they are understood; and in the playhouse itself footnotes are impossible.

In his earliest pieces, written during his arduous apprenticeship to the craft of playmaking, when he was not yet sure of his footing in the theatre, Shakspere had to provide parts for a pair of popular fun-makers,—Will Kempe and another as yet unidentified. They were lusty and robust comedians, accustomed to set the house in a roar as soon as they showed their cheerful faces. They created the two Dromios, the two Gobbos, Launce and Speed, Costard and Dull; and it is idle to deny that not a little of the talk that Shakspere put in their mouths is no longer laughter-provoking; it is not only too topical, too deliberately Tudor, it is also too mechanical in its effort at humor to move us to mirth to-day. Their merry jests,—Heaven save the mark!—are not lifted above the level of the patter of the "sidewalk comedians" of our variety-shows. They are frankly clowns; and Shakspere has set down for them what the groundlings expected them to utter, only little better than the rough repartee and vigorous innuendo and obvious pun which they would have provided for themselves if they had been free to do as they were wont to do. What he gives them to say is rarely the utterance of the characters they were supposed to be interpreting; and this is because the two Dromios are parts only, are not true characters, and are scarcely to be accepted even as types.

A difference of taste in jests, so George Eliot declared, is "a great strain on the affections;" and it would be insulting to the creator of Bottom and Falstaff to pretend that we have any affectionate regard for Costard and Dull, for Launce and Speed. It is only when Shakspere was coming to the end of his apprenticeship that he found out how to utilize the talents of Kempe and of Kempe's unknown comrade in comedy, in parts which, without ceasing to be adjusted to their personalities, were also accusable characters, Dogberry and Touchstone. But when we come to Touchstone we are forced to perceive that Shakspere was the child of his own age even when he refrains from echoing its catchwords. He is cleaner than the majority of his rivals, but he was near enough to Rabelais to be frank of speech. On occasion he can be of the earth, earthy. He bestows upon Touchstone a humor which is at times Rabelaisian in its breadth, in its outspoken plainness of speech, assured of the guffaws of the riffraff and rabble of a Tudor seaport, but a little too frank for the descendants of the Puritans on either side of the Atlantic to-day. Nearly fifty years ago when Harry Beckett was rehearsing in "As You Like It" for one of the infrequent Shaksperian revivals that Lester Wallack ventured to make, he told me sorrowfully that his part had been sadly shorn, some of Touchstone's best lines having been sacrificed in deference to the increasing squeamishness of American audiences.

These accessory comic parts are not alone in their readjustment to the modifying moods of a later age. The point of view changes with every generation, and with every change a character is likely to be seen from a different angle. No dramatist, whatever his genius, can foresee the future and forecast the fate of his creatures. The centuries follow one another in orderly procession, and they are increasingly unlike. Moreover the

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dramatist of genius, by the very fact that he is a genius, is forever building better than he knew. He may put a character into a play for a special purpose; and after a century or two that character will loom larger than its creator dreamed and will stand forward, refusing to keep the subordinate place for which it was expressly designed. We listen to the lines he utters and we read into them meanings which the author could not have intended, but which, none the less, are there to be read by us.

We may even accept as tragic a figure whom the playwright expected to be received as comic and who was so received by the audience for which the playwright wrote. Sometimes this is a betrayal of his purpose, as it is when aspiring French actors have seen fit to represent the Figaro of Beaumarchais (in the "Marriage of Figaro," not in the "Barber of Seville") as the violent and virulent precursor of the French Revolution; or as it is when the same French actors insist on making the Georges Dandin of Molière a subject for pity, tear-compelling rather than laughter-provoking.

It is not a betrayal, however, rather is it a transfiguration, when the Shylock of Shakspere is made to arouse our sympathy. I make no doubt that Shakspere projected Shylock as a comic villain, at whom he intended the spectators to laugh even if they also shuddered because of his bloodthirstiness. Yet by sheer stress of genius this sinister creature, grotesque as he may be, is drawn with such compelling veracity that we cannot but feel for him. We are shocked by the insulting jeers of Gratiano at the moment of his discomfiture. We are glad that his plot against Antonio has failed; none the less do we feel that he has been miserably tricked; we are almost ready to resent the way in which the cards have been stacked against him.

To any one who has familiarized himself with the attitude of Elizabethan playgoers toward usurers and toward the Jews, it is evident that Shakspere intended the "Merchant of Venice" to be a Portia play; its action begins at Belmont and ends at Belmont; and Shylock is absent from the final act. In spite of this intent of the author, the "Merchant of Venice" has become in our eyes a Shylock play. In fact, Macready more than threescore years ago used to appear in a three-act version which ended with the trial scene,—a most inartistic perversion of the comedy. After all, the "Merchant of Venice" *is* a comedy, even if its love-story is sustained and stiffened by a terrible underplot. Plainly Shakspere created the abhorrent Shylock that the lovely Portia could cleverly circumvent him, and score off him, and put him to shame. His hardness of heart was to make more refulgent her brightness of soul. Shylock was set up to be scorned and hated and derided; he is a vindictive money-lender, insisting on a horrible penalty; no one in the play has a good word for him or a kindly thought; his servant detests him and his daughter has no natural affection for him.

When all is said we cannot but feel that Shakspere in his treatment of Shylock displays a callousness not uncommon in Elizabethan England. And yet—and yet Shakspere is true to his genius; he endows Shylock with life. The Jew stands before us and speaks for himself; and we feel that we understand him better than the genius who made him. Our sympathy goes out to him; and, although we do not wish the play to end otherwise than it does, we are almost ready to regard him as the victim of a miscarriage of justice, guilty though he is. Ellen Terry quotes from a letter of Henry Irving a significant confession:—"Shylock is a ferocity, I know—but I cannot play him that way!" Why couldn't he? It was because the nineteenth century was not the sixteenth, because Victorian audiences were not Elizabethan, because the peoples who have English for their mother-tongue are less callous and more civilized than their forebears of three hundred years ago.

III

WHILE it is more than three hundred years since Shakspere wrote the "Merchant of Venice," it is less than a hundred and fifty since Sheridan wrote the "School for Scandal." The gap that yawns between us and Sheridan is not so wide or so deep as the gulf that divides us from Shakspere; but it is obvious enough.

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Even a hundred years ago Charles Lamb declared that the audiences of his time were becoming more and more unlike those of Sheridan's day, and that this increasing unlikeness was forcing the actors to modify their methods, a little against their wills. Sheridan's two brilliant comedies continue to delight us by their solidity of structure, their vigor of characterization and their insistent sparkle of dialogue. In the "Rivals" Sheridan is following in the footsteps of his fellow Irishman, Farquhar, and in the "School for Scandal" he is matching himself against Congreve. In both he was carrying on the tradition of Restoration comedy, with its cold-heartedness, its hard glitter, its delineation of modes rather than morals. It is perhaps too much to assert that most of his characters are unfeeling; but it is not too much to say that they are regardless of the feelings of others, perhaps because their own emotions are only skin-deep.

It is true that in the "Rivals" Sheridan threw a sop to the admirers of Sentimental Comedy and introduced a couple of high-strung and weepful lovers, Falkland and Julia, who are forever sentimentalizing. But this precious pair have been found so uninteresting that in most of the later performances of the "Rivals" —all too infrequent, alas!—they have been omitted altogether or disgraced by relegation to the background.

The vogue of Sentimental Comedy was waning when Sheridan wrote and it disappeared before he died, yet the playgoers of London and of New York were becoming more tender-hearted than their ancestors who had delighted in the metallic harshness of character-delineation customary in Restoration comedy. They were beginning to look for characters with whom they could sympathize and to desire the villains to remain consistent in their villainy. They were unwilling to remain in what Lamb termed "the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns." Lamb called the "School for Scandal" incongruous in that it is "a mixture of sentimental incompatibilities," Charles Surface being "a pleasant reality" while Joseph Surface was "a no less pleasant poetical foil to it."

The original performer of Joseph was John Palmer; and Lamb asserted that it required his consummate art "to reconcile the discordant elements." Then the critic suggested, and this was a century ago, that "a player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to unrealize, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from the spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other as the deathbeds of those geniuses are contrasted in the prints."

A little later in the same essay—the incomparable analysis of "Artificial Comedy"—Lamb pointed out that "Charles must be loved and Joseph hated," adding that "to balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings (while King played it) were evidently as much played off at you as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage,—he must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury,—a person toward whom duties are to be acknowledged,—the genuine crim. con. antagonist of the villainous seducer Joseph. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life,—must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbor or old friend."

I cannot count the number of occasions when I have enjoyed the performance of the "School for Scandal,"—but they must amount to a score at the least. I recall most clearly John Gilbert's Sir Peter; and I can testify that he had preserved the tradition of King. He was the fretful old bachelor bridegroom, who, when the screen fell and discovered Lady Teazle in the library of Joseph Surface, was wounded not in his heart but in his vanity. He preserved the comic idea, as Sheridan had designed. But John Gilbert was the only Sir Peter I can recall who was able to achieve this histrionic feat.

Of all the many Lady Teazles it has been my good fortune to see, Fanny

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Davenport stands out most sharply in my memory,—perhaps because she was the first I had ever beheld and perhaps because she was then in the springtime of her buoyant beauty. Certainly when the screen fell she was a lovely picture, like Niobe all tears. Her repentance was sincere beyond all question. She renounced the comic idea, which is that Lady Teazle has been caught in a compromising situation by the elderly husband with whom she is in the habit of quarrelling. Fanny Davenport saw only the pathos of the situation; and she made us see it, and feel it, and feel for her, and hope that her impossible husband would accept her honest explanation,—the explanation which indeed he would have to accept since we as eye-witnesses are ready to testify that it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

But this rendering of the part is discomposing to the comic idea; and it forces a modification of method upon the actor of Charles Surface. It is in deference to the comic idea that when the screen falls Sheridan made Charles see the humor of the situation and only the humor of it. He is called upon to chaff Sir Peter and Lady Teazle and Joseph, one after the other. If the actor speaks these lines with due regard to the comic idea which created Sir Peter as a peevish old bachelor bridegroom and Lady Teazle as a frivolous woman of fashion, and if the actor of Sir Peter and the actress of Lady Teazle take the situation not only seriously but pathetically, as they would in a twentieth-century problem-play, then Charles's speech is heartless and almost brutal. Now Charles is a character as sympathetic to the audience in his way as Lady Teazle is in hers. Charles is to be loved as Joseph is to be hated. And so the impersonator of Charles is compelled to modify his method, to transpose his lines and to recognize that the robust raillery natural to him and appropriate to the predicament must be toned down in deference to our more delicate susceptibilities.

He laughs at Sir Peter first; and then he turns to Joseph, who is fair game and whom the spectators are glad to see held up to scorn. He says "you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide-and-seek and I don't see who is out of the secret." With this he turns to Lady Teazle and asks, "Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me?" So saying, he looks at her and, perceiving that she is standing silent and ashamed, with downcast eyes, he makes her a bow of apology for his levity. Finally, with another thrust at his brother, the unmasked hypocrite, he takes his departure airily, leaving them face to face. If the comic idea suffers from this departure from the intent of the comic dramatist, it must find what consolation it can in its sense of humor.

IV

A LARGE share of the success of even the masterpieces of the drama, comic and tragic, is due to the coincidence of its theme and its treatment with the desires, the opinions, and the prejudices of the contemporary audiences for whose pleasure it was originally planned. But the play, comic or tragic, as the case may be, can survive through the ages, as the "Merchant of Venice" and the "School for Scandal" have survived, only if this compliance has not been subservient, if the play has the solidity of structure and the universality of topic which will win it a welcome after its author is dead and gone. What is contemporary is three parts temporary and what is up-to-date is certain soon to be out-of-date. Nevertheless it is always the audience of his own time and of his own place that the playwright has to please, first of all; and if their verdict is against him he has lost his case. Plays have their fates no less than books; and the dispensers thereof are the spectators assembled in the playhouse. The dramatist who ignores this fact, or who is ignorant of it, does so at his peril. As Lowell once put it with his wonted pungency, "the pressure of public opinion is like the pressure of the atmosphere; you cannot see it, but it is sixteen pounds to the square inch all the same."

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The Gallows-Tree

BY SHAW DESMOND
Author of "Democracy," "Passion," "Gods," etc.

THE country was "up," and the people were dying by famine, the bullet, and the noose. There was not a hillside which had not its gutted cabin, nor a valley where the scaldy crows did not gorge themselves on their horrid food.

It was the year of the great rebellion.

The shadows lengthened in the courthouse as the autumn day drew to its close, and ever as they lengthened the noose tightened around the throat of Michael Quinlan.

There he stood in the dock, a tall, forbidding-looking young man, with blue-black hair and straight brows, drawn frowningly over the eyes that burned in his head like coals of fire. On the bench there was a splash of scarlet which loomed threateningly athwart the shadows. Another patch of color near the prisoner showed where a file of English redcoats guarded the dock. A great silence hung over the crowded court, as the trial entered on its final stage.

The evidence had all been against him. The body of Major Haslam had been found in the Gurteen fall of the Blackwater, the throat savagely hacked. Quinlan had been seen in the company of the murdered man just before his death, and the last link in the chain of evidence had been completed by the blood-stained knife which had been found on him when arrested, to which, curiously enough, was tied a lock of woman's hair. True that he stoutly denied his guilt; nor was any motive evident, as he had no quarrel with the major, whose body when found retained its valuables. But he could not account for his movements on the day in question.

Not, indeed, that in '98 they were very particular about evidence. Examples had to be made, and the gallows-tree hung rotten with its fruit.

The prisoner's counsel had resumed his seat with the air of a man who knows that he pleads a hopeless cause. The crown prosecutor had done his work effectively, and there remained nothing further but the summing up and the sentence.

Crouching near the prisoner, rocking herself slowly to and fro, her head in her hands, was a young girl. As she raised her head to look at her lover she revealed a face of a strange beauty, her blue eyes in strong contrast to the pallor of her face. By her side sat an old woman whose hair writhed round her face like a nest of snakes.

The judge commenced his summing up. In even, passionless tones he reviewed the case. Resistlessly, the words were ground from his lips, as though he were speaking of something in which he had no concern.

"Prisoner at the bar, if you have anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you, now is the time to speak."

Michael Quinlan looked steadily at the judge, then around the court until his gaze rested on the girl who sat near him.

"You give me leave to speak, and I will speak, though they are my last words on earth. You are hanging an innocent man—but never fear, you will do what you are sent to do, for you are paid for it. Sure, isn't murder your trade and hanging your business? All around the country are the signs of your bloody work, and of those whom you stand for—burned cabins, gallows-trees, outraged women. If Haslam was killed, he got no more than he deserved; but I swear, as God and His blessed saints are my witnesses, that I had no hand in it. Guilty or innocent, it makes no difference. The gallows must have meat, and you are the butcher who supplies it. Do your dirty work and be damned to you."

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The judge listened with impassive face, and, as the prisoner concluded, he took the black cap in his hands before pronouncing the death sentence, when a shriek cut the stillness.

"O God! don't send him to his death. O Michael, Michael—they dare not touch you—they shall not touch you!"

The girl had risen and stood with her hooded cloak thrown back from her shoulders, her hands clenched despairingly, her eyes staring wildly.

She was forced back by two soldiers, and the judge went on as though nothing had happened.

"It is the sentence of the court, Michael Quinlan, that you be taken from hence to the place from which you came, and that you be hanged by the neck at daybreak on the morning of——"

"Hold on, my lord!"

A tall, powerfully built man elbowed his way through the crowded court to the front of the dock.

The judge frowned, and motioned to the soldiers to take him away, but he went on:

"You are sentencing an innocent man. It was I who killed Major Haslam."

The onlookers craned forward to view the interrupter, whilst an old woman, standing in the well of the court, cried out:

"Desmond, Desmond—what are ye saying? Is it mad that you are?"

The man turned round.

"Be quiet, mother. I know what I am doing well enough."

The judge called for silence, and asked the man to be sworn, when the book was handed to him and the oath administered.

In short, hurried sentences, as though he were repeating a lesson, he stated that he had met the dead man near the Gurteen fall on the evening of the 19th of October, and that he had accused him of attempting to insult Mary McCarthy, the girl who sat near him, whose story was well known round the countryside. Angry words had ensued, when he had drawn a knife from his hip-strap and slashed the major's throat, afterwards throwing the body into the Gurteen fall.

He was closely examined by the judge, but his story held firm.

Michael Quinlan looked at him curiously, as though not able to credit his senses, for the two men were deadly enemies.

Wasn't it known all over the district that they had been rivals for the hand of Mary McCarthy, who, with the contrariness of her sex, had decided in favor of "Black Michael," as he was called, the man about whom such curious stories were whispered, who was more than suspected of being an informer in the pay of the English Government, and who was hated? Her decision had left Desmond heart-broken, and, as the people said, "Sure it was he that was the changed man since Mary McCarthy looked the wrong way on him."

The girl turned her eyes on Michael, and going up to Desmond she put her hands through the dock-rail into his, saying: "May God bless you for this day's work, Desmond—you have saved an innocent man and have rid the country of a black-hearted scoundrel."

There was nothing to be done but to release the man in the dock, who walked through the crowd, whose curses were flung at him as he went out.

But it was a shame, a shame, the people said. To think of a fine young man like Desmond O'Riordan to put his neck in the noose with a blackguard like that Michael Quinlan going free. Sure the country could have spared one much better than the other. It was too bad entirely.

Desmond O'Riordan was sentenced to death by hanging in the same dock which had just held Michael Quinlan. The death penalty was to be carried out in the great square of Fermoy at dawn two days later.

It was the black night for Desmond O'Riordan in his cell in the Fermoy jail. Lying on his back in the pitchy darkness, he could see the bars of his cell limned faintly against the starry sky.

Ever and again through the window came the sound of hammering. Tick-tack, tick-tack. But they were doing their work well, never fear. The work that was to swing him into eternity.

Tick-tack, tick-tack.

How the sound cut through the dark night! The voices of men came fitfully

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to his ears, with now and then a laugh or a ribald jest.

Blessed Mother in heaven, what kind of men were they at all, at all, to make ready the death of a man with a jest on their lips!

Tick-tack, tick-tack.

His mind drifted away to the story his mother used to tell him when a little gossoon, about the *duricaune*, or fairy cobbler, with a foxglove on his head, who makes his natty little brogues under the shadow of a hedge. It was often he had heard him at work down by the Blackwater, and the tick-tack of his hammer on the brogues. Tick-tack, tick-tack.

Then his mind ran to the curious earthy scent of the river—of the eels he used to catch—of the speckled trout that swam so coolly in the deep pools.

He saw himself a little boy again, going to be taught at the monastery—saw himself growing to manhood, and then——

There was a grip at his heart as the thought of Mary came to him—of the day when he had seen her barefooted going down to the well at Ballyvoyle—when the joy of life had filled his heart. He knew then, as he knew now, that without her the world would be a dead place.

Michael, Black Michael, had come along, with the strong, compelling ways of him, and the fierce look in his dark eyes, and he saw the hope of his life extinguished like a candle that you puff out with a breath. It was up at the farm that Mary had first met Black Michael, and he saw the light fade out of her eyes and the smile from her lips. But it was quick and merciful. He knew then that love was finished for him.

It was a queer world entirely. Here he was in a felon's cell a few hours before his execution—and by his own will. For what did he free his rival? With Michael out of the way he might have won the girl to himself. What a fool he was! Better make sure of a few years of life and love here—whatever might come hereafter. Better sweet hell with her than the mansions of the blessed in heaven!

And it was not yet too late. He could deny it all—say that he was tired of his life without the girl, and welcomed death to release him from his sufferings. And it would be true—it would be true.

There came to him the look in her eyes—the dawning of hope when he had declared his guilt. How it hurt him! But her smile of gratefulness was worth it all.

And sure his death would be quick. Hanging was not a long business. True, when they hanged Lanty O'Callaghan, he was cut down twice with his neck unbroken, and they had to string him up again. But surely the hangman would give him the long drop so as to make certain, and he was a heavier man than Lanty. They used to be sayin' . . .

What was that?

Steps came along the corridor. They stopped outside his door, which was flung open. Out of the darkness came a figure dimly outlined by the rays of a lantern—it was the jailer with another figure behind him.

They might have spared him this! It was his mother.

"Oh, Desmond, Desmond!" was all the poor woman could say as she threw herself into his arms.

"Mother—what brought you here? Sure you need not make it harder for me than it is."

"Desmond, you never did it," she cried. "You never did it—you that I nursed at my breast—you the curly-haired little gossoon that grew up in the shelter of my arms, that were the joy of my life, and that every one loved. Desmond, darlin', tell me you did not do it—you must, you must."

"Sure, mother, there is no use in talkin'. What happened is between me and my God. I have made my choice, and I must go through with what I have begun."

The old woman threw back the cloak from her shoulders, her wisps of gray hair lying disordered upon her face. She looked at him steadily.

"Listen to me, my son. Do ye think that your mother does not know better than to think you would raise your hand to take away the life? Do ye think I brought you into the world in anguish, and reared you in joy, not to know the heart of you? You can deceive a court full of lawyers—sure it is their business to deceive and to be deceived—you can make a licensed slaughterer put the noose about your neck, but you cannot deceive

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your old mother. You never put the knife into Haslam. That was never your way. When you fought—you fought with the bare fist like an honest boy, and not like Black Michael—may his soul be cursed forever. Why are you doing this? What object have you in the world? For the love of God give up the thought and come back to me and to life."

"Oh, mother, mother!" was wrung from the man, who turned away from her, his face working convulsively.

"If your mother cannot move you, I will bring her that can." She went to the door and called: "Come here, alannah."

Mary McCarthy entered the cell, her face of chalky whiteness. She came up to Desmond and reached down for his hand, which she held in both of her own.

"Desmond," said she, "your mother tells me that she does not believe you killed this man. It is broken, my heart is, with it all, and if you are set free they will hang my Michael. But I cannot leave an innocent man go to his death by the slipping-knot if I can save him. Did you do it, alannah?"

At the word of endearment, Desmond almost gave way, and a great tenderness crept into his eyes.

"Mary," said he, "there was a time when I dared to hope that you might come to love the boy who gave his heart to you because he could not help himself. Sure, often when the dawn of the summer's sun came through the window of a morning, I saw the two of us as one, with the little colleens and gossoons growing up about us. But sure, girl, that is all over now, and I have put it behind me with the other things. The good God did not mean it to be. Leave me to go my way alone—the journey is one which you could not lighten if you would. It won't take long anyways, and they do be sayin' that it is an easy way to die."

The man drew himself up, his eyes glistening.

"Better to die on the scaffold for ridding the world of Haslam than to die peacefully in bed."

"Desmond, Desmond—my heart is torn," said the girl, "and I don't understand myself, but now that you are going I feel that I can never be happy again. It is Michael that has my heart, but you have my affection and my respect. I will pray for the soul of the boy who went to his death because of the insult they put upon a defenseless girl, and it is his resting-place that will be kept green by my hands as his memory will be green in my heart. Desmond, what am I to do at all, at all!"

The man smiled gently as he put his hand on the head of the girl.

"Go back, now, Mary, and take your rest. It is only a few hours that I have to make my peace with God, and I ask you not to come at the last. Take my mother home with you, and care for her as long as she lives. After all, what does it matter whether I go now or fifty years hence? Good-by, alannah, and may the heavens be your bed this night and for ever!"

The girl turned her face up to his, and, taking his head in both her hands, she kissed him on the forehead and went out of the cell.

The man turned to his mother.

"Good-by, mother. Sure, if it be the will of the blessed saints, we will meet yet in heaven. Give the shake-hands for me to all the boys and girls I used to know. Good-by."

The woman clung to his arm with the strength of despair, but he loosened her arms gently and she was taken out of the cell by the jailer.

The hour of his first trial had passed—now for the last one of all.

Outside in the darkness he could hear the "cheep-cheep" of an awakening bird. He looked through the cell window. Surely there was a grayness in the sky, and the stars had paled. The note of the bird was taken up by another, until the air was vibrant with the music.

When he used to go birds-nesting in Colligan Wood—God be with the times——

The cell door opened again, to admit a priest. It was Father Power, the man who prepared him for his first communion, and who had christened him.

"Desmond, my poor boy, it is terrible to find you like this," he said. "Little did I think in the old days that you would ever come to it."

"Father, sure it is I that have the great sorrow to see you like this. But all that

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I have to ask now is that you will confess me, and give me the last consolations of religion."

The confession must have been long drawn, for the priest did not come out of the cell for a long time, and when he did his face was wet with tears.

Desmond had made his peace with God, and he was at rest in himself.

The dawn crept into his cell as he waited for the last dread messenger of all. The hammers had ceased. Outside his window he could hear the hushed voices of a multitude, like the sound of the wind in the trees. Every now and again the sob of a woman would rise above the whispering.

In the distance he heard the tramp of men. It came closer and closer.

"Halt!"

The grounding of muskets outside his door and the drawing of the bolts. Into the cell came the governor of the prison—an Englishman, but a man who concealed a kindly heart under a forbidding exterior, as is the way sometimes of his race.

"O'Riordan," said he, "I am sorry to come on this errand, but I must do my duty."

"That is all right, sir," said Desmond, smiling at him, "you must only do what you have to do. Maybe," he went on, "it is the welcome visit that you are paying me, after all. Though I'm not old, it is not glad with life that I am."

The governor motioned to the hangman, who stood behind him, to come forward with his shackles.

"Sir," said Desmond quickly, "I will ask you one favor. Don't be after sending me to the scaffold like a felon—shackled and bound. Let me walk free in the light of day."

"Will you give me your word as a man not to try to escape?" asked the governor.

"I will, that same, sir—sure it wouldn't be like a man that put his own neck in the cord to draw it out when he saw it dangling foreninst him."

The little procession formed up, a file of soldiers going first, followed by the prisoner, by whose side the priest read the prayers for the dying, whilst another file of soldiers completed the party.

The feet echoed hollowly on the flagstones as they walked towards the gate leading to the square.

The rising sun threw its beams into the prisoner's face. He looked steadfastly on the sky. Somewhere up above, a lark was singing in the clear air, whilst in the distance the silver ribbon of the Blackwater wound in and out toward Lismore.

A sullen roar, like the muttering of a sea, met him as he stepped out into the light.

Merciful heavens! every one in the country had come to see him die. The square was black with the people, who pressed upon the ranks of the soldiers.

Then, at a breath, there fell a great silence as the little body took its way through the long files of redcoats, whose bayonets glistened under the rays of the sun.

The priest's voice, reciting the prayers for the dying in Latin, alone broke the stillness. In the centre of the square was the goal of the procession. Gaunt, black, forbidding, it fitted its work.

A rope swayed ever so little in the airs of the morning.

"Oh, the crature—look at his face for the love of God!"

"Sure it is the face of a martyr or of one of the blessed saints."

"God save you, Desmond alannah, and make the journey light before you."

"Oh, the little gossoon that often I had on my knee!"

The cries came dully to the ears of Desmond.

A man stared at him from the crowd, his arms crossed on his breast. As Desmond passed he said: "You sent him to the pit that was ready for him, and there will be a bloody reckoning for this morning's work." The soldiers looked for the speaker, but he had disappeared.

They were near the end now, and the crowd was again hushed into silence. Desmond felt a great joy in his heart, walking as though he were going to his wedding. The thought came to his mind that it was a beautiful morning for dying—and for dying in the good cause.

They came to the foot of the scaffold. On the last step were seated two women—Mary McCarthy and his mother. Their eyes were dry as though they had wept all their tears away.

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Desmond bent down to embrace his mother for the last time. She remained clasped in his arms for a moment—there was a hurriedly spoken message and he placed her in the arms of the girl, mounting the scaffold as though he were mounting an altar.

From above them came the trilling of the lark, which was now falling from the vault of high heaven, its song ringing out with startling clearness. As it sank to rest the music gradually died away. It was his requiem.

The hangman came forward to bandage the eyes, after which his ankles and hands were pinioned, and the coil of rope placed round his bare throat. He shuddered a little as the slip-knot kissed his neck.

All at once on the air was borne the terrible sound of the Irish *keen*. The voices of the women blended in the death-song, rising shrilly on the morning breeze. Louder and yet louder it swelled, and then died away into the stillness.

The crowd was silent as the man stood there with bandaged eyes, the priest by his side offering him the last consolations of his faith.

With a quick movement the hangman stepped back from his victim to put his hand on the bolt which would launch him into eternity.

"Stop!"

A man burst from the crowd as the man hesitated, and mounted rapidly the steps of the scaffold. The people saw with a great wonder that it was Black Michael.

"You are hanging an innocent man," he cried. "It was I that cut the throat of Major Haslam."

The governor motioned to the hangman to stand back, O'Riordan still waiting with the bandage on his eyes.

"Listen, people of Fermoy," cried Michael, "listen to the black-hearted informer who nearly let an innocent man go to the gallows-tree. And the confession is easy, for I have endured the tortures of hell since the trial, and since the black day I sold myself to the English as an informer, taking the blood-money like Judas of old. It was I that sent Lanty O'Callaghan to his death, and Patrick O'Sullivan and John MacCormack. But I did one good deed—I killed Haslam because he tried to harm the woman I loved, and it was a deed that will swing in the balance against those others on the day of the final reckoning. I am not ashamed of it, and I will answer for it to the great Judge of all. I knew on the day of the trial that Desmond O'Riordan was willing to give his life for the sake of the girl, in order that I might be saved to her. That is the truth as I hope for heaven!"

The girl had risen from her seat on the gallows' steps, the light of a new understanding shining through her eyes. In a moment she had climbed them and had thrown her arms around the neck of the pinioned man with the selfishness of a great love.

Then she remembered, as she turned her eyes on Michael, now surrounded by the redcoats, whose eyes were fixed on her. She went over to him, knelt at his feet, and kissed his hands.

"Oh, Michael," said she, "what am I to say to you who have given up your life!"

"Though I have lost my life and my love, alannah, I have saved my soul," said the man simply.

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The Incorrigible Optimist

BY JAMES HENDRIE LLOYD, M.D.
Author of "Mental Contagion and Popular Crazes," etc.

IT is said that Charles James Fox did not like to see his speeches in print; the contact with cold type must have taken some of the afflatus out of them. This dismal effect of printing is seen not unfrequently in our own day. To the physician it is best explainable by the somewhat kindred process which takes place in cold storage. Something has been lost, a flavor or excellence—intangible and not easily named—but there is an ugly reality left which somehow has to serve the purposes of alimentation. It is this ugly reality which to the scientific mind is often the crux of the whole problem.

Our present-day civilization is largely concerned with such problems—namely, the realities which are left over after the idealists and optimists have ceased from their favorite tasks of talking and writing fine things about them. But it may be thought that a physician is venturing on dangerous ground, and not his own territory, when he, too, presumes to write about them. This, however, is an error, because in mental pathology there are cases presented which are precisely like the cases of some of our incorrigible optimists.

This pathological variety is called by the specialists a "hypomaniac," that is to say, he is not a full-fledged maniac; he is only an understudy. His usual characteristic is extreme optimism, a tendency to see things not as they exist, and to govern his conduct accordingly. In this mental affection (the *hypomania* of Mendel) the patient shows an unwonted garrulity, restlessness, motiveless journeying from one place to another, emotional instability, the formation of schemes, a slight degree of incoherence, and an incapacity for the performance of continued fine mental labor. "After a paroxysm of this kind, sometimes lasting for weeks or months, he may return to his normal state, although frequently the finer edge of his mental faculties has been blunted by the brain-storm, and he has become less acute, less intrinsically ethical, and less receptive of external impressions." *

In this definition two things are apparent. There is, first, the emotional instability. If the hypomaniac's mental state is analyzed critically, it is found that the basis of it is a disturbed state of the emotions. The slight disorder of the other mental faculties, such as the perceptions and the intelligence, has its origin very largely in a morbid activity of what is known as the affective or emotional life. This is shown in the erratic, or irrational, impulses which guide his conduct and the sentimentalism which discolors his views of things in general. Not to be too technical, it may be pointed out in passing (and it ought to be easily understood by any intelligent reader) that, according to the modern school of psychologists, this affective or emotional life is the fundamental thing in the minds of all of us. In the lower animals we call these things instincts; in children they are impulses; in grown man and woman they are motives. They manifest themselves long before the development of the higher reasoning faculties, and all through life they constitute the larger part of our mental activities. Among the more primitive of them are hunger, self-preservation, pleasure and pain, hope and fear, love and hate, and the instincts of sex, family, tribe, or race-preservation. Mental pathologists constantly find that the disorders of these primitive instincts are among the earliest manifestations of mental disease. All these instincts centre about what is called the personality—the sense of the *ego*. In fact, they largely constitute the essential elements of character in most people, and are especially undis-

*Berkley, "Mental Diseases," p. 144, from whom this description, slightly altered, is taken.

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guised in unsophisticated, unthinking and half-educated people. They are the stigmata of man in his natural state. According to his reactions to them, his mastery *of* or *by* them, man is, or is not, at his best.

It is, indeed, his method of reacting to his instincts that introduces, secondly, the big question of ethics. In the above definition of the hypomaniac it was observed that this unfortunate person becomes "less intrinsically ethical." In other words, he suffers in his moral sense. This is so well recognized by mental pathologists that some of them have even called this kind of mental disease "moral insanity." About this term there is sometimes waged a war in our courts of law, when the attempt is made to exculpate some hypomaniac whose excursions in idealism have brought him into conflict with the criminal law. They are hard problems, as every expert knows who has ever tried his hand at expounding this kind of psychology to a judge and jury. Alienists who are fond of discussing types will say that some of these offenders should be called paranoiacs; and others of them have been called emotional lunatics. But these distinctions may safely be left to the debating societies.

The ethical sense is a late arrival in the evolution both of the race and of the individual. In primitive man and in children, it is largely undeveloped; in the abnormal man, such as the hypomaniac, it is usually perverted. Contrary to what is commonly taught, it is not an innate faculty, for it is still in process of evolution in the history of the race.

Consider the case of the naturalist. There is, for instance, the perfectly honest nature-lover (not the nature-fakir) who simply cannot bear to get into a controversy with his mistress, and so he ignores any hard problems that she may thrust upon him. He accepts her, whatever her defects. His mood is like that ascribed to Margaret Fuller, who is reported to have said, "I accept the universe"—which having been repeated to Carlyle, the old seer exclaimed: "My God, she'd better!" The story may be apocryphal, but it is as good as most of the fables told by the nature-worshippers. John Burroughs, awhile before his death, accepted the universe in a whole book, in which in his attractive style he expounded the philosophy of a naturalist—which is a good enough philosophy in its way, if it is taken in small doses. But John Burroughs swallowed it whole, and announced himself a pantheist; by which he probably meant no more than that he was satisfied with nature as he found her; he was not therefore necessarily an optimist, nor was he in a hypomaniacal state of mind about the object of his love. Burroughs had too much good sense for that. His devotion to nature was sane. On the other hand, Goethe, we are told, turned to nature as a relief from human life. "He found in her, or thought he found, order and perfection, but in human history he found a confused tale of error and violence. He could only tolerate it in so far as it enables us to get rid of the past." * In other words, the nature-lover gets rid of the ethical problems which so weigh down the soul of the student of human life. This relief to his spirits gives him a wonderful buoyancy. He becomes an optimist. Everything in nature is for the best. He sees a hawk kill a pigeon, but the spectacle rouses no ethical protest in him. He may feel rather sorry for the pigeon, but he also feels rather an admiration for the hawk; each is playing its appropriate part in the beautiful drama of nature—the pigeon in getting killed, the hawk in getting a dinner.

Now this way of looking at nature is from the hypomaniac's point of view. It is deliberately ignoring realities, and substituting for them a sentimental idealism. Goethe's appeal to nature as against human life is only a poet's license, for, in reality, nature is cruel and pitiless. There is no ground for his claim that he can find in her a superior order, much less perfection, especially in a moral sense; and his plea is of use only to save the face of the incorrigible optimist.

If anything is clear in the history of human thought, it is that some of the best minds have not accepted the universe. Carlyle himself only accepted the universe with limitations; he always reserved to himself the right of prescribing the conditions. The one thing that he

*G. Lowes Dickinson, in a review of the life of Goethe by P. Hubn Brown, *Athenæum*, January 21, 1921, p. 68.

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would exclude from his universe was *cant*. There was no place in his sorry scheme of things for people who substitute words for things, formulas for realities. Take the case of the ancient stoic. He seems, indeed, to have accepted the universe, but he neither asked nor expected much from it, so he was not often disappointed. He had no delusions about it, but his mental attitude was that of a man who thought himself on a level just a little above it. He was one thing, the universe was another. He could not cope with it, but he preserved an aloofness which was a fine mental poise, and has characterized some of the best both of pagan and Christian philosophers. Marcus Aurelius exclaimed: "What is it to me to live in a universe devoid of gods?" The mental attitude of some of the Christian fathers, if they are fairly quoted, was one of extreme hostility to the world. They were pessimists of the deepest dye. This world, for them, was a hopeless case. Schopenhauer, a German philosopher, decided, on philosophical principles, that "of all conceivable worlds this was the worst."

Huxley treated this subject from the point of view of the layman and the scientist, and in a memorable essay described the antagonism of the "cosmic process" to ethics. By the "cosmic process" he evidently meant what is generally called "nature," and his argument amounted practically to this, that man can find little support for his moral ideas in the works of nature. Huxley was so far from accepting the universe that he even claimed that the only hope for civilization lay in man's opposing the cosmic process. If this is true (and every one must judge for himself), it would seem to follow that man's moral nature is something that has evolved with him; that his ethics are a by-product of his evolution. This may be a startling conclusion to some minds; nevertheless, it provides a stimulus to human endeavor. It seems to put the question of man's destiny fairly up to himself—the responsibility for his future on his own shoulders. This is practically the world's state of mind to-day in the face of more stupendous problems than probably have ever before confronted humanity. The shouting now is for man to work out his own destiny. Hence the radicalism, the casting aside of old standards, the setting up of "idealisms" without number, and the supreme rôle of emotionalism. Hence, also, the wisdom of scrutinizing, as never before, the aims of the champions of various kinds of empirical socialism. There never yet was prepared such a stage for the hypomaniac as the world presents to-day.

Take the extreme doctrines of democracy. There is really very little support for them in the "cosmic process," for nature is not democratic; she is aristocratic. The best is none too good for her; she is not even satisfied with a fair average; and in order to attain her ends she ruthlessly sacrifices the inferior, the unfit. Wherever she has evolved a social state, it has been among the lower forms of life, such as in the ant-hill or the beehive. But this state has been founded on a rigid system of caste, for entomologists tell us that in the ant-hill there is a system of class government, composed of the breeders, the soldiers, the workers, and the slaves; and that no individual by any chance can elevate itself from a lower to a higher grade. All is fixed. The polity of an ant-hill is a more monstrous thing than Hindu caste. It is impossible to see how the optimist can find any comfort in the contemplation of such a work of nature; but he goes on his way, and ignores the obvious.

The hypomaniac, although weakened in his moral sense, is prone to engage in moral schemes. These seem to have an irresistible attraction for him. As already said, he is incapable of sustained intellectual labor; he cannot think a thing out to its logical conclusions. But moral concepts are more easily grasped than complex intellectual ones. A child can understand the Ten Commandments earlier than he can comprehend a problem in algebra. This tendency in the hypomaniac is in strict accord with the well-recognized laws of pathology, for a disease process is always likely to show itself in some weak spot in the organism. Therefore, when the ethical instincts are morbidly excited or deranged, it is in this sphere that the disorder of conduct will manifest itself. This is doubtless the explanation of the fact that this unfortunate egotist sometimes poses as a social reformer, and the

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additional fact that he does not often trouble himself to ascertain whether his reforms are practicable. He thus becomes an incorrigible optimist. A thing is to be attained because he wants it to be attained. His emotions supply the place of arguments. It follows that he always goes to extremes, and if he has his way he is likely to spoil any rational scheme for ameliorating conditions, because he is not a meliorist, he is an optimist. The rational aspirations of humanity to control the evils of war, mean for him nothing less than the inauguration of universal and everlasting peace overnight; the considerate plans for limiting armaments, mean for him total disarmament offhand. He would leave the Panama Canal totally undefended rather than abate one jot or tittle of his scheme for an immediate but impossible millennium.

In all this the hypomaniac is unsupported by what Huxley called the "cosmic process," but he cares nothing for a cosmic process, and probably would not understand it unless it could be shown him in the "movies."

Renan said: "It is not given to man to solve the problem of the universe; nevertheless, he must attempt it." There are a good many people attempting it at the present time, but the mental equipment of most of them does not give assurance that the problem will be solved. It is more likely to take its place among the problems of mental pathology. The direction of this pathological trend is toward a monomania on the subject of "progress." This word is fast becoming one of the most ominous words in the dictionary, and it should be relegated for safe-keeping to the Categories of Cant. He need not be dubbed a pessimist who confesses humbly that he sees in some of its implications some dangers to our civilization. Professor Bury, in his recent work on "The Idea of Progress," has shown—what, of course, history has demonstrated—that this civilization of ours is largely an artificial product. It is not a work of nature so much as it is a work of man, or even an accident in the evolution of the race. There have even been some wise-heads who have questioned whether any civilization is a success; whether the farther man has emerged from the primitive state, it has not been the worse for him. The arguments are clearly put by Bury in one of his most interesting chapters. Not only some modern sentimentalists, like Rousseau, but even some of the ancient sages, like Plato, were highly dissatisfied with the whole business. These critics, it is sad to say, were pessimists as to human history. They were too much enamoured of "nature" and too little tolerant of man. To the hypomaniac or his congener, the incorrigible optimist, the appeal is the other way about. He is self-centred. He can, in his own opinion, if not shake the spheres, at least set up a social paradise. Optimism of this incorrigible sort is not a philosophy, it is not even a set of rules; it is a mental state, a psychosis.

These men who would 'shatter the world to bits and then remould it nearer to their hearts' desire,' take little account usually of the religious impulses of humanity. They ignore the religious evolution of the race. This is strikingly shown in such systems as communism and Bolshevism. For them there is apparently no mystery in the universe, nothing beyond the veil. When the men of the French Revolution came at last to see this omission in their system, and sought to remedy it, they could do no better than to set up a mumbo-jumbo with Robespierre as a high priest. This was a striking example in Robespierre of religious hypomania. As we read the account in the histories of the Revolution, notably in Carlyle, of the Feast of the *Être Suprême*, with its "sea-green pontiff," we are struck as with something grotesque, something pathological. Here is material for psychiatry. That a man of Robespierre's caliber should mistake himself for a pontifex maximus and endeavor to play the part, is exactly in accord with the ideas and outbursts of some of the religious hypomaniacs who inhabit our asylums. Sometimes they are called paranoiacs, but it makes no difference here what they are called. They are abnormal, and they are particularly apt to be the products and exemplars of abnormal times. Dean Inge has called attention to the fact that the stress and emotionalism of the Great War have been followed by an outbreak of what he has denominated the lower forms

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of religion. In these forms the primitive instincts of worship are undisciplined by the higher mental faculties. They are also dissevered from tradition, from the old-established cults. They are instances of the tendency of people nowadays to throw aside old standards; but the resultant is not so valuable for edification as it is interesting for psychological analysis.

It is rather curious, in this connection, to note the mental activities of some of the Darwinian evolutionists. What will be said here applies by no means to all of them, but only to some of them who are rapidly becoming also incorrigible optimists. They are looking forward to the evolution of a perfect social system on Darwinian principles. They seem to ignore the fact that Darwin himself never made any such claims for his system, and that it has little if any application in what may be called the spiritual or religious sphere. It is simply a system of natural science, descriptive of the origin of organic forms on this little planet, and it furnishes spiritual pabulum only in the sense that anatomy or chemistry furnishes it. Nevertheless, we are invited by some of our optimistic evolutionists to look forward to the time when mankind will be snugly ensconced in an ideal state, and as the motive of its religion will worship "the true, the beautiful, and the good." But it is doubtful whether mankind will ever really worship any such abstractions, for the motive of religion always has been, and doubtless always will be, the worship of the Deity. For this worship our well-meaning evolutionists would substitute a sort of sublimated socialism, which, when everything is said for it that can be said, is yet of the earth earthy. Is this the final word in optimism?

Early Memories of New England

BY JAMES L. FORD
Author of "Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop"

MY earliest impressions of New England came to me in the form of family legendry imparted by my elders whose veracity I could not doubt. Some of these stories go back to the days when my great-grandmother, then a little girl, picked the thorns that served frugal housekeepers as pins during the Revolution. Early in the last century this same woman showed herself to be the prototype of many who are to-day lurking behind French sign-boards in Fifth Avenue shops, for she opened a little inn and store in the New Hampshire village of Haverhill, in order to support and educate her children. She did it under her own name, however, and did not call herself "Frizette." Her daughter learned to play on an Astor piano, the first instrument brought into that State, and one of her sons, Major Horace Bliss, is still remembered by elderly citizens of Baltimore as the last man in that town to wear a stock.

Other legendry that made an indelible impress on my mind, related to a later period when three beautiful women known as the "Fowles of Watertown" were distinguished figures in Boston society, and "carriage" was deemed an important part of a young girl's education. I was also taught that Portsmouth was a distinctly aristocratic city as well as one of the most important shipping ports on the Atlantic coast.

Thus it came to pass that mossy traditions filled my mind when I paid my first visit to New England to stay with an elderly relative in the Connecticut village of Bloomfield, near Hartford. I arrived on Saturday morning and at sundown my aunt took away my toys, laid aside her knitting, and opened her Bible, explaining that it was her custom to "keep Saturday night." At the same hour on the following day my wooden blocks were returned

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to me and the knitting was resumed. I sometimes wonder if there are any New Englanders left who still keep Saturday night.

Of course I was taken to church, and no sooner was I seated than my aunt bustled out and returned with some sprigs of fennel on which I was permitted to nibble during the service. When the hymns were given out we rose and faced the choir, turning our backs on the preacher, for in the New England tradition the altar plays a small part in divine worship.

I had another surprise when the hired man, who had driven us over from Hartford, took his seat at the family table, as became the dignified position that he and his kind have always enjoyed in New England households. I believe now that the race is almost extinct and that any family would be only too glad to find a hired man who would consent to eat with them.

A few years later I was sent to boarding-school in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and had not been there many days before I noticed an old man of saturnine visage slowly ascending the hill behind our school grounds. He seated himself on a spot near that now occupied by the house of the late Joseph H. Choate, and remained there for hours looking out over the valley of the Hoosatonic. The next day he disappeared and we were told that he was the last of the old Stockbridge Indians, on his annual visit from the Western reservation of his tribe to gaze upon the land that had once belonged to his forebears. It must have been his last visit, for we never saw him again.

Our school was a stronghold of religion of the old-fashioned New England sort, and even then I was conscious that there was something wrong in a system that wasted so much time and aroused in us a rooted aversion to every kind of religious service. We had prayers and singing at the morning and evening meals, and on Sundays we went to church in the morning, attended a Bible class in the afternoon, and sang hymns for an hour or so in the evening. There was also a weekly prayer-meeting at which attendance was voluntary and in which the worst scapegraces in the school took part, actuated by the same desire for forgiveness of trespasses that fills the soul of many a rich man when he wills a portion of his ill-gotten gains to charity. Saturday was a full holiday, when those who were not kept on bounds because of the black marks against them were allowed to roam the country at will.

The result of this was that we had altogether too much time for play and as all outdoor sports were prohibited on Sunday it was then that we cooked up mischief for the week to come. Since then I have become convinced that a part of Sunday should be devoted to healthful sport and that a half holiday is enough for Saturday. Nothing is worse for boys than to give Satan opportunities for finding work for their idle hands.

There were more than two score boys in our school, which was one of the most expensive in the country, its terms of tuition being $500 a year, exclusive of those "extras" which are the joy of the schoolmaster's heart, and are not unlike the devices of the green table that furnish what is known as the "percentage in favor of the house." We brought our own blankets, towels, table cutlery, and other articles which I believe are now supplied in nearly every boarding-school. Our teacher prided himself on the high class of pupils consigned to his care, but I think that our parents were of a higher class than ourselves. I know that we looked down on the village school and its humbler scholars, yet that primitive establishment, I was told in later years, sent four of its pupils to the supreme bench of the United States, and that is more than our school ever did.

Stockbridge and its neighborhood had been for years famous for its distinguished inhabitants, including Catherine Sedgwick, G. P. R. James, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Fanny Kemble, and Cyrus W. and David Dudley Field. Most of these celebrities had disappeared when I arrived, but the New England tradition of neatness and cleanliness had expressed itself in the founding of the Laurel Hill Association, the first of the village-improvement societies that are to be found to-day in nearly every small community in the land. We boys were instructed to

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make way with every old newspaper or other unseemly article that we found in the highway, and I remember that certain individuals who had refused to join the society averred that we had been told to deposit them on their premises. I have since learned that every good work meets with opposition at the start, usually from the so-called "better element."

It was in Stockbridge that I met the first of the long line of famous writers whom it has been my privilege to know, in the person of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose daughter was the wife of the local Episcopal clergyman. Her husband, the Reverend Calvin E. Stowe, was with her and I recall with delight his humorous darky stories.

The old home of G. P. R. James, of "solitary horseman" fame, stood, and perhaps still stands, over the way from what is now the Red Lion Inn, then controlled by the Plumbs, one of whom, I believe, is still engaged in the hotel business in Pittsfield. The James house was occupied by Mr. John Gourley, the vice-president of the New York Stock Exchange, and for years a well-known summer resident of Stockbridge. Further down the street dwelt Mr. McAllister, in whose garden stood an apple-tree subject to many midnight forays from our school, a tree that lived for years in our simple legendry.

A rather shy boy was invited to spend the evening at the home of the clergyman already mentioned, and during supper did not once open his mouth except to put something into it. The period that followed found him also tongue-tied, but when his hostess in a desperate attempt to awaken his interest placed a basket of fruit upon the table he rose in his chair with a glad cry of "Hello! Old McAllister's apples!"

I comprehend more fully now certain conditions of which I was vaguely conscious as a boy of twelve. The great wealth acquired easily, and in many cases dishonestly, during the Civil War, had left its mark on the whole country north of Mason and Dixon's Line; nor had conservative New England escaped its malign influence. Among my schoolmates there were scions of the illiterate rich as well as of the moderately well-to-do thoughtful and book-loving, and there was a marked difference between the two. The first-named, I am sorry to say, commanded my regard because they had more spending money, but I was strongly drawn toward their betters by our common love for books.

I was, of course, too young to realize the significance of the changes then beginning, but when, many years later, I revisited Berkshire County and saw how the huge, ornate dwellings erected by modern "Captains of Industry" dwarfed the dignified old mansions we used to think so grand, I recalled the simplicity and unostentation of an elder day before gardens gave place to "estates."

In the days of my youth the Shakers were a picturesque element in New England life, following their own peculiar customs and living on terms of amity with their neighbors. They were held in such esteem that no doubts were entertained regarding their strict observance of the moral code, which is more than can be said of any other eccentric community I ever heard of. Perhaps the fact that the Shaker ladies had been deprived in the cradle of the fatal gift of beauty had something to do with it, but the elders were so honest in their dealings with the outside world that they were not liable to suspicion.

There was a prosperous Shaker community in Tyringham, about three miles from Stockbridge, and we boys often walked over there on Saturdays to partake of their excellent fare and carry away packages of candied flag-root and cakes of maple sugar in which were embedded the meat of the walnut and butternut. And my remembrance is that they gave full measure in both quality and quantity.

Their religious services were conducted in a manner that seemed strange to the orthodox and included a sort of monotonous dance with hands extended after the fashion of a dog standing on his hind legs begging for a bone. We never attended any of their Sunday ceremonies, for they did not like to exhibit their quaint customs to strangers, but I have been told that at an earlier period they danced in sets like lancers or quadrilles and since my time their terpsichorean exercises

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have been greatly modified or completely eliminated.

As an experiment in communism the Shakers rank with that community of intellect blended with physical toil, Brook Farm, but there was a notable difference between the two. Save in the example it set in frugality and honesty the one did nothing to advance human progress, while the other sent out into the world men who had gained much by their period of plain living and high thinking. Very few of the Shaker communities remain, but the world is all the better for the work of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Father Hecker, Charles A. Dana, Margaret Fuller, and other survivors of an experiment that history wrongfully records as a failure.

The extinction of the Shaker communities was not due to financial causes. Their lives ran along on lines as simple as those of Biblical times, and their wealth was in land, in flocks and herds and crops. Their system was ideally communistic, and by working diligently and spending little money they were able to save much. But having no children they were obliged to recruit their communities from the outside, and there was nothing in their uncouth garb and austere way of life to attract young people, and therefore their numbers dwindled until only the very old remained.

My next New England memories cluster about a small village where I spent some time half a century ago and where I became familiar with Yankees racy of the soil in speech and manner, and also with customs and characters that I fear are now of the past. Here I found no literary celebrities and none of the Berkshire County atmosphere, although there were plenty of persons who read books and had time for shrewd thought.

The Civil War was not then far in the past and many an old army overcoat was to be seen in the group that clustered about the stove in the hotel or dove from time to time into the "back room," where liquor was surreptitiously sold. I remember that we boys often wished that we were old enough to take part in the orgies that went on behind the closed door and from which the revellers returned wiping their lips with their coat-sleeves. Adolescence then, as now, regarded forbidden fruit as sweeter than that served openly.

Many of the wearers of army overcoats were, I suspected, too far advanced in years to have taken part in the war, but they were still active enough to go fishing, even on Sundays, and to relate stories of their prowess in that sport as they sat tilted up against the wall. Another favorite theme with these veterans was how hard they used to work when they were young, and how long it took them to save up the thousand dollars that entitled them to a little well-earned rest. Scientific research seldom engaged their faculties, but there was one subject over which they wrangled during the entire winter which was never definitely settled. That was whether a wheel goes round faster at the top than at the bottom. Each disputant carried with him a diagram to enable him to make clear his theory and there was many an adjournment to the barn in order to set the wheel of the landlord's buggy in motion.

The original race was almost extinct in southern New England at this time, but a few full-blooded Indians still lived on their near-by reservation, and there I have seen the last of the Mohicans winding up in peaceful agriculture the bloody annals of their tribe. In their little burying-ground were to be found crumbling headstones marked with the name of Uncas and the line "One of the Royal Family," a pathetic reminder of past glories. It was on this reservation that the great Uncas himself died, a very old man, while sitting in the sun before his cabin-door.

But in the neighborhood of every village there was usually some character known locally by some such name as "Injun Joe," who dwelt apart from the community and came down now and then to sell baskets or replenish his whiskey-jug. I recall also an Indian doctor whose nostrums, prepared mysteriously from roots and herbs, were held in high esteem by the illiterate.

As I look back to these days of long ago I feel certain that the Civil War left behind it in rural communities a legacy more enduring and deplorable than the old army overcoats, in the shape of a spirit of greed and an admiration for those who had suddenly grown rich

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through unscrupulous methods not unlike that which prevails to-day. Traditions of "Jim" Fisk and his four-horse pedler's cart were in the air; the spectacular doings of Wall Street were on every lip and lottery tickets were sold by a local agent.

The old-fashioned Yankee pedler, since supplanted by the Jew or Armenian, was a constant visitor at the little hotel where we stayed, and many of his kind were most honest and worthy individuals. Especially well do I recall "Big Steye," who drove a splendid four-horse team and sold candy for a Springfield house. About once a month he would draw up with much rattling of harness before the door of the inn and bring the village quidnuncs to every window. Other pedlers brought their wives with them and these good women would spend two or three days with us while their husbands drove about the near-by country to sell their goods. There were always a number of these travelling salesmen stopping with us when the landlord gave his annual ball after harvest time, and not one of them failed to take part in the revel.

Well do I recall these and like assemblies which we young fellows always graced with our presence! There was a "caller-off" named Cady, famous throughout all the State, whose services were constantly in demand. According to local report he received the sum of ten dollars and his expenses for every appearance, and when he died, in quite recent years, he was said to have left behind him a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. Cady led the orchestra of three pieces with his violin and called off the figures at the same time and I doubt if there is any musician now living capable of such an exploit.

The early New Englanders had learned the terpsichorean art, when they learned it at all, from French dancing-masters, and the various technical terms used have survived in a corrupted form to the present day. Thus "*dos-à-dos*" fell from the lips of Cady as one word, "doseedo"; "chassez" as "shassay" and "*à la main droit*" as "allamang right."

This inimitable "caller-off" had an enormous personal acquaintance throughout the State and was also a man of infinite jest, so that he interspersed his commands with many personal allusions, of which I recall:

> "Mr. Johnson, doseedo;
> The more you dance,
> The less you know."

One feature of these balls was never lacking, and that was the appearance on the floor toward the close of the festivities of an elderly inhabitant, famed in his early youth for his grace and activity in the execution of "pidgeon wings" and other fancy steps, even then almost obsolete. At a suitable moment during a pause in the music the landlord would publicly call upon this veteran to "show the young folks how they used to do it." Although he had been furtively practising in the barn for some weeks and had come to the ball arrayed in the only swallowtail coat that existed in the neighborhood, he always affected great surprise at the invitation and the applause that followed it, and declared with a mournful shake of his head that his "dancing days were over" and he had attended the ball merely as an onlooker and had "no idee" he would be expected to perform. But a little persuasion would cause him to make reluctant display of his art, and then Cady would take up his bow, the lively music would begin, and we would all crowd around a vacant space on the floor to gaze upon the nimble performance of a dancer who was almost an octogenarian.

Supper was always the next event on the programme and a real supper it was, too, for the wise landlord was too shrewd to miss this opportunity of showing visitors from afar that he could set a table beyond compare. There was a big turkey at each end of the long table, and I remember that my uncle, who as a "city man" commanded general respect, used to carve one of these birds and dispense the slices with smiling affability. There were vegetables, too, from the hotel garden, and coffee, served in big cups, and with cream from the landlord's own cows. I don't think that anything on that table had ever seen the inside of a can. But it was not until the appearance of the dessert that the culinary resources of the establishment were made apparent. Never since then have I seen such pies, cakes, and jellies served

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in such abundance. And every one of them was of honest make, prepared by the hands or under the supervision of the landlord's wife.

The "caller-off" was not the only local character who invoked the comic muse in the practice of his profession. The auctioneer, who dominated the scene on the occasion of a sale of household goods, was a real comedian, and a "vandoo" under his direction never failed to attract a large assemblage. His personal acquaintance was quite as large as that of the popular director of revels and the jokes he cracked in the course of the sales were still more frequent and side-splitting. He was, moreover, a complete master of all the arts of lure, and I used to marvel at the skill with which he would egg one buyer on against another until the highest possible price was obtained.

Once he held me spellbound while he recommended some simple article of domestic use and adornment as a treasure that could never be replaced as it was the only specimen of its kind in existence, solemnly assuring the buyers that any one who was fortunate enough to secure this exquisite example of domestic art would find himself in the possession of something that would give him rank far above that of any of his neighbors as a "connosure." Stimulated by his eloquence the bidding became frantic, and at its close he congratulated the buyer on his wisdom in a voice that was almost tearful in its emotion. Then, resuming his businesslike tones, he exclaimed: "Here's another just like it!" and everybody except the discomfited buyer roared with laughter.

The Friday evening prayer-meeting in our village never failed to attract both old and young, the men sitting on one side of the aisle and the women on the other, while unregenerate youth loitered outside the church to escort the girls home. Once only did I venture into the meeting, not for purposes of prayer but that I might seize the girl of my choice before my cousin who was lurking outside could get ahead of me. On this occasion I witnessed two elderly rustics engaged in their favorite pastime of praying at one another.

While all heads were bowed in devotion one of these interlarded his supplication with: "And if they be enny on us here ez hez been a leettle mite sharp in a hoss trade we ask the Divine forgiveness for their sins." At this, there was much furtive lifting of grinning faces, and an audible chuckle went round the room. When the other man's turn came I heard a nasal voice saying: "And if they be enny on us pore sinful critters ez hez burned down their barns for the insurance money, we hope they will find forgiveness and grace."

I have often wondered who that wandering Jew of Yankeedom, the "Old Leather Man," was, and what episode in his life led him to spend his later years in futile trampings through rural New England. Dressed in leather and carrying a staff in his hand, he passed through our little village at rare intervals, paying no heed to the small boys who hooted at his heels, and, so far as I know, never begging his bread. Rumor declared that he had been disappointed in a youthful love affair and that he hibernated in a cave in Connecticut, where he lived on roots and herbs. I should really like to know his history and what brought his strange career to an end.

Another character whom I recall was "Comical Brown," an entertainer whose periodical appearance in the town hall was hailed with delight by the entire population. Brown carried neither company nor scenery and kept his expenses down to the minimum. So popular was he that a few posters displayed in the blacksmith's shop or on trees a week ahead of his coming seldom failed to procure for him a crowded house. His entertainment consisted of a monologue introducing all sorts of jokes and conundrums and although many of these bore the hall-marks of Joseph Miller they were none the less effective.

A more elaborate and costly show was "Washburn's Last Sensation," in which variety actors and Indians shared the honors with the venders of lemonade. Years afterward John T. Kelly, of the Weber and Fields organization, told me that he had travelled with the company in the double capacity of artist and owner of the lemonade privilege, and that it was his custom to put a strawberry in each glass as a lure, at the same time offering certain pecuniary emolument to the boys for each strawberry they brought back.

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William

BY E. W. KEMBLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

OUR cook, Pinky Shell, says "this place is too dog-gone slow" for her, and if she "can't dig up a few culled folks what's got some social quality" she'll "jes hoof it back to the city."

As I had not succeeded in engaging a hired man as yet, although I had a dozen applicants, summer tramps one and all, I concluded to look for a "person of color." I got in touch with the article needed. He had been porter on a Pullman, could cook some, was special nurse for several gentlemen of prominence, waiter in hotels and private families. If I wanted "recommends" he could show them. From a dirty leather wallet he unfolded a dozen torn and greasy letters, every one lauding his abilities and every one written in the same hand, but signed by names that would make the hall of fame look foolish. His name: "William Hickweed."

"Jes call me Hick, and I'll git yer—yes, sah." Did he know anything about horses? "Used ter be pussonal jockey for Colonel Blossom of Kaintucky in his spotive days." The only live stock on our place was an old Kentucky saddle-horse named Daniel Boone. "Danny," as we called him, had been left by the doctor who had rented the farm before us, and used him "for his feed." He was gaunt and wild-eyed and had a hairless tail that pointed upward and outward, his movements were uncertain, as he had any number of different gaits—one front gait, two back ones, and several side ones—you were never sure which one he was going to use. He would shy at nothing, and allow the most rip-roaring automobile to pass him without twitching an ear. I had tried but once to ride this beast. As I led him from the stable he started to back down the road and would have dragged me across the county line had he not punctured his hind quarters on a barbed-wire fence, when he shot forward and tried to use my chest as a door-mat before "singlefooting" it back to the barn.

I wished to send a message to the village, so I asked William to saddle "Danny." "He is gentle but very playful," I remarked.

"Ah'm used to dat, boss. Ah likes a hoss what's got sperrit." He was leading "Danny" from the barn when "Danny" began his backing tactics. He backed over the flower-beds, into the pump, and broke it, across the road, into the vegetable-garden, straight across the potato-field, into the stone wall, and not being able to back any farther he tried to kick the wall down. William held on like grim death, and getting one ponderous pedal in the stirrup, mounted him. Then the movement became a forward and uplifting one—first rearward and skyward, then sideways and undulating.

William's face assumed a different hue at every new movement; from livid green it faded to dull ashen gray, then back to umber, and from umber to mauve with a dash of violet. Gradually the beast ceased its calisthenics and stood with ears thrown back—snorting but weak-kneed. "Danny's" feelings had been hurt. He couldn't throw William, and he was crestfallen. "Reckon I done got his sperrit broke, de old rapscallion of a . . ." William didn't finish, for "Danny" made one forward plunge, and striking a two-minute gait, darted down the dusty road toward the village, and William, humped over "Danny's" shoulders, clinging to the scrubby mane with both hands, went with him. A prayer went up for William's safety—an answered prayer, for soon I saw them turn into the state road at an easy canter, and I knew William would return safely. He did, an hour later, but on foot. "Where's Dan-

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ny?" I asked. "Don't ask me, boss; fo all I know he's backin hissef to New York City; he ain't pinted dat way, but he's gwine dar. I reckon he'll git dar less he change his mind. I done delivah you message, but doan ax me bout no hoss, dat am outa de question."

As William limped around the corner of the house I sauntered over to the barn, and there stood "Danny." He had come home "across lots." I unsaddled him and turned him into the pasture.

William proved a veritable jack of all trades. The garden thrived under his careful management, and Pinky Shell concluded to remain. I have given them an old phonograph, and William entertains "the girls" nightly at his quarters.

Pinky was given to the intemperate habit of overeating, her weakness being griddle-cakes soaked in pork fat. She would place a pyramid of these delicacies before her, and they would disappear as doth the summer mist at sunrise. William delivered a lecture to her one day on the evil of such "high living" for one of her "bulk." She weighed close on to two hundred. He grew eloquent as he summed up the ills that would follow. "Pussons what ovah load de scales an cause dem to groan, should trim close on de viands what dey is supposed to nourish. You-all is ovah nourished. Youah figger depicts dat, you-all is liable to suffah degenerations of de body in most places." As William continued to enumerate the dire ills that would follow, Pinky gave a feeble squawk and sank to the floor in a faint. William's face grew ashen gray as he shuffled about the kitchen, clasping his hands together, giving vent to his alarm in groans of anguish. "Lawd, lawd! what hab I done?" he muttered. I allayed his fears by telling him that Pinky had simply fainted and would soon be all right, and that the pancakes probably had as much to do with it as his discourse on diet.

Pinky recovered. As she rose, slowly and with much effort, to her feet, she gave one withering glance at the trembling William, pointed her fat finger toward the kitchen door, and fairly hissed: "Out of dis kitchen, nigger, you git." William got. The feud was on. William must leave. Pinky would not live in the same place with a "witch-doctor," let alone in the same house. I argued, and plead with her. She finally concluded to stay on one condition—"Dat Willyum is to keep clar of de kitchen an not obtrude his hoodoo face into my doin's. Dat law is iron bound from now an' so forth on." Those were her very words.

We had taken into our summer home, from one of the city missions, a little lass of fourteen, a mere wisp of a creature, frail and delicate in mould, but the very embodiment of grace and beauty. The congestion and din of the noisy city streets had preyed upon her little body, but her keen enjoyment of the beautiful things in nature had been left untouched. She flitted among the flowers, called to the birds, and clapped her frail little hands at every new vision that met her eager eyes. The woods, the hills, the little lake that snuggled in the valley brought forth childish exclamations of glee.

William became greatly attached to the child, and she followed him around as if he were her appointed guardian. As he worked in the garden she busied herself with weeding, while he told her marvellous stories of Moses in Egypt. "De culled race neber done hab a greater man dan Moses. He was a born leader and de chillun of Isrul was all ob de culled race. You must understan' dat fust an last, Miss May." This astounding bit of information the child accepted with absolute faith, as she did all of William's wonderful narratives. "Yes, chile, he was a born leader after de great Jehova teched him. Befo dat he was jes a ornary ole witch-doctor. When ole King Pharo refuse ter let de chillun of Isrul go to whar dey want ter, Mister Moses, he ups and rains down frogs and snakes an grasshoppers till yer can't move around comfortable like, dey so thick. He pester dat ole King so much dat he jes throw up his hands an say, 'fer de lub o' Mike, git out'—an dey git. Ob course de good book done say dat de Lord sen' dese snakes an sich, but I has my spicions, chile. Ah blieve de debbil done mix up in dat somehow. Ole Mister witch-doctor Moses, he know how dey come, but so soon as he git out in de wilderness de Lord tech him an he change. He ain't a witch-doctor no mo. He riz up

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He was leading "Danny" from the barn when "Danny" began his backing tactics.—Page 497.

wif power dat wuz gib him, den he become de great leader. He walk by faith, he talk by faith. He just trust in de hand what guide him. He writ dem laws bekase de great Jehova tell him what ter write. He jes listen, chile, an ef yer jes listen, an blieve, it'll come to yer, ain't no doubt bout dat, de good book jes plum full er men what blieve and listen, den dey go ahead an do it."

The child would listen intently to William as he filled her eager mind with stories from the "good book." He made them so much more entertaining than she was wont to hear at the Mission Sunday-school. He reasoned differently and she liked his reasoning; especially was she affected by his simple belief in regard to the Deity. "God, you know, is good; if yer good, yer give out good. Yer can't give out evil, kin yer? Can't be bof; got ter be one or tother. Ef de Lord's son spent his time healin' de sick, stan's fer reason dat de Lord don't send sickness. If he did, his son wouldn't spen' his time undoin' what he done sent. No, chile, dat ain't reasonable. Evil and goodness don't mix, how yer gwine ter keep evil

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out? Jes ask fer goodness, den sit still an expect it. It'll come, an, honey, de joy dat comes wif it, why yer whole little body jes tingle wif glory."

"Can a little girl like me get it?"

"Jes try it, Miss May. Why it was jes made fer chillun, dey git in easier dan grown folks."

Through the summer days William and the little girl were constant companions. His "good-book" stories, as the child called them, were her constant delight. When his work was finished he took her for short walks among the hills, or on a fishing trip in the neighboring lake. One sultry afternoon, toward sunset, William and his little charge returned from a long tramp. The old negro was carrying the little girl in his arms. Her head hung listlessly on his shoulder and her flushed cheek burned crimson against the white of his faded shirt.

"Reckon de heat bin a little too much fer her. She come aroun' all right so soon she git rested up," he murmured, as he carried his little burden to her room. That night the child tossed and turned with a raging fever. The doctor was sent for and pronounced her "a very sick child, seriously sick." William, with tear-filled eyes, crouched beside the pillow on which the little head lay. With his wrinkled brown hand he smoothed the fevered brow, crooning to her, "You is all right, honey. Dey ain't nuffin' ter be afeard of. De doctor's medicine gwine ter cure de little body."

The directions were given to the old darky as to the treatment the child was to receive. The women of the house were only to be called in case of extreme distress. As the old doctor passed from the room, after arranging the medicines to be administered, he paused and, looking intently at the child, shook his massive head. William, still soothing the burning brow, turned to the child and whispered: "It's all right, honey." The days wore on, and though the recovery was slow it was sure. William was the watcher at the bedside. The little patient followed his every move with eager eyes. Seated in a rocking-chair, he swayed gently back and forth as he retold his stories in subdued tones. Old Doctor Hyde made his visits with regularity. William was always courteous, listened attentively to his directions in regard to the medicines, when they were to be given and when changed, and invariably bowed stiffly as the old doctor left the room, then snorted, and his whole expression was one of contempt. I passed this over as a mere whim, a peculiarity of his race, and concluded that he merely took offense at the old physician's pomposity while in the black man's presence. Faithful and constant in his devotion, worn and weary with his long vigils, he was urged to rest. He would not listen to the suggestion until he was told that his little charge was well again and past all danger, and that the old doctor's visits were at an end. William's face was wreathed in smiles at the welcome news. He grasped the puny hand of the little girl as his eyes filled with tears. "Chile, we hab won!" he whispered, and the thin parched lips answered back: "We have won." I called William to my study to learn of his future plans, as we were soon to return to the city, and thank him for his loyalty to us and the little girl. I told him that I felt that his care and devotion during her serious illness had as much to do with the child's recovery as did the medicines prescribed by the good doctor. The old negro shuffled uneasily as he fumbled in the pocket of his coat, tugging at a bulky package which he extracted with some effort. He placed it on my desk, his wrinkled face aglow as he uncovered a pasteboard box of goodly size, in which the pills and powders prescribed by the physician were closely packed.

"Dar dey is, boss, in deir nachul state, jes as dat ole humbug lef dem," he hissed.

I gazed in astonishment, as he fumbled in the box, drawing forth pill and powder until the desk seemed fairly covered with them.

"Sit down, William, and explain this to me," I demanded. He dropped into the nearest chair and clasping his wrinkled hands together in his lap began the story.

"When dat doctor done leave de room de fust time he come to see Miss May, I know dat he ain't de one to cure dat chile. How does I know it? Why, boss, de fust time he come inter dat room whar she lay burnin' up wif de fever, what was de

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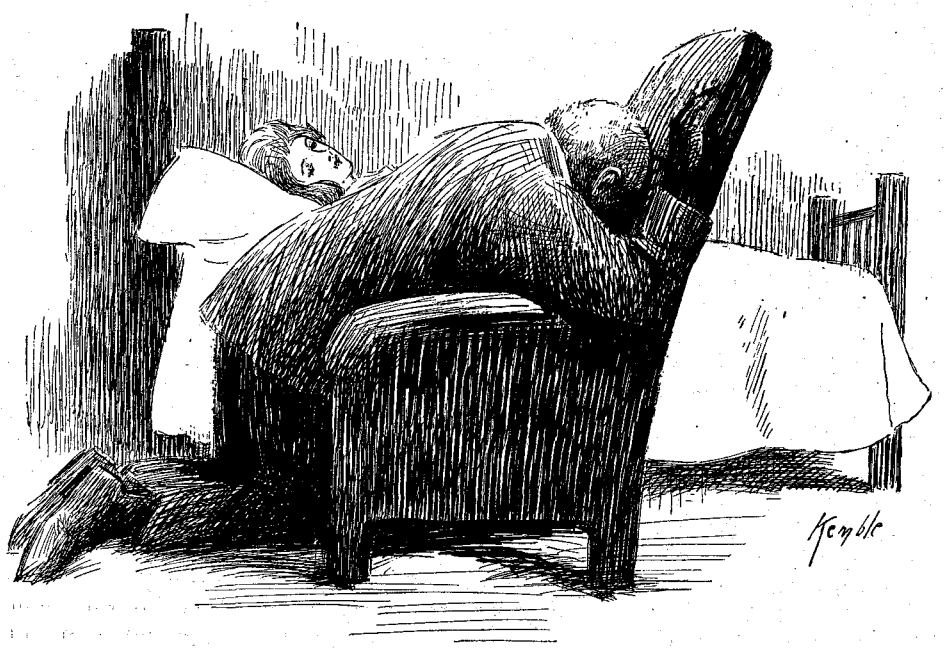
very fust thing he do? He done shook his head—you seen it. I seen it, and wust of all, Miss May seen it. He ain't got no faith an hope, dey done fled befo he begin. Jes so soon as you an dat doctor lef de room I goes ter dat chile an' I sez: 'Honey, dey is hope ef yer got de faith, an yer git de faith jes as easy as yer kin give up hope. Which yer gwine ter do?' An she whisper in dat soft and gentle like she was a queen. Twice durin' de year all ob her followers would gather together an hab a ceremony what last fo several days and nights. I never forget dem scenes. Dey would bring dem what was ailin' in body an mind to her, an she would mix a charm in a old copper kettle an as de vapors rise she sing out a chant, what say for de most part: 'Does yer blieve?' Dem what was needin



"I drap on my knees beside de bed an my ole heart jest flow plum full ob glory."

voice of hers: 'Faith.' I drap on my knees beside de bed an my ole heart jest flow plum full ob glory. I watch wif her all dat night; you remember every time you done stole inter de room ter gaze at her, you spect I was dozin' off, but I warn't. I jes close my eyes in one long prayer fer dat chile, dat she would continue strong in de faith. Way back in de dark days I lived in Louisiana, de mammy what brung me up was a Voodoo. She live on de shore of Lake Pon'cha'train, jes back of New Orleans. She done pass fo a great woman in dat section an she wuk a heap of cures mong de culled folk what come to her. I grew up ter blieve in what she done. De culled folks treat her help answer her back an sing: 'Yes, we blieve.' When my mammy begin ter git feeble I done took her place, an I wuz known in dem parts as de conjur man. Soon de law done clap his hand on us an we had ter break up. Den I come Norf. I find a place wid a fambly what live in Delaware. De missus was one of dem folks what casts glory an light on dose what's round about her. She done change me from a conjur man to believe de way she did. I had de faith but I wasn't usin' it right. Bimeby I begin ter see things her way. It was jes like switchin' off from de branch line onter de main line and goin plum thro'. I had ma ticket, faith was what she called it, an all I

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needed was ter change cyars. I done it, an I hain't never had cause ter regret it. I done tole Miss May about my believin's long time befo she fell sick wid de fevah. Dem pills an powder gwine ter do her no good. She low dat. Dey wasn't mixed with faith, so dar dey is, in deir nachul state, untouched."

For some moments we sat in silence, the old negro firm in his belief, and I in doubt. He must have read my thoughts, as he drew from the inner pocket of his coat a small, shabby note-book which he handed to me. "Why, dar it is, boss; it tells yer all about it." I turned the worn and discolored pages on which were written in a delicate feminine hand, and read aloud: "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

"Dat's it, boss, faith—dat's what I keep tellin' Miss May when she lay in de shadder ob death. Dey is more, ef yer wish ter read."

I closed the little book and handed it to him. "No, William," I replied; "I don't need to read more. I wish I had your faith."

"Thanks, boss. I'm powful glad yer ain't angry wif me. I know I done right. If de ole doctor didn't blieve his pills gwine ter cure her, how he gwine ter spect her to blieve? Got ter mix em with faith, an he didn't do dat."

The old darky rose, bowed politely, and shuffled out of the room. The following day he took the train for the city as special escort to the little girl on her homeward trip. Soon after their departure I drove to the home of the old doctor and paid him for his services during the summer months. As he handed me the receipted bill he spoke feelingly of the little girl. "She seemed to be a trusting little creature, and they always make good patients, but as for that old coon, he certainly riled me; seemed to resent my visits. Your cook told me he was a witch-doctor; rather dangerous to have his kind around in the sick-room. Guess he was faithful enough to follow my instructions, or the child wouldn't have pulled through."

Youth and I

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

You have the right to sing, you who are young,
But no such right as I who had not sung
    In any sort for long,
    But now can bring to evensong
A voice that, as it finds once more the will,
Finds the forgotten strength and skill.

You have the right to laugh, as thus far free
From tears, but no such right as rests with me,
    Who knew and banished them,
    Who grafted on life's bitter stem
Buds that drew sweetness from the sap of pain,
And, when they blossomed, laughed again.

You have the right to crave peace and content,
But no such power as I to circumvent
    Unrest and vain desires,
    For ere the floods rose and the fires,
I owned a land where all I wished came true,
And so need wish no wish anew.

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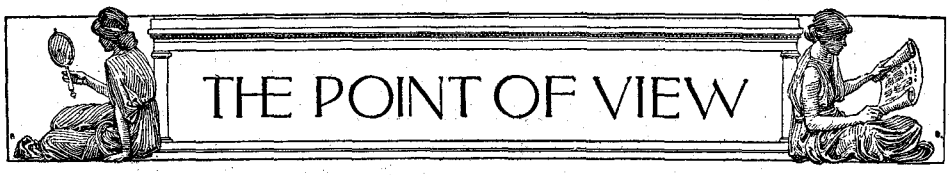

THERE are few things more companionable than an apple-tree. To have your daily horizon bounded by an orchard is to live very close to nature.

In an Apple Orchard

So firmly do I believe it that I built my country house in the heart of one—this was literally true; in other words, I made the house subservient to the orchard and pitched my tent on the top of a gently undulating hill. At its foot the apple-trees lay in lovely symmetrical lines, breaking into single blessedness with the upward slopes, curving with the sweep of the road, grouping themselves oddly on the lawn, and the most rounded beauty of all brushing the veranda railing and reflecting her blushes in the big glass door.

April brought this exquisite touch, and September was not to be outdone, for she hung scarlet apples among the yellowing leaves, picture apples, blood-red; and the sun's long kisses, and my front door made a shining frame for so much loveliness.

Springtime in an orchard! That is an old, old story, so old and yet so eternally new. Surely the buds swell faster than they did last year; surely they never crept out all in a day and a night, no matter how wooing the sun, or how tender the south wind. Was it quite like this twelve months ago?

This wealth of rose and white in a setting of chrysolite green, these days of blush and bloom, this drenching sweetness, this symphony of bees in heavy-laden boughs!

Did they lose their bridal veils with the first veering of the wind? Were the waterways white with petals where my dainty crabs grew thickest, and were there drifting scents and pink and white patches on the lawn so soon?

How you miss the blossom even when you watch closest for the fruit! How tame the delicate fringe left clinging to the shell, and in reality how quickly comes the generous fulfilment of promises!

Summer in your orchard! Is it not immemorial? Can you ever forget its checkered light and shade, the blue and gold that filtered through from the sky, the rounding of the green fruit above you, the first blush that stained the cheek of a June beauty? June apples! How the sight of one makes a boy of you again, how they glamour over middle age, how they revive the sunny days of youth!

And what of seedtime and harvest? The gathering in of your spoil when the winesaps and pippins turn red and gold, and maturity is at its zenith of completion, when the haycocks are curing in the midday heat, and with the setting of the sun comes a still more ravishing sweetness mixed with a drop of rue from the life everlasting.

And the mornings, what of them? Keen-breathed, golden, serene, when the asters open their violet eyes, and the briars that have defied you all the growing months make a scarlet network at your feet and catch in the frosted cobwebs.

But does love and loyalty fail you with the waning of the year? I do not slight my orchard boughs when they are bared to the mercy of the east winds. I still see something beautiful in their sturdiness of limb, their dormant vitality, their sombre outlines. Against the gold of winter sunsets they weave much fine tapestry, they are not russet-clad like the oaks, they do not make sad music like the pines. I find that throughout the seasons they grant me confidence and cheer.

But aside from so much egotism my orchard is a treasure-house for song-birds. Even in the depths of winter I have heard a heartsome note from some wayfaring waxwing as he lingered over a well-seasoned pippin. And April brings to my door choirs visible and invisible in the shape of feathered tenants that make furtive spots of color flitting in and out, so shy they are of humanity. The blue jays are there—saucy chatterers—and the bluebirds themselves, those azure-winged treasures, and there are golden warblers and red-hooded cardinals, and now and again a flash, a flutter, and the memory of a scarlet tanager—he is more a dream than a reality—and added to these is an innumerable company of sober-coated, white-vested choristers.

So, with song and scent and color, with

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blossom and fruit and the glorious looking forward to a springtime resurrection, I come to my orchard slopes as a child runs to his playground.

THIS morning I wrote on "The Warring Factions in Mexico." This afternoon I got out the Beauty Page. And such is my life; Monday I penned a Fashion Letter, Tuesday a biographical sketch, Wednesday called attention to the results accomplished by the pull-together spirit of Californians. What the rest of the week it will be my lot to deal with, no man knoweth. Things happen momentarily, and what cometh the next instant in newspaperdom no mere man or woman may forecast with assurance—unless man or woman be very yellow indeed.

The Humor of One Newspaper Woman's Life

The affairs of Ireland continue in an ominously unsettled condition, and it behooves us to mark time on the unsettledness; but nothing more, for so many of our readers have the "dhrop" in their veins. In Europe, generally, labor troubles and warfare disrupt nations large and small, and we must at least try not to mix locations and broilings. Over in Europe American wives are seeking release in divorce courts, and we must assume a knowledge of nobility magnificence and nobility degeneracy. In southern Italy earthquakes are laying low man and man's handiwork, wherefore the public will find of interest a bird's-eye view of earthquake catastrophes. There's a sore famine in China, and the tragedy of the situation must be presented to the sympathetic American people. And, of course, we must keep in touch with the latest acts of violence in Russia, perhaps be forced to anticipate a few. We must try to master the technical terms of English politics, talk familiarly of "In" and "Opposition," do our best to get the hang of Secretary of State for War, etc., etc.; for just now every one is very knowing in regard to English politics; then, too, republican America is tickled to hear of all those sturdy labor leaders that have ousted all those afternoon-tea dandies. No dearth of subjects, plenty doing.

I was once something of a student, a digger, loved history and the getting-down to the root of things; scorned padding in writing, long space-filling rot; railed at inaccuracies and cheap generalizations, little thinking of a day I was to spend good honest working-hours at the veriest skimming and an ensuing space-filling. In these great word-factories one cannot take time to think; one just typewrites.

When ambition led me from the blessed isles (Hawaii) to the antipodes (Chicago), the goal was magazine writing, not a newspaper job; but the periodicals I thought the suitable ones for work I had taken as my standard, maintained an inhospitality so persistent as to discourage the brightest hopes, the most vaulting ambition. I was forced to turn to the lesser "rungs on the monthly ladder of fame," and these being not only lowly in character but low in purse I finally offered my wares to the daily and Sunday press.

At first I was a free lance, but free-lancing proved too uncertain; very happy and gay was the month the account-book showed one hundred dollars, very sad and forlorn the one-hundred-cents-a-month season. So in the course of time I let my wings be clipped and bound myself for steady pay to all day in an office-chair. A free gypsy such as I at an office-desk!

But I have tried to down the gypsy and toil steadily the seven long hours demanded. The "sitting" makes me frantic—I want to swing a golf-club as of yore, I long to take my horse Akiahi and gallop away miles into solitude as of yore. I hunger to climb mountains and bathe in the sea. I feel driven to camp in the woods weeks at a time as I was wont in the good old past. Some day, some day, I must, I will, go back to the freedom and the beauty; now I live in the city and earn money that in the future I may live out of the city. (Do I not know that thousands of city-doomed dream this dream, thousands that will never realize it! Let us hope there will be country life in Heaven.)

Every bright, beautiful morning that I enter the dingy newspaper building I feel like a miner being swallowed up in the bowels of the earth, saying farewell to sunlight and vital air and joy. I am a worshipper of beauty, and I toil amid the most squalid surroundings, our "plant" unhappily placed in the very centre of a factory district. I am a sun-worshipper, and my office-window looks out on a narrow alley.

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I am an apostle of cleanliness, and have to spend six days a week in a room about as clean as a village railway-station, the windows caked with dust, grime everywhere. I love "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," and under me the heavy presses pound and rock, over me the stereotypers or "make-ups" frequently drop a "form" whose fall almost makes me jump out of my skin, while down in the alley giant trucks rattle over cobble-stones and teamsters wrangle in the profane fashion of their kind. I like a cool place in which to work, and there is a great power-pipe in one corner of my room which, summer and winter, throws out stifling heat. I have an extremely fine sense of smell, and the little hotel across the alley burns street-sweepings for fuel.

I want to read devotional poems, I want to read "The Philosophy of English Literature," I want to read songs of the open road, I want to read outdoor prose as well as outdoor verse. And what do I scan? Oceans of newspapers—almost all the big ones printed from Philadelphia to San Francisco, from New Orleans to Minneapolis, and some English ones thrown in.

"When Janwar winds are blawin' cold," I get out a Fourth of July page; when midsummer adds its heat to the power-pipe, I write of Christmas decorations. When the squalid surroundings press heavily, I try to find lightsome verse for the paragraph-page man and sentimental verse for the short-story man. The Fashion Letter on the whole I do not dislike so much as I thought I should—rather enjoy glancing over the reliable trade journal to find "what is going to be worn," for I am but yet a woman—in spite of the manly names I sign to the articles on specific gravity, the virile style I attempt in the articles on specific gravity.

But let me be fair and look for gains, see if there exist compensations. I confess it is interesting to have even a superficial knowledge of the scattered nations of the globe. The hurried view—it adds to breadth if not to depth. I can write more readily than before the office-chair. I have gained in endurance; do not get so easily fatigued. I am more of a humanitarian since leaving the selfish seclusion of the study; I can tolerate crowds now. And in this "literature in a hurry," that I pass my days in scanning, I come upon occasional illustrations of high-class journalism that claim real reading; and once in a while in the darkness there flashes a gleam of real humor—which I chuckle over at my tasks, through war and fashions, beauty and China.

Another compensation I have is in certain growing friendships. There's a lean, dark-haired, pallid lad from up-stairs, the stereotyper's apprentice, who comes down at stated times and dives into the great box of waste-paper just outside my door, keen after reading-matter, "stories or anything." I name him "The Ferret," and save for poor, cheated-of-his-boyhood Ferret all the thrillers that come my way. (And once he brought me some reading-matter, newspaper verse to "The Dead Rose of Desire.") I like the elevator man who, week in, week out, uncomplainingly travels up and down the elevator well. I like the scrub-woman who works so hard to conquer the grime in our office cells, and in her losing fight never loses heart, never grows bitter.

And the small boys about the place are of perennial interest—all so very small for the sixteen years they have sworn to. There is the little gypsy-faced messenger baby putting his head in at the open door and inquiring anxiously, "You ain't got no special, have you?" There's the regular office-boy whom I despatch in a hurried hour to bring a certain volume containing information on the Roosevelt Dam. Hours later the boy appears—after I have utterly forgotten I sent him after anything—and says, with responsibility of aspect: "I found only a book on him."

"Whom?"

"Roosevelt Dam."

Again this office-boy, on a commission to fetch a picture of Pavlowa. Again hours late he appears, when again I have forgotten both message and messenger. Equal to the occasion, with that constant "responsible" attitude of his, he makes the announcement: "We did not have a cut of that gentleman."

"Whom?"

"Pavlowa."

I find the janitor a character not lacking in interest, in appearance a plodding scrub-man but with a neat knack at a bit of carpentry work, picking faded flowers out of the waste-basket, asking for odd numbers of the *Literary Digest*, "Sometimes good ar-

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ticles in them." I find the pleasant-faced youth recently promoted to "make-up" possesses a telling way of phrasing.

"I have come to see about the make-up of the Woman's Page. Mr. Brown has left us, you know."

"How's that?"

"He had a few words with Mr. Schenk (the foreman), and took off his apron."

Ah me, ah me! I wish I, like Mr. Brown, could "take off my apron." It is easily done—it is so hard to do!

Can the Blind See?

A STRANGE sense of misgiving is upon me: this is my customary reaction to a new and devastating thought. The matter is readily explained. For a long, long time I have thought of literature as youth's kindly instructor. One's knowledge of life, I had until lately reasoned, is to be perfected through reading. "Reading maketh a full man," said Bacon; and by that I suppose he meant a well-informed, perhaps a wise, man. Life should have no ugly surprises, no genuine amazements for the well-read. The springs of character and action, all motives, all causes and results—these, made manifest in books, should be so apparent to the Young Idea that all the dangers and difficulties of life would be anticipated; its sweets, youth would be taught, are to be tasted judiciously; its temptations rejected; and all the rest of it. You know what I mean. In thought I have been considering literature as a kind of gentle panacea for "the thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to."

But of late came the revolutionary thought alluded to heretofore. It is this: How much does, how much *can*, youth understand of the life which literature presents?

Our schools and colleges are at some pains to offer courses in good reading. Our boys and girls read "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Comus," "Henry Esmond," "The Old Testament Narratives." We need go no farther. Now comes the question: Can we reasonably expect these great works to be appreciated by those whose limited experience in life necessarily denies to them the acute power and pleasure of recognition? Perhaps a few illustrations may here be helpful.

As the gloomy tragedy in "Macbeth" deepens, it is fitfully illumined by lingering rays of human affection manifested by the hero for the heroine. Macbeth keeps calling his wife "my dearest love," and "my dearest chuck," and the like. You remember. You understand. But does a lad of sixteen understand? When one was asked to tell what we are to learn from the fact that Macbeth continues to call his wife pet names, he said: "This shows Macbeth's utter demoralization." Nor am I sure that the boy is of Puritan descent. Again, in describing that fatal tournament whereat Lancelot was wounded, a hopeful wrote: "Lancelot and some strange knights had a list." I suppose that, if grim humor may be used in referring to so unctuous a theme as the Round Table, we might say that Lancelot listed when he left the field. Again, when a boy was asked to name the literary qualities which made Irving famous, he wrote: "Washington Irving is America's greatest writer because of his invulnerable grammar." Again, the heart-breaking cry of Macbeth to the Scotch doctor,

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,"—

is construed in this manner: "Can you, doctor, cure a person of the blues; or, have you been successful in asylum work?"

The mature heart (of whatever age) a poet can poignantly, even plungingly, fathom. But can the sad penetration of his darts affect the hard green heart of youth? I do not know. All of us admit that we receive from travel only what we take to it. Does not the same law apply to literature and our journeys into it? Young minds unused to reading are seldom advanced readily by it. For example, what I call an athletic mind will collide violently with "Hamlet." And always I remember the wise Bacon's canny saying: "Reading maketh a full man." Observe that he does not say a boy or a girl.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Fragment of the Western Frieze of the Parthenon left in place upon the ruins.

Modern Views of Greek Art

BY MARY MACALISTER

EVERY now and then some extreme modernist comes forward with the statement that the Greek inspiration has no place in the art of our time. Yet from a broad modern standpoint "classic art" has so greatly enlarged its scope and widened its horizon that it seems in no danger of dying out of the present-day world. What used to be called "the classic traditions" have long since died out, and given place to new conceptions of the origins of Greek art, and the tendency of modern criticism is also to revise old ideas of late classic styles. Any and all periods of Hellenic development are accepted—in their relation to our own time, rather than as absolute, conservative ideals of beauty.

Archæology has, in our day, become one of the most vividly interesting and thoroughly alive of pursuits, continually opening up new avenues of inquiry, and giving light and inspiration to the whole field of art. Archæological discoveries of the last fifty years have shown that the Golden Age of Greek art was more than two thousand years in the making. It is strange enough to think that previously it was regarded as a spontaneous growth, with origins veiled in impenetrable mystery. Now the adventurer into the great regions of knowledge where the story of Greek civilization enfolds itself may become possessed of at least the main facts of prehistoric epochs long before Greek art became Greek.

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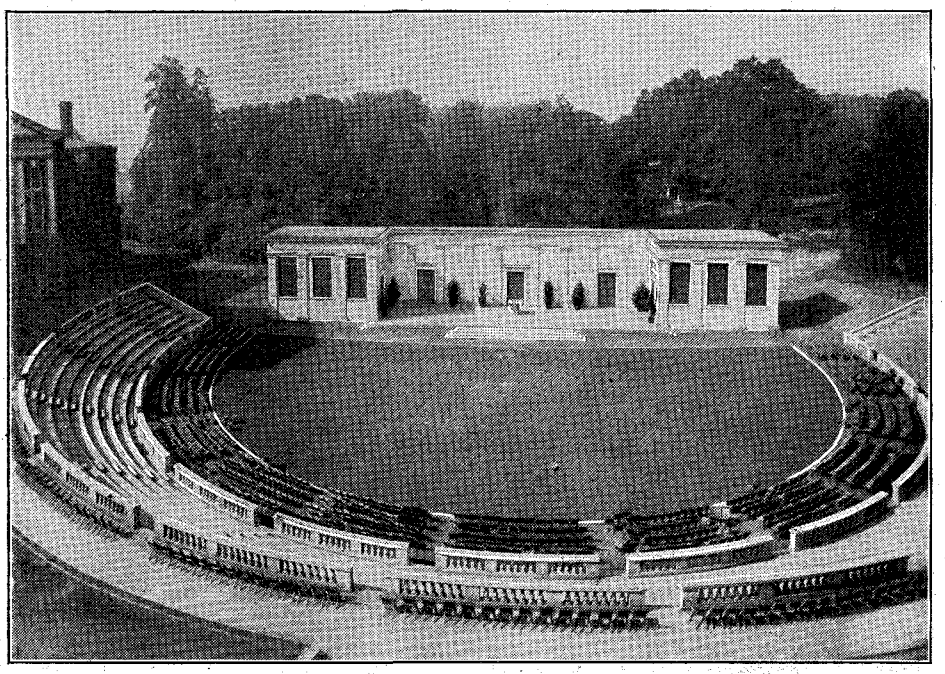
Much is still left for imaginative speculation, it is true; behind the definite facts is still the unknown, the glamour of a baffling, enchanted past that eludes the researches of the most learned.

The Homeric Iliad and Odyssey were first made to connect with history by the discoveries of Schliemann, late in the nineteenth century. When the site of Troy was found, and later Mycenæ and Tiryns, the Heroic Age was no longer merely myth and legend but a reflection, put into poetic form long afterward, of a real period in which there were "shining palaces, gay-colored garments rich with golden ornaments, beautiful weapons, and vessels painted and carved."



Greek amphitheatre at the University of Virginia.
Designed by Fiske Kimball.

Then came the discovery of that earlier civilization which proved to be the key to Mycenæan art, when, in 1900, Sir Arthur Evans commenced the famous excavations in Crete. He and the other experts who carried on the series of Cretan excavations in the years before the war, reconstructed what they named "Minoan" primitive art. And we know it almost as a modern fad, from which some of the very latest art takes its cue.

The palace of the half-real, half-legendary King Minos of Knossos was the first result of the excavations in Crete. Many of the treasures unearthed there are familiar to visitors in American museums, not from originals, as a rule, but from very exact reproductions. It was an astonishingly "progressive" and luxurious civilization that was revealed in the Knossos palace and other remains. There are many proofs of the contact of Crete with Egypt, but formal, monumental Egyptian art and buoyant, experimental Cretan are very different. Modern artistic interpretations of Egypt often give the impression of audacity and "allure"—according to some of these, old Egypt was full of such qualities. But her civilization appears really to have been always a conservative one, while the Minoans appear as the innovators of the ancient world. And they share the fate of most innovators. The little island domain of Crete, evidently far advanced in civilization while Egypt was at the height of her power, was destined to be merely the "Forerunner of Greece," and its art forgotten for nearly three thousand years.

The art of Crete is shown in wall-paintings, stone-carvings, pottery of distinctive design, and many objects of faience, ivory,

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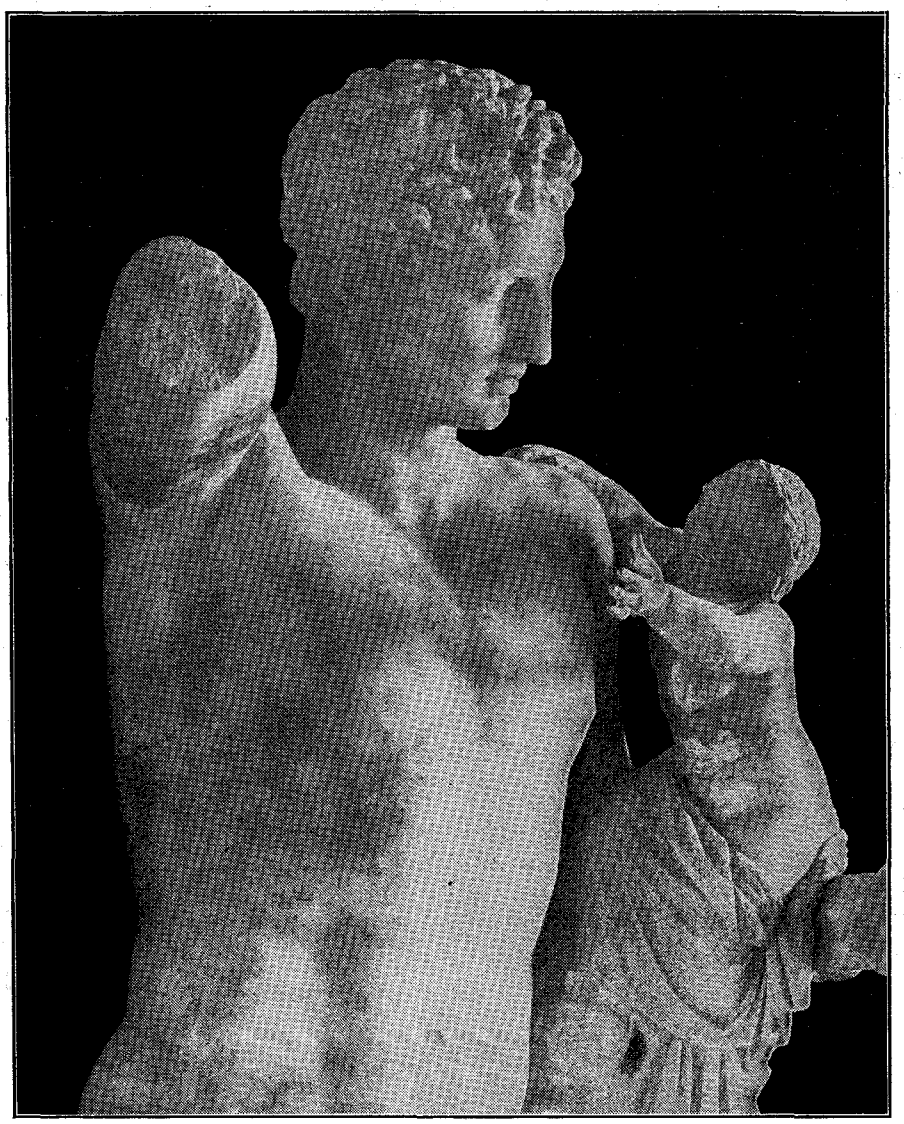

The Hermes of Praxiteles, for all its remote serenity, is not so far removed from modern sentiment.

and metal. The cup-bearer fresco of Knossos, a most striking figure of a young man, seems a prophecy of Greek conceptions of the human figure. Minoan figures of women, on the other hand, are most un-Greek, the constricted waist and flaring skirts far from all forms of classic drapery. The costume of a snake-goddess figurine has been compared to the style of dress in vogue at the court of the Empress Eugenie, as well as to the Watteau style. It is this unexpectedness and inconsistency which attract the modern designer, out in the ancient world for novelty, and finding plenty of it in the new-old art of Crete.

As a source of myth and legend Crete was always known. The Minos palace was identified as the spot from whence came the Minotaur tradition, and the bull, the double axe, and other symbols are believed to be connected with Minoan life and worship. But the forms of religious worship are unknown; no separate temples have been found, only evidences of household shrines and of possible open-air cults. Authorities allow us to imagine that "The groves and rocky gorges of the land were no doubt peopled not only by forms of the great gods, but also by crowds of spirits of mountain, wood, and stream, the ancestors of the nymphs and

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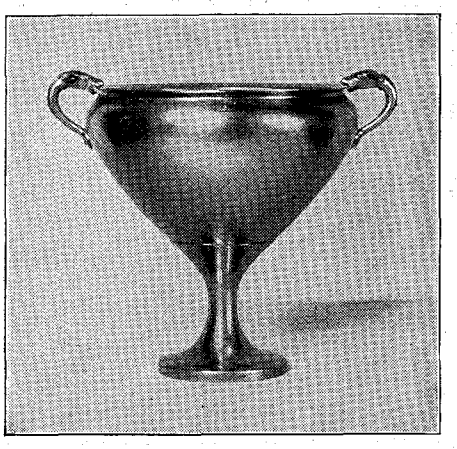
dryads of classical Greece."* Votive offerings have been found in the legendary birthplace of Zeus, the cave of Dikte. In some way the nature deity venerated in the Cre-



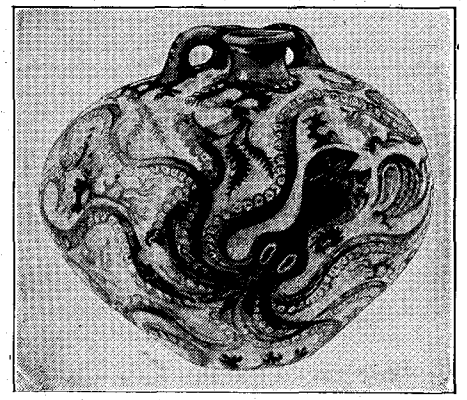
Reproduction of gold cup from Mycenæ.
Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

tan cave was associated with much later northern traditions and became great Zeus of classical conceptions. All this is but speculation; ancient Crete speaks only through art as yet. The hundreds of inscribed tablets found have not been deciphered. So that we of the twentieth century who gaze curiously upon Cretan art in our museums are free to judge its meanings as we will, unhampered by any greatly superior knowledge of scholarly readers of hieroglyphs.

The period in Greek history that has not yielded any notable examples of art, in spite of modern research, is that following the Minoan and Mycenæan era, after the northern invasion of the mainland had spread through the Ægean. From about 1100 to 700 B. C. is the Greek Dark Age. At some time early in these unrecorded centuries of change the Ionian Greeks settled in Asia Minor. And in Ionia, on the Asiatic mainland and adjacent islands, Greek art flourished, both early and late, and there were all the varied influences and counter-influences in relation to neighboring peoples that are deeply interesting to serious students of ancient art, and very intricate to those who dip more lightly into the subject. Owing to Turkish rule and to present unsettled conditions, archæological explorations have not been exhaustive in this part of Asia Minor, though important discoveries have been made. The British some time ago carried on their work at Ephesus under the direction of Mr. D. G. Hogarth; the American Society for the Excavation of Sardis, under Professor Howard Crosby Butler, of Princeton, has dug up extensive remains of ancient Lydian civilization of different periods. This whole area, overlaid as it is with late Greek and Roman remains, is looked upon as the newest field for classical research.

Asia Minor had much to do with the development of archaic art, while Oriental influences were being both adapted and rejected, in the final stages of progress toward the Greek high period. These final stages are rich in suggestion. Naturally the vigor and vitality of archaic craftsmen have things to convey to our age of change and uncertainty in artistic ideas, and it is easy to trace their influence in American sculpture of to-day.

When it comes to explaining just how Hellenic art achieved perfection the wisest and most learned are up against the unknown again. Nothing that came before the fifth century accounts for the supreme distinction, the joyous freedom, and the sanity and proportion of such examples of



Octopus vase from Gournia, Crete, found by University of Pennsylvania Museum Expedition at that site.

the climax of achievement as there are left in the world. Every one knows how few these examples really are. There is the great heritage of architectural ruins—in Greece, in Sicily, at Pæstum. Their fallen glories have been enough to hand down the classic idea of building. In the United States it seems to have taken a new lease of life: the seventh American-Greek open-air

*"Ægean Archæology," by H. R. Hall.

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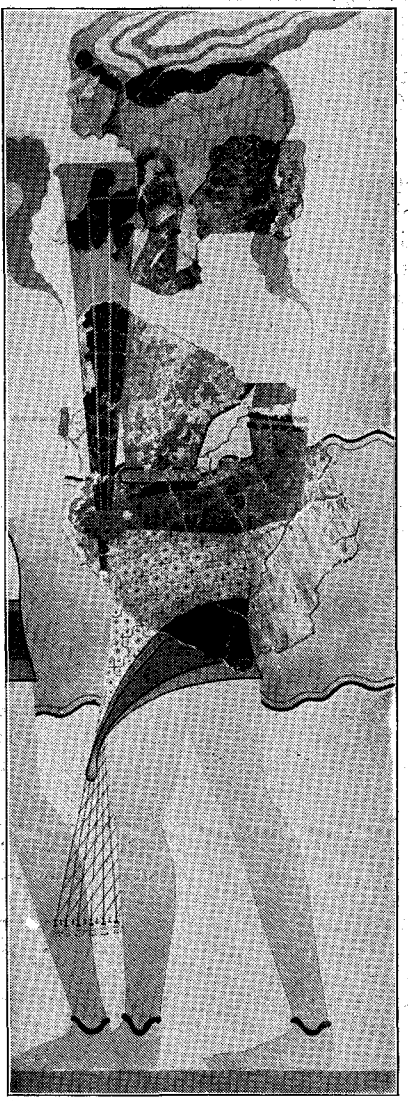
theatre, of a type especially designed for dramatic representations, was recently finished at the University of Virginia; a city in another State is completing a copy of the Parthenon for civic uses; and more convincing than direct copies is the subtle mingling of the classic with the details of some of the newest skyscrapers. The authentic original sculpture of the great classical period that is left is so limited the examples can be counted in a moment. As for our knowledge of painting, that comes mostly from vases. The bright coloring that was really Greek from the Mycenæan period we cannot know, and have to picture it with only the white and black, red, and buff, that we actually see as very insufficient evidence.

A new theory about Greek vases was first brought forward in the book on "Dynamic Symmetry," by Jay Hambidge, issued from Yale in 1920, and claiming the discovery of a mathematical system of measurements as the basis of design, used by the ancient Egyptians but fully developed by the Greeks. To the uninitiated the system would seem to be a most difficult one to be used with facility today, yet it is already being tried in the teaching of art. The author of this book is by no means insensible to the Greek vase as "an artistic miracle," even though one of the finest is called "a theme in double root-five."



Reproduction of cup-bearer fresco from Knossos Palace, Crete.

Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

The Parthenon frieze has remained a miracle beyond dispute. The mutilated fragments of it can convey a thrill of the fifth century B. C. in the atmosphere of the British Museum, and we can dimly imagine what it must have been in its entirety, newly created and placed upon the building it was made to adorn, within the outer colonnade, its low relief gleaming with color in an indirect, diffused light. That procession of horsemen, charioteers, and townspeople afoot, proudly approaching the seated gods, illustrating a real festival of Athens, touched the heights of a civic idealism that belongs wholly to the antique world. To dwellers in an American city of to-day it is as incredible as a carved presentment of a phantom city that never really existed.

In fourth-century sculpture there is something that has been found to be nearer modern sentiment. The Hermes of Praxiteles, the young messenger of the gods with the infant Dionysus, for all its remote serenity, seems not so far removed. It is almost sentimental, if such a thing could be in Greek art. But sentimentality does not enter into Hellenic conceptions, where results, however they may have been arrived at, are direct and sincere in the way so hard to comprehend in this sophisticated age. After all, perhaps the intangible quality of greatness that is so baffling is nothing very exalted, but only the impress of this sincerity, a reverent simplicity of outlook all but lost out of the modern world. It is not alone the simplicity of the ancient creative spirit that is so rare in modern art, but the simplicity of the old spirit of work-

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manship can hardly live in the present world.

The great qualities lingered a long time in the world of antiquity. No hard-and-fast limits of date are now placed upon appreciation of classic beauty. The old-fashioned art criticism treated late Greek productions in a general way as decadent. Nowadays we are much too well acquainted with artistic decadence for any such view, and the Hellenistic period appears as a "new movement," in spite of all the copies and adaptations of older masterpieces, and their diminished religious significance.

Hellenic art and learning were brilliantly revived after the conquests of Alexander the Great in several of the localities picturesquely known as "the kingdoms of the Diadochi, or Successors." Alexandria was Greek in the midst of Egyptian traditions. Pergamon, on the other hand, had inherited traditions of the old Ionian cities in her territory. The island republic of Rhodes is regarded as having transmitted the old ideas most directly—a democracy with a purer Hellenic art. This late era is presented as one of private wealth, commercial activity on a large scale, and cosmopolitanism. Such characteristics are familiar, bringing us down from the heights, more into reality, and very great works sprang from the newer sources of inspiration. The Venus of Melos herself is the most conspicuous example of late, composite art. No remnant of ancient sculpture appeals to modern taste more than the Victory of Samothrace, the "Winged Victory" of the Louvre. This beautiful body of a woman, vaguely connected with the commemoration of a sea victory, cannot be associated in the modern mind with ideas of decadence. Though the date is not definitely fixed, the latest opinion is that it was the creation of a great artist about 250 B. C., and of Rhodian inspiration.

Of course the real change came over Greek art when it became the æsthetic expression of the Roman Empire, subject to imperial ideas and to expansion in a new sort of utility. The distinctly Roman style is apparent to the student of antiquity, and is well understood and used as a decorative style at present.

And we well know that the fall of Rome, the end of pagan art as it was typical of the classic world, did not put an end to Greek art. It is strange that the first revival of it, when some of the classic forms and motifs were taken over as a part of early Christian art in Byzantium, should have been a return to Eastern influences from which the Greeks took so many centuries to escape. Then, after the passing of centuries, came the Italian revival, when old classic forms flashed into new life in the splendid reign of beauty which produced the Renaissance.

The Renaissance ideas were far enough from the old Greek standards, and art in the world to-day is confronted with a thousand circumstances the Greeks could never have dreamed of. The enormous developments of modern science are driving art into the new channels, and the wildest modernists are not challenging old Hellenic standards when they maintain that perfection, once reached, cannot be reached along the same lines again.

Reproduction of silver cup from Mycenæ.
Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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Markets, Hard Times, and Politics

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

JUST at the time when Wall Street and the business community as a whole had settled down to belief that no important action of the markets, no change for the better in the financial outlook, could occur before spring or autumn, events of significance began to happen. In the economic field as elsewhere, the last month or two of winter is usually a time of financial inertia, of what may be called economic low vitality. This season it has been marked by several occurrences in financial and commercial markets which were not only striking in themselves but foreshadowed a changing situation. Some of them embodied the resumption, with increasing emphasis, of movements which had got distinctly under way in the autumn months but had subsided at the opening of the new year. Others represented absolute reversal of a previous drift of things. All of them raised extremely interesting questions regarding the economic future.

Events in the Financial Markets

After its sudden advance toward the end of 1921, the investment bond market halted during January in what seemed a mood of indecision; but the pause was only preliminary to a new forward movement during the next six weeks, in a shape which may fairly be termed spectacular. The autumn rise of Liberty bonds had not continued and there was much irregularity in the railway and industrial securities. With the foreign government bonds dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, however, the market reached an almost unprecedented pitch of activity. Largely because of the greatly increased purchases of these securities, transactions in bonds far surpassed all previous records for the period; the total of purchases of the foreign bonds alone, during the two first months, rising from $40,000,000 in 1921 to $100,000,000 in 1922. Practically all of the foreign loans rose above the prices at which they had been subscribed in the five preceding years.

THIS happened in the face of a series of new foreign loans, running beyond a hundred million, which were offered and immediately taken in the American market. It did not merely measure overflowing American surplus capital, nor did it merely indicate the awakening of the American investing public to the striking fact, shown by the calculation of the largest international banking-house, that out of a total $2,587,000,000 of Allied government loans placed in New York since the war began, $1,769,000,000 had actually been redeemed by the end of 1921. As a matter of fact the rise in similar securities on the London market, especially after the Bank of England's discount rate was reduced in February to the lowest figure since the war began, was more rapid than the advance in Wall Street.

American Capital and Foreign Loans

British war loans went in that month well above their original price of issue; both these and other high-grade English securities sold 10 to 30 per cent above their lowest price of 1921. With all due allowance for the influence of the world-wide fall in money rates on values of fixed investments, this notable movement testified as positively to a changing view regarding the economic outlook of the European countries whose governments had put out these bonds as the great rise

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of United States bonds during 1867 and 1868 testified to the belief of that day's home and foreign investors in this country's future.

The Rise in Foreign Exchange

AT the beginning of the present year the rise in foreign exchange had halted. Rates on the European countries had already risen as much as even the banking community thought was warranted by the European situation. This view was held not only by the London philosophers who had been talking of "stabilizing" sterling exchange at $3.63, or by English bankers who last autumn intimated that financial London, disliking rapid changes, would be well content to see the rate remain for a year or so around $3.80. The franc had declined sharply on the New York exchange market when France opposed the attitude of her allies on the questions of armaments and German reparations, and a new French ministry came into power on that issue. Nevertheless, resumption of the upward sweep of exchange rates during February brought the franc to the highest rate since January of 1920, and carried sterling from $4.17 to $4.44½, which compared with its low price of $3.18 two years ago and was only 42 cents, or 9 per cent, below the normal par of exchange. Some of the very people who in England were talking last autumn of the impossibility of maintaining the rate above four dollars are now remarking comfortably that sterling may reach par of exchange next summer.

The expectation may easily be premature. But the change of attitude was strikingly embodied in last month's public statement of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer to Parliament, to the effect that a "free gold market" (meaning virtually resumed gold payments on the currency) will be approved by the government "at the earliest date at which the state of the exchanges renders the course possible and desirable." For this remarkable movement of exchange on Europe, as for the equally notable movement of the prices for European securities, there was more than one visible reason. In so far as the abnormal premium on American exchange, in 1920 and 1921, the discount on European exchange at New York, measured the immense surplus of exports in the American foreign trade, the influence was disappearing. Taken together, December and January recorded the smallest excess of our merchandise exports over imports since the autumn of 1914.

January's export surplus, $63,000,000, compared with $446,000,000 in January of 1921. It was exceeded in the corresponding month of five out of the eight years which immediately preceded the war; in addition to which, Europe in January of 1922 was sending gold to the United States in amounts five or ten times as great as the import of the pre-war years. On the other hand, Great Britain's surplus of merchandise imports over exports fell during January actually to the smallest total of any month since August of 1913. The January import surplus was £4,890,000; the average monthly import surplus of the pre-war year was £11,000,000.

Europe's Trade and Europe's Debts

THIS great change in the balance of merchandise trade affected every European country. Whether it can or cannot continue on its present scale, it conforms to the logic of a situation in which Europe owes prodigious sums on current account to America which it must mostly pay in goods. That it would reverse the downward movement of New York exchange on Europe was inevitable, always supposing a disastrous economic situation in Europe did not offset the improvement of its foreign trade through the flight of investment capital from Europe to America. But, as the bond market has shown, nothing of that kind is happening.

Instead of the capital of England and France and neutral Europe seeking refuge in the United States, American capital has been moving in large amounts into securities of the sound European countries. That has notoriously occurred during this present season, not only through subscription to new "dollar loans" offered by European governments on the New York market but through extensive purchases on the markets of Europe itself. Such a movement is good

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 514)

evidence of the longer view which financial judgment is taking of the future of Europe, and it is certainly not unconnected also with the further reduction in the French and English war-time paper currencies, during the past few weeks, to the lowest totals since the armistice. Precisely as the changing balance of exports and imports means payment of Europe's current American indebtedness in goods, so this contraction of inflated paper means the narrowing of the percentage of depreciation and the gradual approach of a day when American drafts on a European bank will be paid by that bank in gold.

The Grain Markets Recover

THESE evidences of European economic recovery were naturally welcomed in the American market. They could affect only indirectly, however, the course of American industrial revival. Indeed, our decreasing exports, one of the factors in the recovery of Europe's economic equilibrium, were themselves a heavy handicap to our producing trades, and meantime the agricultural West continued, until a month or more of the new year had elapsed, to be sunk in the deepest of industrial depression. Wheat, which sold at Chicago for $1.80 per bushel a year ago and at $3 two years ago, had reached $1.03 toward the end of 1921. Corn, which brought $1.30 per bushel in January, 1920, and 76½ cents a bushel in January, 1921, had declined to 50 cents. For wheat this was distinctly a "pre-war price"; for corn it was lower than the midwinter price in the half-dozen years before 1914. Farmers and merchants agreed in the statement that these prices were well below actual cost of production under present conditions.

Yet the grain trade seemed to be wholly skeptical over the possibility of higher prices, and the farmers, under pressure of the banks to which they were heavily indebted, continued to throw their grain on a falling market. In February a change occurred. Starting with higher bids from European consuming countries, the price of wheat began to rise. From $1.07, at which it sold in the first month of the year, it advanced with such rapidity that by the opening of March it had reached $1.49⅞. Corn, as against its January price of 52 cents per bushel, had risen to 70. These were by far the highest prices paid since the present crop was harvested; they represented increase of 40 per cent from the season's lowest for the grain remaining unsold on the farms—which usually,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

Tax Exemption Still a Consideration

WITH your income-tax return for 1921 out of the way, a careful consideration of your investments for the coming year is most opportune.

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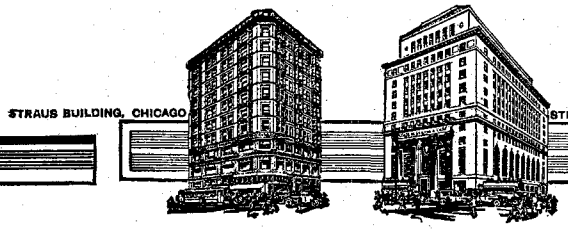

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

at this time of year, amounts to more than 150,000,000 bushels of wheat and more than 1,000,000,000 bushels of corn. The actual enhancement of market value for such an unsold surplus would figure out $270,000,000.

Supply and Demand in Wheat

THE reason for this rapid recovery was no mystery. It was not merely the decrease of half a million acres in the area of the newly planted winter wheat crop; wheat sold around the dollar price for weeks after the government's acreage report had been published, in December. What actually happened was the discovery that the grain trade's earlier ideas of the whole world's grain yield of 1921 had been grossly exaggerated. It is true that France, England, Italy, and even Germany had increased their wheat production; between them these four countries raised 180,000,000 bushels more than in 1920. But with its gaze fixed on these European harvests, the grain market had overlooked the fact that India's wheat crop had decreased 121,000,000 bushels, to the smallest figure in a dozen years; that the United States had produced 40,000,000 bushels less than the year before, and, by no means least important in the reckoning, that the disastrous Russian famine had not only stopped shipments from that country to central Europe but had drawn huge amounts from the grain reserves of the outside world.

Furthermore, with its mind chiefly impressed by the fall in the total value of our wheat exports during 1921, a consequence of lower prices, the grain trade had scarcely noticed that the actual quantity exported in that year was not only 60,000,000 bushels greater than in 1920, but actually the largest ever made in a single year—exceeding by 30 per cent even the shipments of 1915, whose harvest was 200,000,000 bushels greater than last year's. When the yield of last autumn's crop was known, grain experts estimated that 250,000,000 bushels could be spared for export in the crop season ending with next June. That figure had already been exceeded in the actual shipments up to February.

That this midwinter rise in the price of grain, like the autumn rise in cotton, altered very considerably the condition of affairs in the agricultural districts, there could be no doubt. As to whether it had come in time to relieve distress in the farm communities this season, to allay the increasing agricultural discontent, was not so certain. Looking to the longer future, the season's advancing grain market

(Financial Situation, continued on page 59)

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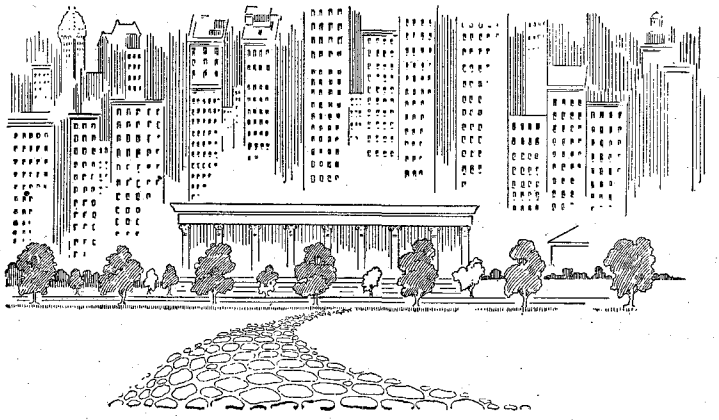

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

has been as important, both from the economic and the political view-point, as the rise in wheat from 53 to 94 cents during the Bryan campaign of 1896, when the recovery played a considerable part in defeating the free-silver-coinage movement. But for the immediate present the agricultural distress remains as a result of the great fall in prices from the heights of 1919; the losses, the debts, the foreclosed mortgages remain. Even when the season's grain markets had turned upward, apprehension continued to find voice, both at Washington and in Wall Street, over a possible sequel in the shape of political assaults on the existing system of currency and credit.

Political Results of Trade Reaction

OF political unsettlement we shall certainly have our share. That result follows business reaction and hard times as surely and (in the light of human nature) as logically as a victory at the polls comes to the party which has been in power during a period of great prosperity. Intelligent people know that in probably 90 per cent of the historic instances, the party in power could of itself neither have caused nor averted the drift of business affairs toward prosperity or adversity. But the electorate does not indulge in subtle reasoning. In the present instance, the possibility of political reversals is not diminished when the Congress elected in 1920 itself admits its failure to carry out so long a list of explicit pledges.

That the record of the Administration in the way of practical achievement has been different, that it has actually accomplished more than was predicted of it, every one recognizes; but the public will hardly have missed the patent fact that these results were achieved, not with the help of Congress but in spite of it, also the further fact that next November's vote will not be for a new executive, but for a new Congress. In the view of many experienced political observers, the extraordinary conduct of congressmen, in regard to the Soldiers' Bonus Bill and the public finances, has been fairly conclusive proof of what the congressmen had themselves discovered regarding the attitude of their own constituents. Unless their public flouting of every appeal to sense or reason based on the Treasury's condition meant a lapse into actual legislative madness, it may well have been the grasping at straws through an outright bid for votes by frightened candidates.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

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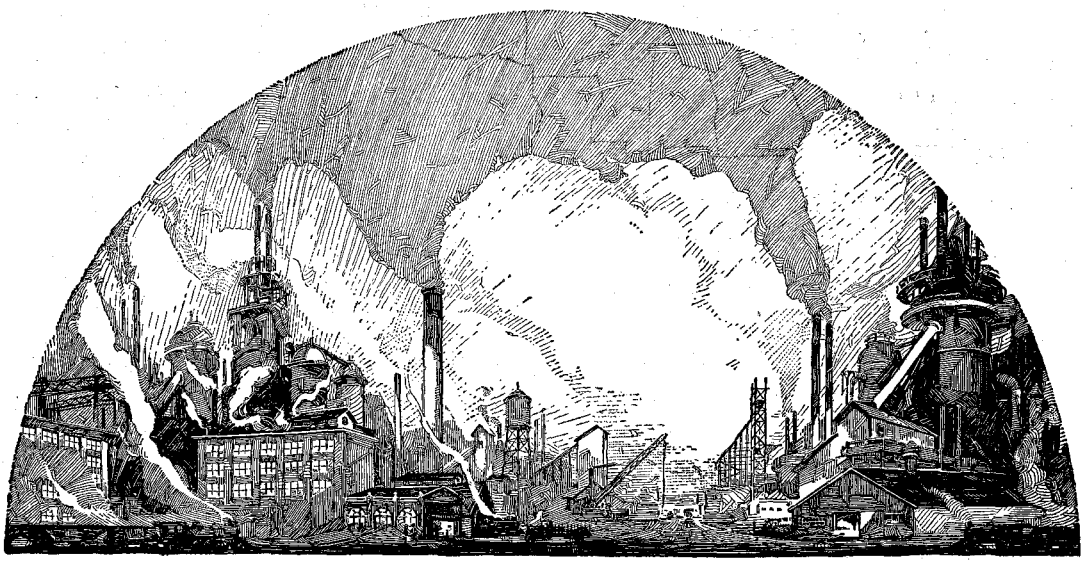

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YET even if one admits the possibility of a vote against the ruling party next November, it is important to observe that no one predicts a political overturn of the larger sort. The point of view on all such matters has changed so greatly since the general unsettlement of ideas in 1919, that it is not entirely easy now for any of us to recall how seriously people were then talking of political demonstrations which would upset existing institutions. To-day what one hears is the very different prediction of reversed majorities.

Politics Now and in 1919

In dismissing the fear of that indefinite and unfamiliar thing described as "Bolshevism," the public mind merely returned to measurement of political probabilities by the country's past experience. But if that past experience has not suggested danger of a constitutional overturn, a labor dictatorship, a "Soviet régime," on the other hand it has abundantly borne out the possibility of dangers from political propaganda for an unsound currency. A good deal has been heard of late, both in Wall Street and at Washington, of a coming assault by the discontented West and South on the country's currency system or on its banking organism and credit machinery. It has been freely asserted, sometimes by experienced observers, that the surrounding conditions which led to the formidable "fiat money craze" of 1868 and the "free-silver-coinage campaign" of 1896, have been exactly reproduced in the conditions of 1922.

Since genuine apprehension has seemed to exist over the possibility of another movement of this sort, it will be quite as well to examine the actual situation fairly and frankly in all its aspects. Misgiving in Washington and Wall Street is based less on general principles than on three or four tangible facts and incidents. One is the unquestionable sense of resentment—notably in the agricultural districts which are entangled in debt contracted during the "boom times" of 1919—over what the sufferers consider to have been the policy of the Federal Reserve. They know that members of the Reserve Board and of its Advisory Council stated publicly at the close of 1919 and during 1920 that credit was dangerously expanded; that commodities of various sorts were being held back from market on the basis of loans raised in the last resort at the federal banks; that this use of credit had fixed artificially high prices; that reduction was inevitable in the long-standing loans of a speculative character

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)

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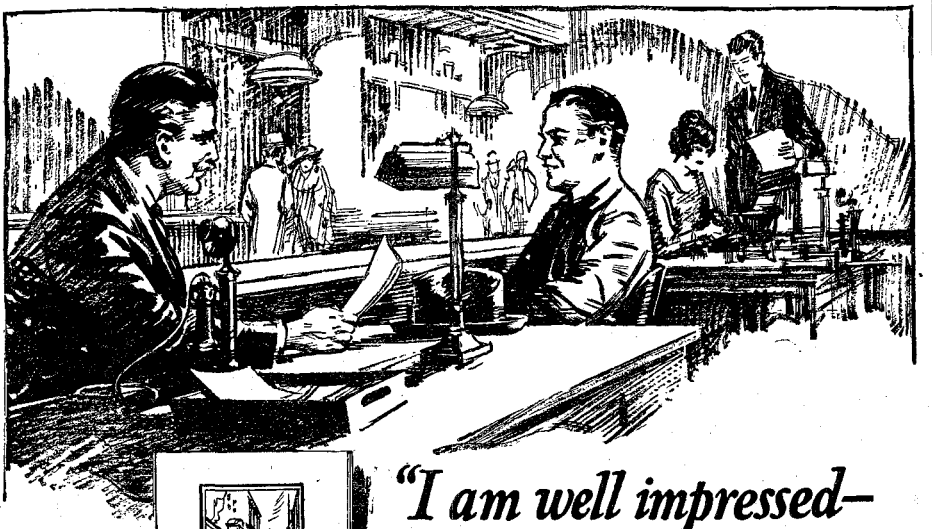

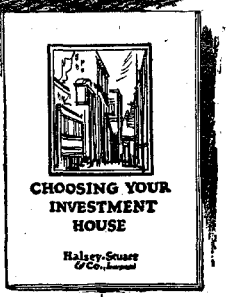

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 61)

and therefore, inferentially, in the prices which had been made possible through such loans.

THESE frequent public statements were made shortly before the great decline in values. At the time of utterance, they may have impressed the agricultural community merely as warnings regarding the banking situation; perhaps as a not unwelcome effort to reduce the uncomfortable cost of living. To-day, however, the Western farmer who bought land in 1919 at a price adjusted to $2 and $3 wheat and who last autumn had to pay for the land or sell it with wheat at $1, the Southern planter whose cotton last summer brought only pre-war prices when he had paid for raising it, according to the Agricultural Department's statistics, two-and-one-half times as much per month in wages as he paid before the war, could not be expected to look back with altogether friendly reminiscence at the Reserve Board's attitude.

Mood of the Farm Communities

It is true that, to a very considerable extent, the distress and helplessness of farmers after the fall in prices, like the distress and helplessness of Eastern merchants, was a consequence of their own rashness and folly during the period of high prices. The farmers, like the merchants, were making exceptional profits during the two or three years before the great reaction came; they deliberately staked their money on the fallacious expectations of the year of delusions, 1919, and lost not only the gains of the preceding profitable year but a good deal more. Most of them could have marketed their grain and cotton at prices hardly 10 or 20 per cent below the high prices of the previous season, but they refused to sell, largely because of the assurances of agricultural conventions that prices would shortly return to their former heights or higher. It might be argued, therefore, that the legitimate grievance of the agricultural West and South is not against the Federal Reserve, but against the state commissions, the grain and cotton associations, which led them into the trap.

THAT, however, is not the way that a hard-pressed debtor reasons; in seeking a scapegoat, he will always look for some one whom he can blame for the fact that prices did not move as he and his enthusiastic trade advisers had anticipated. In blaming the Federal Reserve Board, he was able to fix responsibility on some one else than himself and his fellow-agriculturists.

Finding a Scapegoat

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)

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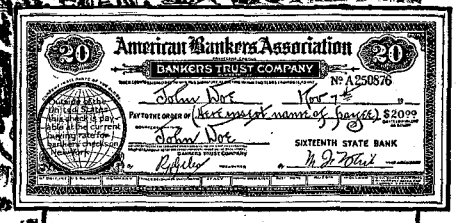

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 63)

Nor, indeed, was this all. The idea that the Reserve Board had not only warned the community against the coming fall in prices, but had caused it, was in fact proclaimed as an accepted theory in quarters where better knowledge of the facts might have been expected. The high economic expert who for a week or two set London talking of reduction in gold content of the British sovereign from $4.86⅝ to $3.63 or thereabouts, in order to stop the fall of prices, described in his formal arguments of last year what he called "the deliberate deflation policy of the American Federal Reserve Banks," whose "severe restriction of credits" he represented as "the endeavor of a country with a gold standard to bring down prices and thus raise the value of its money."

Political action by this resentful body of producers, supposing organized action to ensue, might conceivably assume the shape of demand for larger credit on an unsound basis, or of demand for an unsound currency. It was propaganda for an unsound currency with which the country became familiar during 1874 and 1896. In the present instance, the discussion of recourse to currency inflation took a somewhat extraordinary turn, being brought into sharp publicity by two picturesquely successful personages in the field of industrial production.

Knowledge of Economic Principles

THE theory of money, the questions how and why gold has for centuries been accepted as a standard of value and what other standard, if any, could be substituted for it, have engaged the greatest minds in economic science from Adam Smith to the present day. The relation of government paper money issues to the metallic standard has similarly been examined during a century and a half by a long series of eminent thinkers in and out of the field of practical finance. Their arguments and conclusions have been supplemented by nation-wide debate in such political controversies as occurred in England's depreciated money days of a century ago, in the "greenback movement" in the United States after the Civil War, and in the free-coinage campaign of 1896. Study of these economic discussions constitutes part of every liberal college education. Knowledge of them frequently goes to complete the mental equipment which an intelligent business man, even without a college training, brings to the management of his affairs.

But there will always be individuals, even among people of substantial business achieve-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 66)

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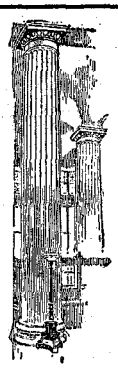

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

ment, who have lacked the desire, the capacity, perhaps the opportunity, to study these teachings of the past. Every one knows the type of man whose misfortune or fault it is to have been left profoundly ignorant of the principles established by the world's past thought or its past experience; who approaches the subject with belief that its problems can be solved through his own instantaneous impressions; whose actual lack of knowledge of the facts which other men have spent their lives in studying stiffens the obstinacy with which he insists upon his own off-hand opinion. When such a man is only a casual participant in conversation on such matters, his dogmatic assertion of his own crude ideas is sometimes amusing, sometimes annoying, always negligible. By a curious freak of chance it has happened on the present occasion that this kind of talk on the subject of the currency has come, with all the publicity that attends remarks on any question by men whose careers have impressed the public imagination, from Mr. Henry Ford and Mr. Thomas A. Edison.

Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison

THERE was no reason why Mr. Ford's ideas on the theory of money should receive more serious consideration than his ideas on music or painting; but the inventor of the popular low-priced motor-car, the man with a hundred million dollars in his bank-account, gets a hearing of his own, and Mr. Ford has lately told us, first, that "the idea of gold as a money basis is nothing more nor less than a conception of the bankers," who thereby "could control the capital of the world through combining to control the world's gold"; second, that "whenever the government needs money for a great public improvement, instead of bonds with heavy interest charges" it should "think of redeemable non-interest-bearing currency"; third, that, under the currency system which he himself has hit upon, "a certain amount of energy for one hour should be equal to $1."

Nothing in Mr. Edison's career would suggest that an inquiring public turn to him for solution of problems of the money standard; indeed, he has publicly expressed his disbelief in the college education, where the science and history of political economy is taught. But Mr. Edison's notable achievements as an electrical inventor have so greatly interested the general public in his personality, that the public would probably listen with profound respect to his views on the cuneiform inscriptions or the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 69)

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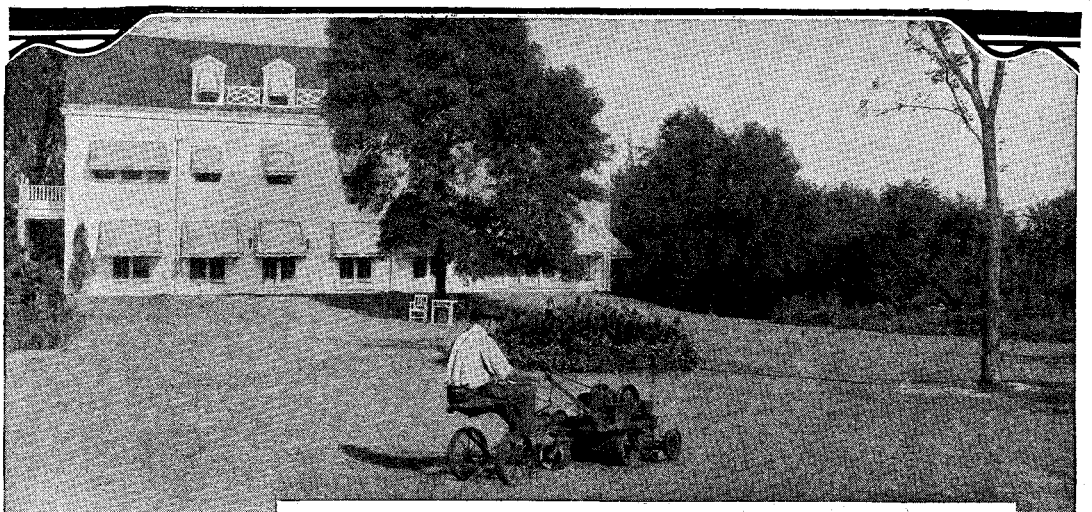

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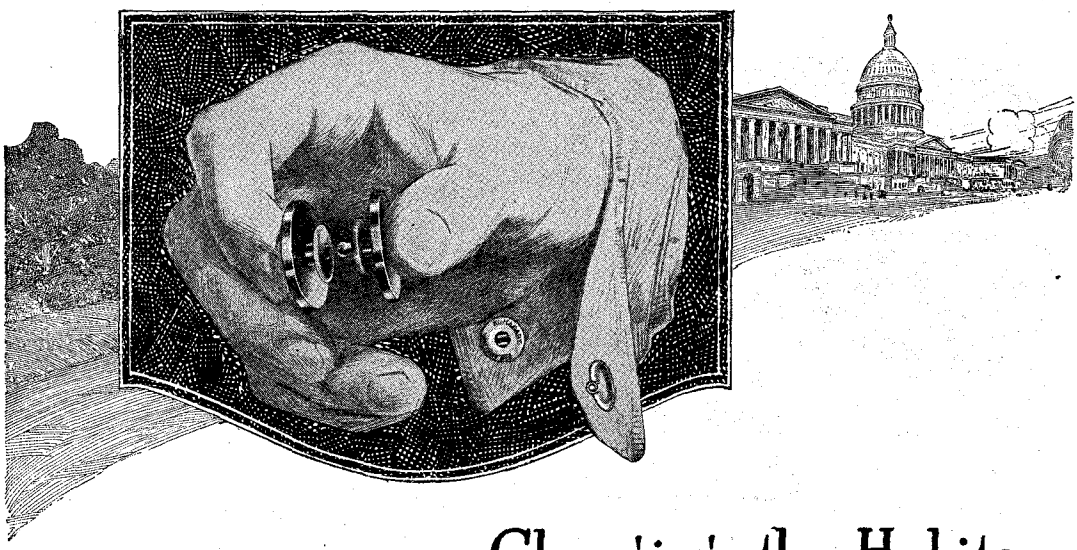

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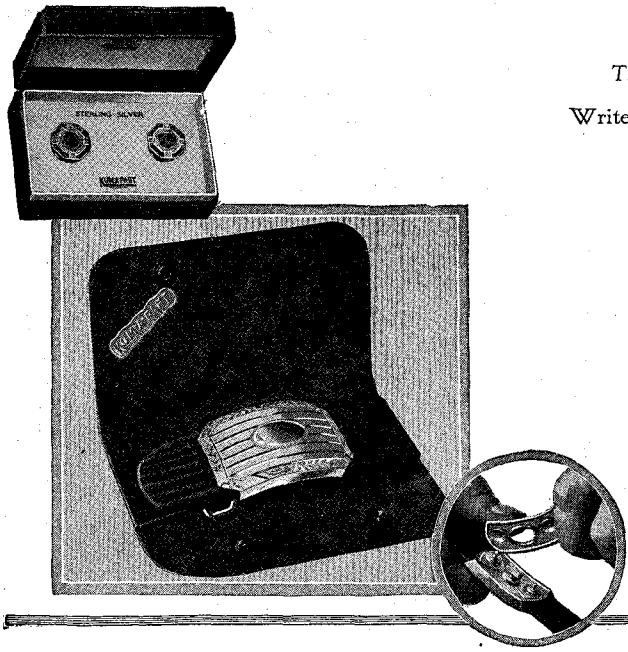

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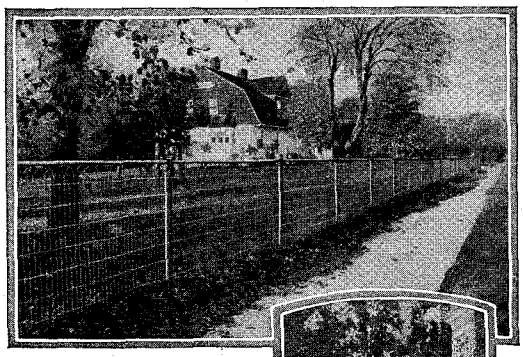

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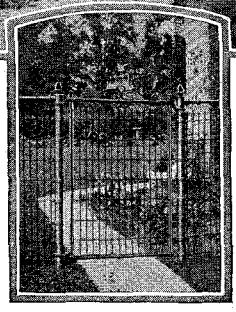

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 66)

authorship of Shakespeare, and when he supplements Mr. Ford by asserting through the newspaper reporters that gold is not only "a relic of Julius Cæsar" but "the trick mechanism by which you can control money," he is at any rate sure that he will get an audience. To propound as a challenge to the existing system the question what value gold can have as a standard if the currency issued against it is in excess of the gold, or the question why Germany should to-day be industrially active under fiat money while the United States is industrially depressed under the gold standard, merely confesses unfamiliarity with the whole discussion and invites restatement of the truisms of economic experience and history. Nevertheless, the wide distribution of such individual ideas on a somewhat important problem of to-day is the second reason commonly assigned for such misgiving as exists in Washington or Wall Street over a coming "campaign for unsound money."

"Money Bills" Proposed in Congress

FINALLY, while it is an admitted fact that experiments in paper inflation have as yet found no such formal advocacy in Congress as they won in 1866 and 1868, on the other hand the *Congressional Record* of this session contains a series of bills proposed by congressmen, whose provisions range all the way from the fixing of the maximum rate of interest which can be charged by a Reserve Bank to the issue of paper money in sufficient quantity to cover maturing government obligations. These, then, are the various grounds for such uneasiness as exists regarding the political and financial future. What is the actual prospect indicated by them?

To take the last question first, people may safely rest assured against imagined perils from the mere fact of dangerous bills introduced in Congress. There has probably not been a session of that body—certainly none in a period of severe industrial depression—in which scores of measures have not been introduced whose enactment would have thrown the country's finances into confusion. In every Congress there is always a handful of members whose impulses are stronger than their intellects, and there are always congressmen who are ready to oblige an excited delegation of constituents by submitting to Congress any and every bill demanded by such delegation, even when the statesman is himself aware that the bill will never be considered. Not the least important function of the Congressional Committees is to

(Financial Situation, continued on page 71)

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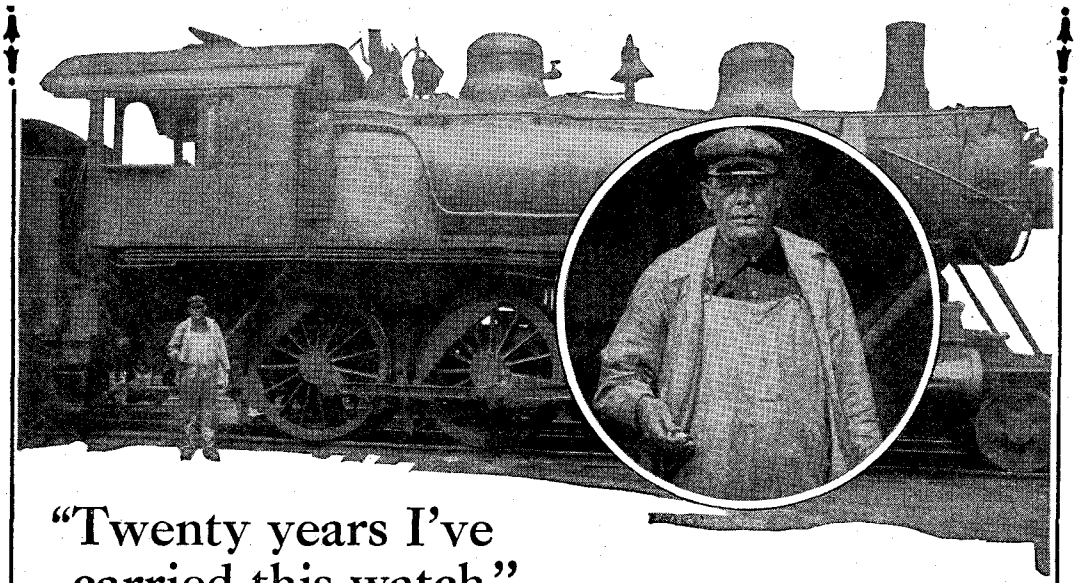

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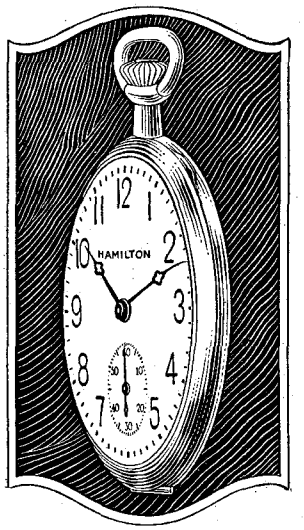

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

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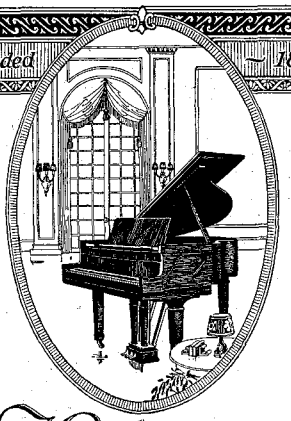

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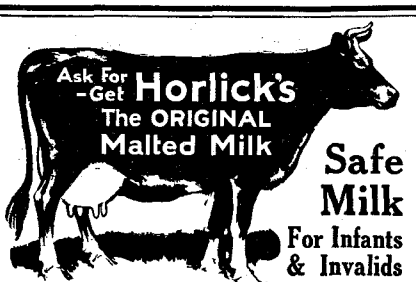
Charlotte Vermont



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Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

(Financial Situation, continued from page 69)

provide a final resting-place for extravagant measures of the sort.

For every ten bills reported by these committees for congressional debate, hundreds of bills intrusted to them for preliminary consideration are never heard of afterward, except in the enormously voluminous "Index to the *Congressional Record*." Perusal of the files of that interesting publication will disclose the fact that during the congressional sessions in the business reaction after 1907, for instance, practically every wild and extravagant plan that could be imagined for a change in the basis of our paper-money circulation was embodied in one or more formal bills handed to the clerk, printed by order, referred to the Currency Committee and thenceforward lost to legislative history. The identical currency proposals which the imaginative minds of 1908 drew up as wholly new solutions of the money and banking problem will be found to be described in the titles of the Index for the sessions of 1894 and 1874. There has been no reason whatever for expecting that they would not reappear in 1921, or for anticipating in the case of the particularly extravagant proposals any other than the familiar outcome of their introduction. They will occupy the formal consideration of Congress to exactly the same extent as the equally numerous happy-thought solutions of the European economic deadlock will occupy the Genoa Conference.

Character of the Old "Money Crazes"

TO what extent the personal views of Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison will inspire the American voter to revolt against the existing money system, cannot be asserted with the assurance which is based upon experience; because no economic propagandist ever hitherto gave forth quite such a scheme for a money standard as energy measured in kilowatts and because no one can see just how far the American public will accept either Mr. Ford's proposal or Mr. Edison's objections as anything but a kind of practical joke on the bankers and economists. It is also true both of Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison that, even while pointing a finger of scorn at the unhappy gold standard and propounding a complicated and mysterious alternative, neither proceeds to passionate assurance that prosperity would thereby instantly be assured to the producer who is now in the grip of trade reaction. It was not Mr. Bryan's currency theories which gave him the nomination at the Chicago convention of 1896 and won him his following in the presidential campaign which

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ensued, but his insistence, first that the hard-pressed agriculturist of those days was robbed by the existing money standard and crucified on a cross of gold, and second that adoption of free silver coinage would at once and unquestionably solve all the producers' troubles.

There is still another reason why these particular incidents of to-day will hardly serve for incitement to political agitation. The paper-money propaganda of the later sixties was a movement, not for introduction of a new currency system but for perpetuation and extension of a system already in existence—which is a very different thing. The free-silver-coinage propaganda of the middle nineties was a movement, not for creation of a new basis of money, but for what a good part of the public believed to be restoration of silver to a position which it had previously occupied of interchangeability with gold, and from which it had been dislodged by an iniquitous conspiracy. The "crime of 1873" existed only in the minds of propagandists, but it fitted plausibly enough into the argument that silver "demonetization" had caused all the misfortunes of the agricultural producer and that "remonetization" would remove them. Even in the hands of the specious and unscrupulous propagandist, no such position can be created in the controversy of to-day. No one proposes return to the banking and currency system which was replaced by the Federal Reserve. There is no imaginary grievance based on the substitution of the present system for something else of which the public believes itself to have been unjustly and iniquitously deprived.

As to Changing the Currency Laws

NOR is there any reason whatever to suppose that the discontented West and South have fixed on the currency system as itself the cause either of the fall in prices or of the hard times in the agricultural section. Adherents of such a theory no doubt exist; it has found some voice among certain congressmen, mostly of the Southern "poor white" type, just as it has found expression among a very few journalists of the baser sort. But these are so far negligible that Senator Glass, when reviewing in his very notable defense of the Federal Reserve Law before Congress in January every ground and allegation of the attack on the Reserve Board, merely mentioned the wish for more paper currency as a personal and passing vagary. The press of the West and South has not seriously discussed any kind of change in the money standard, and the press of those sections was discussing nothing else in 1869 and 1896.

If there is any prospect of a political move to change the existing law, it would have to do, not with the function of the Reserve Banks in issuing circulating notes but with their function in extending credit and fixing the rediscount rate. It is probable enough that Congress will be called on to debate this aspect of the question; it has indeed already been considered, both through public hearings of congressional committees and through discussion on the floor. But these hearings and discussions have been wholly one-sided in the weight of evidence. The attack on the policy pursued in 1920 by the Reserve Board and the Reserve Banks has repeatedly collapsed under proof, entirely comprehensible to any one, that the attack was based on wholly erroneous statement of the facts.

The Enemies of the Reserve Law

THIS was true of the allegation that the Reserve Banks refused to loan on agricultural and live-stock paper, thereby deliberately precipitating the fall in prices for such commodities. The official record showed an actual increase in such loans by the twelve Reserve Banks from $57,000,000 in January of 1920 to $246,000,000 in December. But it also showed that private banks in the West and South had overextended credit, were rediscounting more than they had a lawful right to ask at the Federal Reserve and had drawn the Reserve Banks' percentage of reserve to liability down to the minimum allowed by law before the Reserve Banks advanced their discount rates. It provided clear and convincing evidence that a far graver crisis than has actually occurred—a crisis involving the private banks themselves—was narrowly averted by the Reserve Board's attitude toward speculative credits. None of these facts has been disputed by the enemies of the Federal Reserve law. There has even been entered in the testimony the record of a resolution unanimously adopted by the United States Senate in May, 1920, calling on the Federal Reserve Board to state what it had done and what it purposed to do, to deflate the credits and currency of the country; an incident which, if its shows nothing else, shows what conditions were recognized as existing then in the country's trade and banking.

The inference from such a position of the fact and argument is not that no attempt will be made to change the law, but that attempts of the sort are wholly unlikely to succeed. Economic delusion in politics flourishes from perversion of disputed theories, but it does not

(Financial Situation, continued on page 74.)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 72.)

make permanent headway on the basis of assertion which can be proved to be flagrant misstatement of established facts. In one respect the "money campaign" of the older days cannot possibly be revived. Hard times counted then as now; statistics and charts of prices could be made to serve a purpose; but, as every one knows, the key-note of the argument used invariably to be our own country's economic relations with the outside world. The Europe which was draining the financial lifeblood from the United States, the London which had cornered the gold-supply, were familiar and most effective arguments in the agricultural West of the nineties and seventies. They would cut an indifferent figure in the present creditor country of the world, with nearly half of the world's stock of gold in its physical possession.

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE [SENT WITHOUT COST]

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained **without cost** on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities" and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are two booklets published by the William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. Both booklets describe the various kinds of municipal bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

"How to Figure the Income Basis on Bonds," a non-technical discussion of this important subject which investors may have simply by writing to Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis.

The Guaranty Company of New York has published a new booklet, "Investment Recommendations," which will be sent to investors on request.

Caldwell and Company, 214 Union Street, Nashville, Tennessee, will send upon request a monthly list of offerings, including descriptions, of attractive issues of Southern Municipal Bonds.

The Bankers Trust Company of New York is issuing periodically an Investment Letter with an informing review of the investment situation, which will be sent to investors on request.

The surprising results of systematic investment and reinvestment are set forth interestingly in a new book entitled "A Sure Road to Financial Independence," now being distributed by Halsey, Stuart and Company. The booklet will be of value to any investor who desires to stimulate the amount of his savings and investments.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

"The Giant Energy—Electricity." A booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public-utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by The National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

Stacy and Braun, 14 Wall Street, New York City, have just published "A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, Revised for 1922," showing the exemption value of municipal bonds which are free from all Federal income taxes as compared with investments subject to these same taxes. Copies may be had upon request.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has published for free distribution a booklet entitled "Trust Service for Corporations."

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of first-mortgage bonds offered by this house.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, LaSalle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request their 134th Semi-Annual Edition of Investor's Guide, explaining how to invest savings at highest interest rates consistent with safety.

The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

"The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" describes in detail a new partial-payment plan for selling farm-mortgage securities. Write George M. Forman and Company, 105C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

"A Guaranteed Income" is a booklet for investors in real-estate bonds, describing the added protection of a guarantee against loss. Write the Prudence Company, Incorporated, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago and New York, has published a book entitled "Building with Bonds," beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, and dealing comprehensively with the familiar forms of investment, especially First-Mortgage Real-Estate Bonds. Copy on request.

The Mortgage and Securities Company of New Orleans, Louisiana, and New York, specializing in Southern investments, have published a booklet, "Farm-Mortgage Bonds of the South," setting forth the attractive features of Southern securities of this type. Write their New Orleans office for a copy of the booklet.

First mortgage investments guaranteed by surety bond with one of the largest surety companies is the subject of an interesting folder sent free by Leonard and Braniff, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

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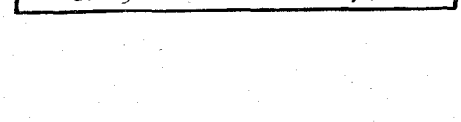

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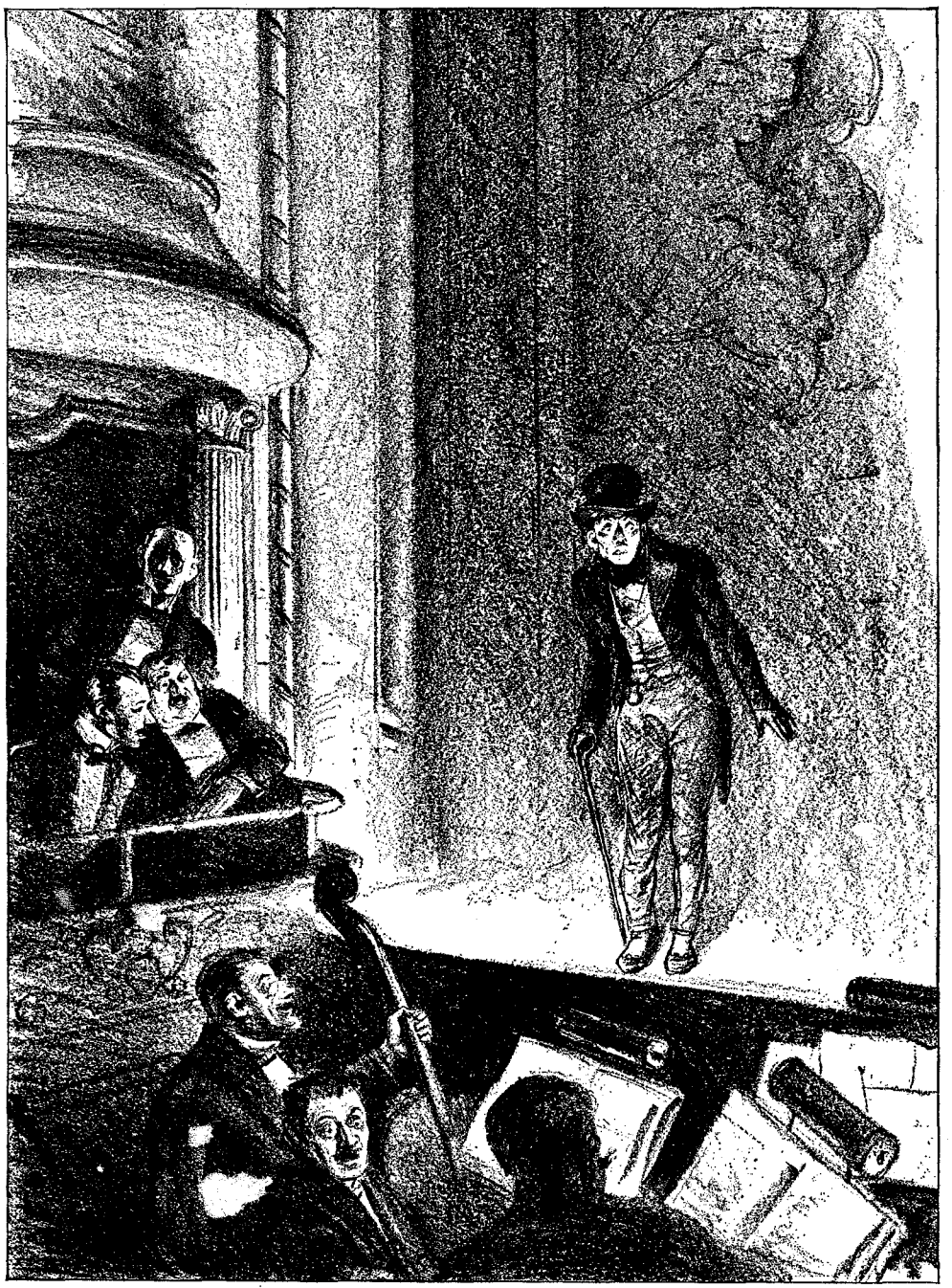

From a drawing by W. J. Duncan.

SUDDENLY HE FELL AWRY INTO THE HALF-STANDING, HALF-LOLLING POSITION OF A PUPPET WHOSE WIRES HAVE BEEN CUT.

—"The Man with the Ironic Mask," page 556.

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